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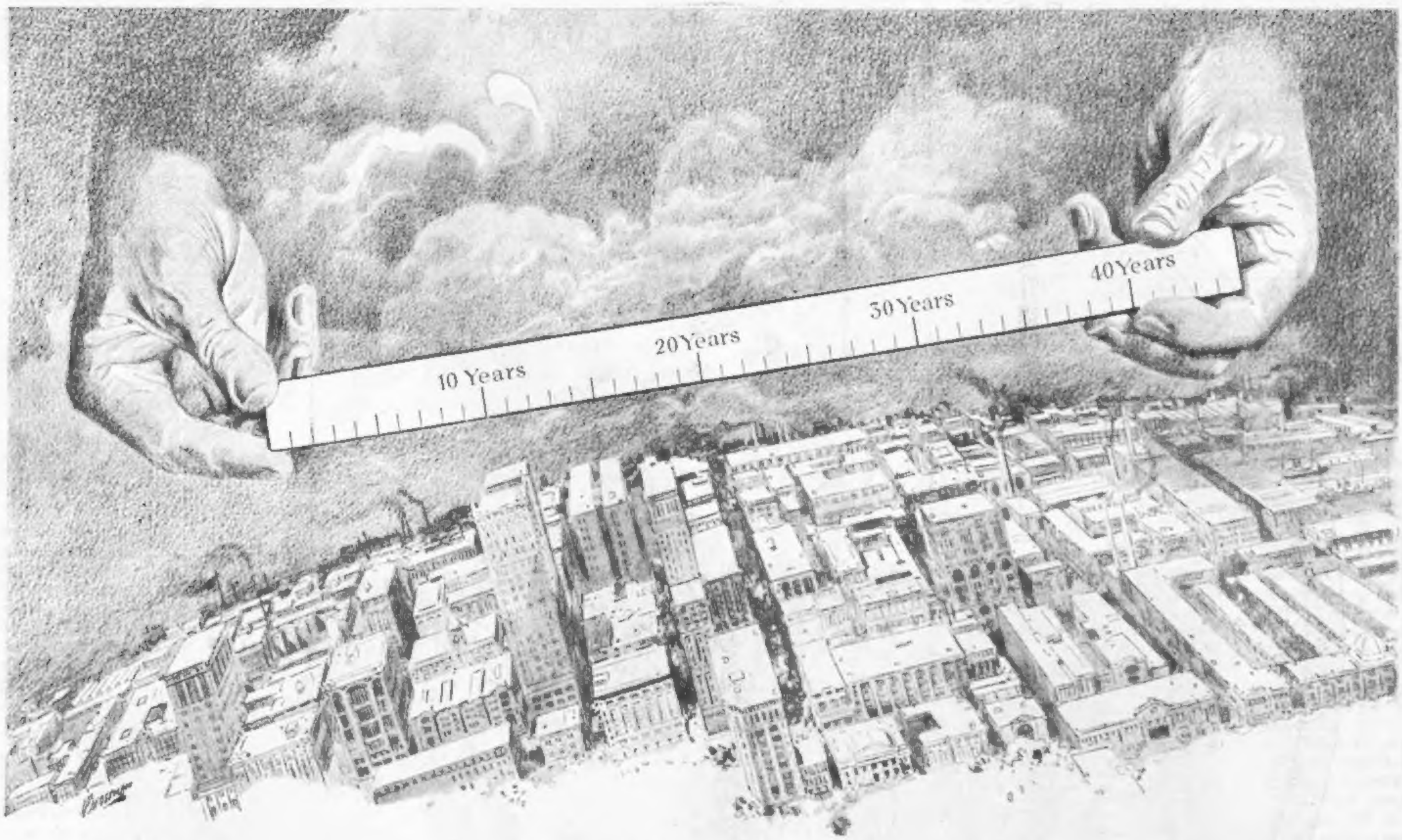

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TISH PLAYS THE GAME

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WE MET Nettie Lynn on the street the other day, and she cut us all dead. Considering the sacrifices we had all made for her, especially our dear Tish, who cut a hole in her best rug on her account, this ungrateful conduct forces me to an explanation of certain events which have caused most unfair criticism. Whatever the results, it is never possible to impugn the motives behind Tish's actions.

As for the janitor of Tish's apartment house maintaining that the fruit jar buried in the floor was a portion of a still for manufacturing spirituous liquors, and making the statement that Tish's famous blackberry cordial for medicinal use was fifty per cent alcohol—I consider this beneath comment. The recipe from which this cordial is made was originated by Tish's Greataunt Priscilla, a painting of whom hangs, or rather did hang, over the mantel in Tish's living room.

She Began to Dig After the Ball. She Made Eleven Jabs at It, and Then the Can Overturned. "Darn!" Said Mrs. Ostermaier. "Are You There, Miss Carberry?" "I Am," Tish Replied Grimly

The first notice Aggie and I received that Tish was embarked on one of her kindly crusades again was during a call from Charlie Sands. We had closed our cottage at Lake Penzance and Aggie was spending the winter with me. She had originally planned to go to Tish, but at the last moment Tish had changed her mind.

"You'd better go with Lizzie, Aggie," she said. "I don't always want to talk, and you do."

As Aggie had lost her upper teeth during an unfortunate incident at the lake which I shall relate further on, and as my house was near her dentist's, she agreed without demur. To all seeming the indications were for a quiet winter, and save for an occasional stiffness in the arms, which Tish laid to neuritis, she seemed about as usual.

In October, however, Aggie and I received a visit from her nephew, and after we had given him some of the cordial and a plate of Aggie's nut wafers he said, "Well, revered and sainted aunts, what is the old girl up to now?"

We are not his aunts, but he so designates us. I regret to say that by "the old girl" he referred to his Aunt Letitia.

"Since the war," I said with dignity, "your Aunt Letitia has greatly changed, Charlie. We have both noticed it. The great drama is over, and she is now content to live on her memories."

I regret to say that he here exclaimed, "Like —— she is! I'll bet you a dollar and a quarter she's up to something right now."

Aggie gave a little moan.

"You have no basis for such a statement," I said sternly. But he only took another wafer and more of our cordial. He was preventing a cold.

"All right," he said. "But I've had considerable experience, and she's too quiet. Besides, she asked me the other day if doubtful methods were justifiable to attain a righteous end!"

"What did you tell her?" Aggie inquired anxiously.

"I said they were not; but she didn't seem to believe me. Now mark my words: After every spell of quiet she has she goes out and gets in the papers. So don't say I haven't warned you."

But he had no real basis for his unjust suspicions, and after eating all the nut wafers in the house he went away.

"Just one thing," he said: "I was around there yesterday, and her place looked queer to me. I missed a lot of little things she used to have. You don't suppose she's selling them, do you?"

Well, Tish has plenty of money and that seemed unlikely. But Aggie and I went around that evening, and it was certainly true. Her Cousin Mary Evans' blue vases were gone from the mantel of the living room, and her Grandaunt Priscilla's portrait was missing from over the fireplace. The china clock with wild roses on it that Aggie had painted herself had disappeared, and Tish herself had another attack of neuritis and had her right arm hung in a sling.

She was very noncommital when I commented on the bareness of the room.

"I'm sick of being cluttered up with truck," she said. "We surround our bodies with too many things, and cramp them. The human body is divine and beautiful, but we surround it with—er—china clocks and what not, and it deteriorates."

"Surround it with clothes, Tish," I suggested, but she waved me off.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," she said.

She had wrenched her left knee, too, it appeared, and so Hannah let us out. She went into the outside corridor with us and closed the door behind her.

"What did she say about her right arm and her left leg?" she inquired.

When we told her she merely sniffed.

"I'll bet she said she was sick of her aunt's picture and that clock, too," she said. "Well, she's lying, that's all."

"Hannah!"

"I call it that. She's smashed them, and she's smashed her Grandfather Benton and the cut-glass salad bowl and a window. And the folks below are talking something awful."

"Hannah! What do you mean?"

"I don't know," Hannah wailed, and burst into tears. "The things she says when she's locked me out! And the noise! You'd think she was killing a rat with the poker. There's welts an inch deep in the furniture, and part of the cornice is smashed. Neuritis! She's lamed herself, that's all."

"Maybe it's a form of physical culture, Hannah," I suggested. "They jump about in that, you know."

"They don't aim to kick the ceiling and break it, do they?"

Well, that was quite true, and I'll admit that we went away very anxious. Aggie was inclined to return to the unfortunate incident of the janitor and the furnace pipe when Tish was learning to shoot in the basement some years ago, and to think that she had bought a muffler or whatever it is they put on guns to stop the noise, and was shooting in her flat. I myself inclined toward a boomerang, one of which Tish had seen thrown at a charity matinée, and which had much impressed her. In fact, I happened to know that she had tried it herself at least once, for on entering her sitting room one day unexpectedly my bonnet was cut off my head without the slightest warning. But Hannah had known about the boomerang, and there would have been no need of secrecy.

However, it was not long before Tish herself explained the mystery, and to do so now I shall return to the previous summer at Lake Penzance. When we arrived in June we found to our dismay that a new golf course had been laid out, and that what was called the tenth hole was immediately behind our cottage. On the very first day of our arrival a golf ball entered the kitchen window and struck Hannah, the maid, just below the breast bone, causing her to sit on the stove. She was three days in bed on her face and had to drink her broth by leaning out over the edge of the bed. This was serious enough, but when gentlemen at different times came to the cottage with parcels wrapped to look like extra shoes, and asked Tish to keep them in the refrigerator on the back porch, we were seriously annoyed. Especially after one of them broke and leaked into the ice-tea pitcher, and Aggie, who is very fond of iced tea, looked cross-eyed for almost half an hour.

Some of the language used, too, was most objectionable, and the innocent children who carried the clubs learned it, for I cannot possibly repeat what a very small urchin said to Tish when she offered him a quarter if he would learn the Shorter Catechism. And even our clergyman's wife—the Ostermaiers have a summer cottage near us—showed what we had observed was the moral deterioration caused by the game. For instance, one day she knocked a ball directly into our garbage can, which happened to have its lid off. Owing to the vines she could not see us, and she hunted for some time, tearing at Aggie's cannas as though they were not there, and finally found her ball in the can.

"Do I pick it out or play it out, caddie?" she called.

"Cost you a shot to pick it out," said the caddie.

"I'll play it," she said. "Give me a spoon."

Well, it appeared that she did not mean a tablespoon, although that was certainly what she needed, for he gave her a club, and she began to dig after the ball. She made eleven jabs at it, and then the can overturned.

"Oh, damn!" she said, and just then Aggie sneezed.

"Darn!" said Mrs. Ostermaier, trying to pretend that that was what she had said before. "Are you there, Miss Carberry?"

"I am," Tish replied grimly.

"I suppose you never expected to see me doing this!"

"Well," Tish said slowly, "if anyone had told me that I would find my clergyman's wife in my garbage can I might have been surprised. Hannah, bring Mrs. Ostermaier the coal shovel."

Looking back I perceive that our dear Tish's obsession dated from that incident, for when Mrs. Ostermaier had cleaned up and moved angrily away she left the old ball, covered with coffee grounds, on the path. I am inclined, too, to think that Tish made a few tentative attempts with the ball almost immediately, for I found my umbrella badly bent that night, and that something had cracked a cane left by Charlie Sands, which Aggie was in the habit of using as a pole when fishing from the dock. Strangely enough, however, her bitterness against the game seemed to grow, rather than decrease.

Tish Led the Way to an Alleyway at the Side and Was Able to Reach the Fire Escape

For instance, one day when Aggie was sitting on the edge of our little dock, fishing and reflecting, and Tish was out in the motor boat, she happened to see a caddie on the roof looking for a ball which had lodged there. She began at once to shout at him to get down and go away, and in her indignation forgot to slow down the engine. The boat therefore went directly through the dock and carried it away, including that portion on which Aggie was sitting. Fortunately Aggie always sat on an air cushion at such times, and as she landed in a sitting position she was able to remain balanced until Tish could turn the boat around and come to the rescue. But the combination of the jar and of opening her mouth to yell unfortunately lost Aggie her upper set, as I have before mentioned.

But it was not long before dear Tish's argus eye had discovered a tragedy on the links. A very pretty girl played steadily, and always at such times a young man would skulk along, taking advantage of trees et cetera to keep out of her sight, while at the same time watching her hungrily. Now and then he varied his method by sitting on the shore of the lake. He would watch her until she came close, and then turn his head and look out over the water. And if ever I saw misery in a human face it was there.

Aggie's heart ached over him, and she carried him a cup of tea one afternoon. He seemed rather surprised, but took it, and Aggie said there was a sweetheart floating in it for him.

"A mermaid, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm for her then. Mermaids haven't any legs, and hence can't play golf, I take it." But he looked out over the lake again and resumed his bitter expression. "You can't tell, though. They may have a water variety, like polo." He sighed and drank the tea absently, but after that he cheered somewhat and finally he asked Aggie a question.

"I wish you'd look at me," he said. "I want an outside opinion. Do I look like a golf hazard?"

"A what?" said Aggie.

"Would you think the sight of me would cut ten yards off a drive, or a foot off a putt?" he demanded.

"You look very nice, I'm sure," Aggie replied. But he only got up and shook the sand off himself and stared after the girl.

"That's it," he said. "Very nice! You've hit it." Then he turned on her savagely, to her great surprise. "If I weren't so blamed nice I'd set off a dozen sticks of dynamite on this crazy links and blow myself up with the last one."

Aggie thought he was a little mad.

We saw him frequently after that, never with the girl, but he began to play the game himself. He took some lessons, too, but Tish had to protest for the way he and the professional talked to each other. Mr. McNab would show him how to fix his feet and even arrange his fingers on the club handle. Then he would drive, and the ball would roll a few feet and stop.

"Well, I suppose I waggled my ear that time, or something," he would say.

"Keep your eye on the ball!" Mr. McNab would yell, dancing about. "Ye've got no strength of character, mon."

"Let me kick it, then. I'll send it farther."

After that they would quarrel, and Tish would have to close the windows.

But Tish's interest in golf was still purely that of the onlooker. This is shown by the fact that at this time and following the incident of the dock she decided that we must all learn to swim. That this very decision was to involve us in the fate of the young man, whose name was Bobby Anderson, could not have been foreseen, nor that that involvement would land us in various difficulties and a police station.

Tish approached the swimming matter in her usual convincing way.

"Man," she said, "has conquered all the elements—earth, air and water. He walks. He flies. He swims—or should. The normal human being to-day should be as much at home in water as in the air, and vice versa, to follow the great purpose."

"If that's the great purpose we would have both wings and fins," said Aggie rather truculently, for she saw what was coming. But Tish ignored her.

"Water," she went on, "is sustaining. Hence boats. It is as easy to float the human body as a ship."

"Is it?" Aggie demanded. "I didn't float so you could notice it the night you backed the car into the lake."

"You didn't try," Tish said sternly. "You opened your mouth to yell, and that was the equivalent of a leak in a ship. I didn't say a leaking boat would float, did I?"

We thought that might end it, but it did not. When we went upstairs to bed we heard her filling the tub, and shortly after that she called us into the bathroom. She was lying extended in the tub, with a Turkish towel covering her, and she showed us how, by holding her breath, she simply had to stay on top of the water.

"I advise you both," she said, "to make this experiment to-night. It will give you confidence to-morrow."

We went out and closed the door, and Aggie clutched me by the arm.

"I'll die first, Lizzie," she said. "I don't intend to learn to swim, and I won't. A fortune teller told me to beware of water, and that lake's full of tin cans."

"She was floating in the tub, Aggie," I said to comfort her, although I felt a certain uneasiness myself.

"Then that's where I'll do my swimming," Aggie retorted, and retired to her room.

The small incident of the next day would not belong in this narrative were it not that it introduced us to a better acquaintance with the Anderson boy, and so led to what follows. For let Charlie Sands say what he will, and he was very unpleasant, the truth remains that our dear Tish's motives were of the highest and purest, and what we attempted was to save the happiness of two young lives.

Be that as it may, on the following morning Tish came to breakfast in a mackintosh and bedroom slippers, with an old knitted sweater and the bloomers belonging to her camping outfit beneath. She insisted after the meal that we similarly attire ourselves, and sat on the veranda while we did so, reading a book on the art of swimming, which she had had for some time.

Although she was her usual calm and forceful self both Aggie and I were very nervous, and for fear of the chill Aggie took a small quantity of blackberry cordial. She felt better after that and would have jumped off the end of the dock, but Tish restrained her, advising her to wet her wrists first and thus to regulate and not shock the pulse.

Tish waded out, majestically indifferent, and we trailed after her. Of what followed I am not quite sure. I know, when we were out to our necks, and either I had stepped on a broken bottle or something had bitten me, she turned and said:

"This will do. I am going to float, Lizzie. Give me time to come to the surface."

She then took a long breath and threw herself back into the water, disappearing at once. I waited for some time, but only a foot emerged, and that only for a second. I might have grown anxious, but it happened that just then Aggie yelled that there was a leech on her, sucking her blood, and I turned to offer her assistance. One way and another it was some time before I turned to look again at Tish—and she had not come up. The water was in a state of turmoil, however, and now and then a hand or a leg emerged.

I was uncertain what to do. Tish does not like to have her plans disarranged, and she had certainly requested me to give her time. I could not be certain, moreover, how much time would be required. While I was debating the matter I was astonished to hear a violent splashing near at hand, and to see Mr. Anderson, fully dressed, approaching us. He said nothing, but waited until Tish's foot again reappeared, and then caught it, thus bringing her to the surface.

For some time she merely stood with her mouth open and her eyes closed. But at last she was able to breathe and to speak, and in spite of my affection for her I still resent the fact that her first words were in anger.

"Lizzie, you are a fool!" she said.

"You said to give you time, Tish."

"Well, you did!" she snapped. "Time to drown." She then turned to Mr. Anderson and said, "Take me in, please. And go slowly. I think I've swallowed a fish."

I got her into the cottage and to bed, and for an hour or two she maintained that she had swallowed a fish and could feel it flopping about inside her. But after a time the sensation ceased and she said that either she had been mistaken or it had died. She was very cold to me.

Mr. Anderson called that afternoon to inquire for her, and we took him to her room. But at first he said very little, and continually consulted his watch and then glanced out the window toward the links. Finally he put the watch away and drew a long breath.

"Four-seven," he said despondently. "Just on time, like a train! You can't beat it."

"What is on time?" Tish asked.

"It's a personal matter," he observed, and lapsed into a gloomy silence.

Aggie went to the window, and I followed. The pretty girl had sent her ball neatly onto the green and, trotting over after it, proceeded briskly to give it a knock and drop it into the cup. He looked up at us with hopeless eyes.

"Holed in one, I suppose?" he inquired.

"She only knocked it once and it went in," Aggie said.

"It would." His voice was very bitter. "She's the champion of this part of the country. She's got fourteen silver cups, two salad bowls, a card tray and a soup tureen, all trophies. She's never been known to slice, pull or foozle. When she gets her eye on the ball it's there for keeps. Outside of that, she's a nice girl."

"Why don't you learn the game yourself?" Tish demanded.

"Because I can't. I've tried. You must have heard me trying. I can't even caddie for her. I look at her and lose the ball, and it has got to a stage now where the mere sight of me on the links costs her a stroke a hole. I'll be frank with you," he added after a slight pause. "I'm in love with her. Outside of golf hours she likes me too. But the damned game—sorry, I apologize—the miserable game is separating us. If she'd break her arm or something," he finished savagely, "I'd have a chance."

There was a thoughtful gleam in Tish's eye when he fell into gloomy silence.

"Isn't there any remedy?" she asked.

"Not while she's champion. A good beating would help, but who's to beat her?"

"You can't?"

"Listen," he said. "In the last few months, here and at home, I've had ninety golf lessons, have driven three thousand six hundred balls, of which I lost four hundred and ninety-six, have broken three drivers, one niblick and one putter. I ask you," he concluded drearily, "did you ever hear before of anyone breaking a putter?"

The thoughtful look was still in Tish's eye when he left, but she said nothing. A day or two after, we watched him with Mr. McNab, and although he was standing with his back to the house when he drove, we heard a crash overhead and the sheet-iron affair which makes the stove draw was knocked from the chimney and fell to the ground.

He saw us and waved a hand at the wreckage.

"Sorry," he called. "I keep a roofer now for these small emergencies and I'll send him over." Then he looked at Mr. McNab, who had sat down on a bunker and had buried his face in his hands.

"Come now, McNab," he said. "Cheer up; I've thought of a way. If I'm going to drive behind me, all I have to do is to play the game backwards."

Mr. McNab said nothing. He got up, gave him a furious glance, and then with his hands behind him and his head bent went back toward the clubhouse. Mr. Anderson watched him go, teed another ball and made a terrific lunge at it. It rose, curved and went into the lake.

"Last ball!" he called to us cheerfully. "Got one to lend me?"

I sincerely hope I am not doing Tish an injustice, but she certainly said we had not. Yet Mrs. Ostermaier's ball —— But she may have lost it. I do not know.

It was Aggie who introduced us to Nettie Lynn, the girl in the case. Aggie is possibly quicker than the rest of us to understand the feminine side of a love affair, for Aggie was at one time engaged to a Mr. Wiggins, a gentleman who had pursued his calling as master roofer on and finally off a roof. [More than once that summer Tish had observed how useful he would have been to us at that

(Continued on Page 30)

It Was at That Moment That Our Valiant Tish, Flushed With Victory, Came Down the Slope

THE BOOZE COMPLEX

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE Senate at Washington had just passed the Antibeer Bill, which was then a measure and is now a law specifically designed to close the door of hope for the drinking classes opened a few inches by Attorney-General Palmer's opinion of last spring. Some senators came into the lobby.

These senators had virtuously and ostentatiously voted for the bill, and in an instance or two had spoken in favor of it and denounced this attempt—this iniquitous attempt—to nullify the beneficent institution of prohibition and evade its righteous restrictions on the damnable consumption of liquor and especially beer by the American people, and the still more damnable traffic in the nefarious stuff. All prohibitionists, as it seemed.

A citizen who knew them all and knew them well happened to be in the lobby as these upholders of the law and preservers of the same came out, and he stopped them.

"I observed with interest," he said, "that you statesmen, each and severally, do not intend that any act or vote of yours shall condone any evasion or relaxation or change whatsoever in the prohibition law."

"We do not," answered the one who had exhibited most virtuously his official indignation over the beer business.

"And I assume, from both your votes and your talk, that you favor prohibition, believe in it, deprecate any evasion of it or defiance or disobedience of the prohibition law."

"Your assumption is correct."

"That being the case," the citizen continued, "there is one question I should like to ask you, and you all are included in its scope."

"What is it?"

"Will you take a drink?"

"Sure!" they chorused. "Lead us to it!"

Every Man Had His Pet Formula

An elderly and eminent lawyer came hurriedly up the street in a Middle Western city.

"Whither away?" asked a friend, detaining him.

"Don't stop me!" protested the lawyer. "I am late now."

"But what's the rush?"

"I am doing some bootlegging for the honorable court. The judges heard of a man who has a few gallons of real rye for sale, and they asked me to secure it for them. I am to meet him at a certain place and I'm behind time. The judges will be annoyed if I do not get the liquor. They have none left. See you to-morrow."

"Wait a minute!" urged the friend. "If there happens to be more than the court can use get some for me."

"Not a chance!" replied the elderly and eminent lawyer. "If there is a surplus over the needs of the bench I'll take it myself."

Money in Every Pocket

A HIGH official, scheduled to begin a trip on a Thursday, was discovered at his desk on Friday.

"How come?" asked a visitor. "I thought you were going yesterday.

"I did intend to, but there was an imperative delay."

"Serious?"

"Very. My bootlegger, who promised to deliver me some Scotch, did not show up, and I had to delay my start until I can get in touch with him."

A former waiter came down the street gorgeously attired.

"You look prosperous," commented a man who had known him in his dickey-and-apron days.

"Money in every pocket," he said.

"What's the answer?"

"I'm official bootlegger for the real-estate agents."

"Come again."

"Why, I stock houses for rent."

"Stock what?"

"Houses for rent. You see, a house that has a little something in the way of liquor in it is much more desirable than a house that has nothing but the city water. When any of my clients has a prospect for a good house he notifies me, and if the deal goes through I slip some booze into the cellar, as arranged—wines, whiskies or whatever is called for. He gets from two hundred dollars up over the regular rent for a house that is stocked, and I make a good thing out of it. It's a nice clean business, and I'm glad prohibition came along and gave me a chance to do something for my wife and family."

An influential and impeccable manufacturer was much excited.

"It's an outrage!" he said, pounding on his desk with his fist. "It's a damnable outrage, and something must be done about it!"

"What's an outrage?" asked a calmer friend.

"Why, since prohibition came in I've built up a big trade in pocket flasks. I designed and made a curved flask to fit the hip that looks like silver and sells for silver, and now along come the Germans and dump a flask just as good-looking as mine on the market for less money than I can get my raw materials for—a composition flask, mind you—and they have ruined the market."

"Well, isn't your flask a composition flask too?"

"Sure it is! But I'm an American citizen, and I ought to get the benefit of this prohibition law, and not the Germans. What do I pay taxes for?"

The banker sat in his office. A man came in.

"Good morning," he said. "I want to talk to you on a little matter of business."

"It's no use," said the banker in his coldest manner, which is a very cold manner. "You can't do any business with me. I've given you your last chance. You don't keep your word, default on your payments, have never been straight and square in any dealing you have had with us, and your credit is no good. Nothing doing."

"It isn't that," protested the man. "I don't want to borrow any money or anything like that. It's something else. I've got six cases of whisky I thought you might be interested in."

"That's different. Is it good?"

"Finest in the land."

"How much?"

"A hundred and sixty a case."

"Fine! Send it up to the house, and here's your check."

A train just out of Baltimore, from New York to Washington, stopped in the tunnel and the lights went out. A man who had come aboard rather unsteadily in New York and had immediately gone to sleep in his chair woke up with a start. It was black all around him. He could hear voices.

"How's business?" asked a man of another.

"Great! Prohibition put me right on my feet."

"How so?"

"Why, I bought an interest in a printing and lithographing place and we're rushed to death getting out all kinds of whisky and wine labels for the bootleggers."

"Getting up designs for them?"

"Naw, I should say not! Copying the labels they used to put on the good brands before prohibition came in."

"What's this?" asked a thirsty person who had gone into a New York restaurant and had been served with a clandestine and very thin Scotch highball, or what the waiter said was a Scotch highball, noticing that in addition to the two dollars agreed upon for the drink there was an additional charge of twenty cents.

"That's the war tax," said the waiter.

"It's a great graft," a New Yorker explained. "I bought an interest in a string of drug stores that some fellows opened, spreading out all across the country. Drugs are only incidental. Really they're saloons, and the prices—oh, boy! Have a lot of doctors on our staff to furnish the prescriptions. Making money hand over fist and inside the law. Can't touch us."

Personal Liberty Again

"JIM wasn't doing very well," said an acquaintance of Jim's. "Couldn't seem to make anything go. Then he got a job as a prohibition agent, and since then he's been on Easy Street. He supplies some of the best people in town with their booze. It's on the level, too; none of this bootlegging stuff, but real goods that they seize under the law."

"Peter lost his job," a man told his companion.

"What for?"

"Too much booze."

"I thought Peter never drank."

"Never did until prohibition came in, and then he began to drink like a fish."

"Why?"

"Oh, he said no Congress could infringe on his personal liberty."

"Take another," said one of the two men who sat in a hotel room, shoving a bottle across the table.

"I've had enough—too much."

"Pshaw, take another! Finish the bottle. If we don't drink it somebody else may get it."

"Come up to the house and Mary and I'll give you a drink," the man at the club told his friend.

"Give me a drink at your house? Why, you never have any liquor in your house!"

"I've gone blind!" he wailed. "I knew that bootlegger wasn't on the level when I bought that stuff from him!"

There is Talk—Incessant.

"Got some now. Put in a stock after prohibition. Mary can shake a fine cocktail."

"What are you talking about—Mary? She never drinks!"

"She does now. She began after prohibition. She's opposed to sumptuary legislation."

And so on and so on. So they talk and so they act, from one end of the country to the other, from North to South, from East to West. Prohibition, now on its third year as a part of the organic law of the land, is no nearer in effect, so it superficially seems, than it was on the first day of it. Not so near, indeed, because since we first had it, back in July, 1919, as a war measure, and since January, 1920, as a Constitutional provision, all classes of people have learned how to violate the law expertly. What was experimental in 1919 and 1920 is now fixed; what was amateur is now professional; what was extemporaneous and improvised is now premeditated and prepared. Violation is a business. Evasion is a vocation. Subversion is the active employment of many and the incidental attempt of many more.

There is nothing local or sectional about it all. It is nation-wide. They do the same things in San Francisco that they do in Boston, and the manifestations are the same in Milwaukee as they are in San Antonio. The entire United States is affected, and has been affected since July, 1919, with a booze complex that is universal in scope and national in reactions and revelations.

The Poison Peddlers' Fraternity

THE simpler of the reactions of this booze complex is conversational—talk. From this limitless chatter the manifestations of the complex range up through protest, evasion, disregard of the law, breaking of it, excess, lack of ordinary business and personal caution, a credulity that is amazing, profligacy, downright dishonesty and the complete loss of ethical standards; and the most interesting phase of it is that inconsequent spirit of it all. To be sure, the bootleggers and the direct violators are serious enough, but the average citizen who gets a bottle of whisky from an illegal source thinks it a joke both on the law and the enforcers of it; and so it is, unless it happens to be wood alcohol, when the joke is grimly on the average citizen.

Now, it is the average citizen I am talking about; the average citizen and the leading citizen and the professional brother, and so on; not the bootleggers or the withdrawal-certificate forgers or the crooked officials or the highjackers or any of the rag, tag and bobtail that are in that end of it; not the bankers who finance the bootlegging rings, or the politicians who make the rings divide for protection, or the dishonest police officials—not any of that mess. They are of a well-known type, and their complex is the complex of easy money and quick money, whether it is honest or crooked being all one with them. They are, in their retail branches, the sort of men who were bartenders, gunmen, small gamblers, gangsters, shady characters, bucket-shop speculators and all that sort; men who were sharpers, slickers, criminals, con men, lottery sellers, dive keepers and hangers-on; waiters, sporting men of the low orders, taxi drivers, pugilist managers, hotel detectives, ex-policemen—anybody willing to take a chance, whether lawful or not; foreigners, fakers, café and restaurant keepers, former saloon men, small politicians, ward heelers and such riffraff.

The higher-ups, or wholesalers, are the sort of men who promote fake stocks, who will finance any big money project, whether lawful or not, if the money is there to be had; speculators, bankers who think only in terms of percentages of increase, sure-thing players with bank rolls, big gamblers and big liquor men, politicians and those rich foreigners who take any chance and go any limit for large profits and quick ones. All these, both small and big, are intrinsically crooked when it comes to money and the getting of it. They are not square shooters. They are tricksters, grafters, usurers, gamblers, promoters, pawnbrokers and double-dealers. Mostly, they would as lief deal in counterfeit money as in bootleg whisky if the chance for profit was as good.

The Man With the Complex Swallows the Bootlegger's Story All at One Gulp

"Anything for the mazuma," is their motto, and a good many of them have a veneer of respectability that keeps them in decent society.

This is the producing end of the illicit liquor business, and its complex has been marked and maintained ever since there was a monetary system. It is the consuming end that is interesting: the average American citizens who in a proportion of ninety out of a hundred never broke a statutory law in their lives, and were reasonably observant of the moral laws, also. Here we see a vast public, from Maine to California and from Wisconsin to Texas, breaking the prohibition law on every occasion that offers and making the occasion when none offers; breaking it deliberately, joyously, continuously and expertly; breaking it methodically and not casually; breaking it openly and not secretly. Here they make a joke of it and have neither compunctions nor regrets.

It is an extraordinary exemplification of a suddenly demonstrated national psychology. Overnight, almost, a large percentage of the people of this country came under the influence of this booze complex, and they have been under the influence of it ever since. From a casual protest it developed into a fixed quantity. It first showed in indignation and in resentment and protest. From those it settled down to contemptuous disregard, and in so doing it presented and presents in the subjects of it a syndrome, or combination of symptoms, that is noted in every community in every state.

First, most marked and commonest of these is talk—endless, limitless, repetitious, paittacine talk. My colleague, Mr. Jay E. House, who observes humanity with a tolerant and philosophical eye, has commented on this, as have other writers; and surely there is no person in the country who is not a hermit or deaf and mingles any with his fellows but can bear testimony to this phase of the booze complex. It is doubtful if in the time since the law went into effect there has been any gathering, social, business, commercial or convivial, where prohibition has not been a main and continuing topic of conversation. There may have been some, but not many. Further, it is doubtful if in other gatherings, in scientific, economic, educational, professional or political meetings, there has not been as much booze talk as discussion of the object of the assembly. Certainly few individuals have been in company, few groups have gathered in clubs, hotels and other public and semipublic places, and positively none in that great American forum of discussion, relation and assertion, the smoking compartments on the trains, without entering into the subject in minute detail. Few dinner parties continue for fifteen minutes before prohibition and the multitudinous aspects of it come into the conversation and stay there. Wherever Americans get together there is talk—incessant, verbigerous, clamorous, stupid, witty, polite, impolite, inescapable talk of booze.

This talk falls into two grand divisions, of which the first is where to get it and the second is how to make it. In the earlier days of our prohibition experiences this order was reversed, and the chief talk was on how to make it. Methods of home-brewing, formulas for home distilling, enlivening recitals of results obtained, recipes for every known brand of fermented or distilled liquor, from absinth to zapotea, from ale to weiss beer, were talked about, analyzed, amended, accepted, rejected, copied and consulted. This persisted for a time.

The entire country, or rather that large section of the country with the booze complex, went on a home-brewing and distilling adventure, and the messes, poisons, excuses, imitations, substitutes, makeshifts and apologies for real liquor and real beer that were produced were beyond belief, and either as chemical compounds or intoxicating concoctions. Most of them were disagreeable to the taste and disastrous to the stomach.

The Amateur Brewers

EVERY man had his pet formula that ranged in intricacy from the expedient of putting a few raisins or a bit of yeast in a bottle of near-beer to elaborate instructions for producing whisky. Drug and notion stores filled their windows with all sorts of apparatus for the expedition of home-brewing and distilling and the bottling of the product, and manufacturers of malt preparations ran day and night for the production of their mediums for making a brew of beer on the kitchen stove. More than that, every man and woman was convinced that his or her formula was the best there was, the last word, the ultimate, and defended it and extolled it vociferously against the claims and experiences and results of all others. Men and women copied endless recipes in notebooks and messed day and night in kitchens and cellars.

Presently there came stories of drinkers of this home-made stuff dropping over in fits and expiring in agonies and blindness, and the doctors began to have many cases of acute gastritis. More than that, only about one out of a hundred made anything that was palatable even in the slightest degree, and though many secured the alcoholic kick, not many got anything more. It didn't taste very good, mostly. It was a lot of trouble. It might turn out poison. So gradually the home-brewing and distilling angle of it began to be less acute. It was easier to get stuff of a bootlegger, and there were bootleggers on every block in the cities, and always handy in the smaller communities. Of course the bootleggers made their stuff themselves or had it made for them; but they knew how, or even if they didn't know how they said they did, and they always had nice plausible labels on it and revenue stamps and everything. So the home feature of the lawbreaking lost its premier place as the topic of conversation and how to make it took second place to where to get it.

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Verbigerous, Clamorous, Stupid, Witty, Polite, Impolite, Inescapable Talk of Booze

TEA HOUSES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE small box, so beautifully wrapped in creamy pink paper in Thomas Gillat's pocket, reminded him pleasantly of the fact that he had not forgotten that this was an anniversary, the eighteenth, of his marriage. With a wife like Emmie he was not apt to forget it. In the first place her hint, several days before, would have jogged his memory; but that hadn't been necessary. Her personality, so active and superior, always insured his most thoughtful attention. He was returning by the usual train to his home in Eastlake; to his home and to Emmie. In the city Thomas Gillat was a builder of fine automobile bodies; but in Eastlake he was the husband of his wife. He liked this; he approved of it for himself and for other men; it was as it should be. Other men, of course, were not so fortunate in their wives. Why, Emmie was—yes, she couldn't be a day younger, she was thirty-nine!

No one, looking at her, would guess it. He was unable to picture anyone trying it, but that was merely frivolous. She didn't seem a day over thirty; this was not only true of her appearance but, as well, of her spirit. She was as modern as any of the girls who had come into an early maturity following the war. In addition to that she was a splendid manager. Her house was, like her, attractive in exterior and admirable in essence. Emmie did things with an air. She managed, for example, to keep a cap on her Eastlake maid—a cap and a black uniform, with a decorative apron.

At dinner it was like that: he found not the commonplace plate of soup, but an oyster cocktail in what he recognized as the sherbet glasses. This, the red of the cocktail sauce, the slice of lemon and the glasses made what was undeniably an effect. In exploring the depths of the sauce he partially missed an oyster, which fell with a sanguinary result on the cloth, and he was vociferous with excuses. Emmie, for the moment discouraged, said that it really hardly paid to have things nice for him. Then she lost her chagrin in her sweetest manner.

"Tom Gillat," she asked, "if I wanted to do something terribly much, would you let me?"

"Why, Emmie," he replied, confused by the sudden note of deference, "of course! Why not? Why, in fact, ask?"

"I didn't know—I couldn't just decide. You might even yet object, and so I won't tell you all at once. It's this, though, really: I think, if you don't mind my saying it, that I have been a great deal tied down here."

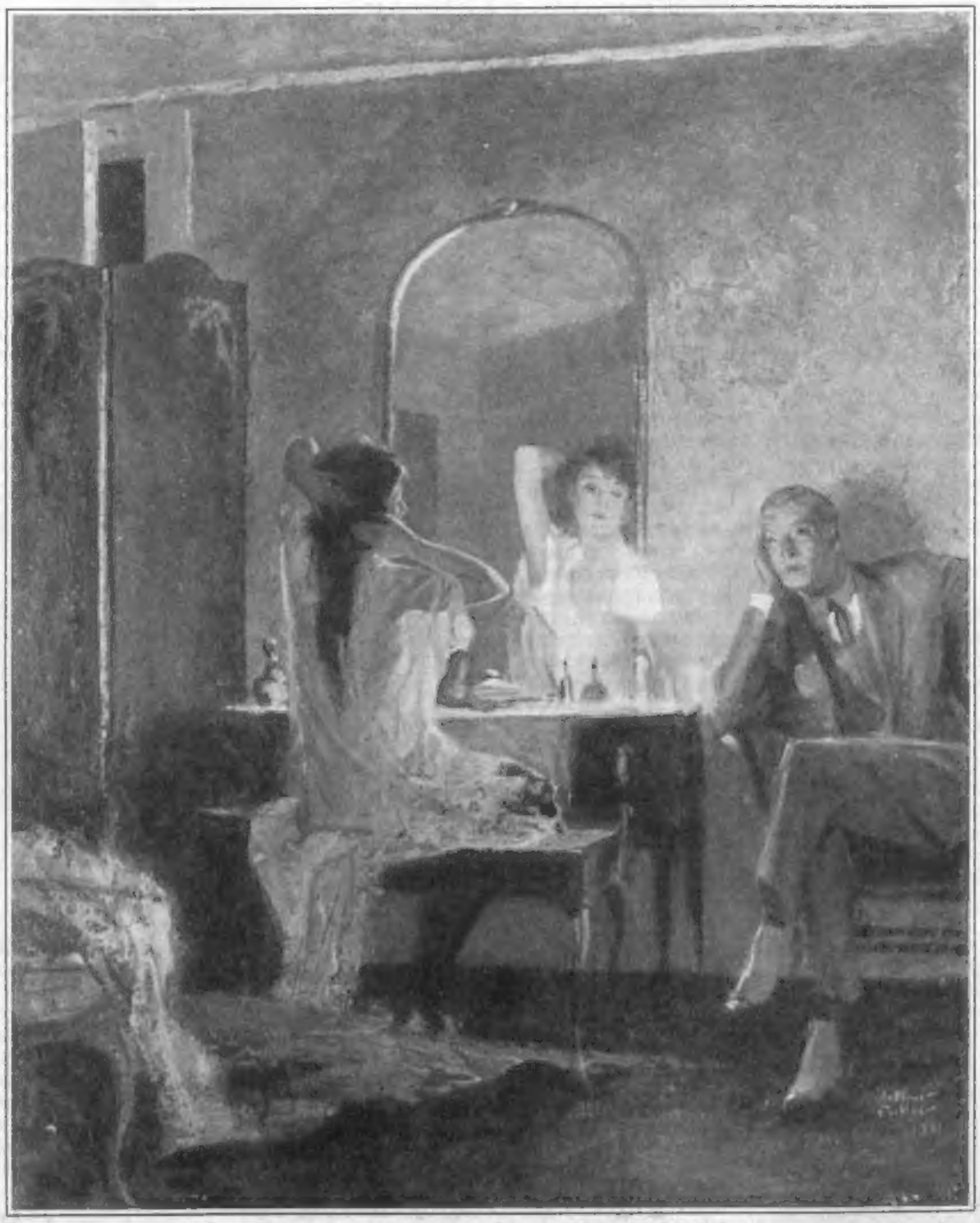
She leaned forward with earnestly clasped hands.

"Tom, life ought to be an adventure! It ought to be thrilling, simply packed with meaning, and free. Since little Emmie died, and we had enough money to be comfortable, I've—I've been limited in sphere. You see, it takes me no time at all to tend to the housekeeping. By ten o'clock that's provided for, while there is the rest of the day. I have no doubt that in the past a house, and mending her husband's clothes, was enough for a woman. That's all different; now we're awake and reaching for better things. You want me to have the best there is, I'm sure."

That, he felt, and told her, was not worth the effort to put into words.

"I never thought about it like that," he admitted. "I guess the days do seem a little long. You get tired of playing bridge and golf ——"

She interrupted him to wave those trivialities contemptuously aside.



"You Have No Idea of Me at All," She Said. "After All These Years I am Still a Stranger to You"

"I have been playing too much," she declared. "Life isn't like that. It seems to me that I have only just waked up; we have only just waked up."

"I suppose I have been asleep too."

"I wasn't referring to you," she corrected him, "but to women. Women are splendid!" They were, he heartily agreed. "Women are splendid," she went on; "but they have allowed themselves to degenerate into—into sofa cushions, soft and covered with silk. Men have failed in so many things that at last women must come forward; we must take up the burden you were unable to carry. You know you were, Tom Gillat."

He reminded her that women might now vote.

"That is only a beginning," she retorted. "We must sweep on from there."

"Certainly," he agreed again; "but I'd like to know where you, specially, are going to sweep to."

"To liberty," she said in a tone that had the effect of a cry—"liberty of the soul!"

"Emmie," he demanded anxiously, "are you unhappy here with me? I thought we were both absolutely contented. Perhaps I have been selfish, and ignored you more than I should."

Then he produced the box in pink paper. It held a guard ring in platinum and emeralds; it was as handsome as possible; but Emmie's reception of his gift dismayed him.

"A year ago," she said with a slightly melancholy smile, "this would have satisfied me. To-night, no." She dropped the ring on the table. "Can't you understand? It is that we must get away from bribery and bondage." At this Thomas Gillat was shocked, and plainly showed it. Emmie smiled again, but with patience. "Not with emeralds and pearls, but with—with justice, equality."

He didn't actually understand her, and concealed this lack waiting for what, importantly, she had to tell him.

"It was touching of you to remember our anniversary." All memory of the hints had patently left her. "But, Tom, do you think it was significant? Isn't too much attention paid to sentimental days and dates? We must see marriage—yes, and each other—with clear eyes, scientifically."

Some of this Thomas Gillat began to recognize; he had heard it before; indeed, such utterances were a part of Emmie's modern spirit, an unabated sparkling energy of mind. Yet before it had all been general, concerned with wide problems of feminism; it was the first time she had turned her gaze on their own relationship. The result, where it touched his present—discarded beside the butter dish—was disconcerting. However, he still could see a possible justification of her attitude. Women were cluttered up with a lot of such nonsense. He could take the ring back, he pointed out, and give her the money instead.

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" she declared enthusiastically. "I am going to need a lot of money soon; but only for a little, a month or so; and after that I'll be independent."

"I wish you'd tell me what it's all about," he said mildly. "You know that I'll agree with whatever you want to do, and if you need money—well, we are doing pretty well at the factory. But independent, you've always been that."

"Not actually," she returned, "not economically. I have been a drag on you, and that has reacted to make me a dependent, a sort of parasite."

Good heavens, how had he been so clumsy as to give her such a conception of her place, her preëminence, in their house and life! It hadn't been his fault, Emmie explained; he had been considerate and generous—too generous—with the wrong things.

Thomas Gillat, with a sigh, gave it up.

"Tom"—she leaned forward, speaking rapidly to preclude the possibility of interruption—"you mustn't object; my mind is made up, and I've been over it, over the whole situation, again and again—I am going to open a tea house with Marthe Attlebury. No, don't say a word yet; it's all planned. We are getting a lease for the little Dusen house on Olive Street, where the motors go through Eastlake; and we're going to furnish it with darling painted tables and hickory chairs, and serve the most beautiful meals imaginable—teeny cakes with different colored icings, and creamed chicken with peppers, and waffles baked in heart-shaped irons, and homemade strawberry and peach ice cream, and perhaps later sell colonial furniture and hooked rugs." She stopped, breathless.

"Is that all!" Thomas Gillat, relieved, exclaimed.

Soon, however, Thomas Gillat found that a tea house was, as his wife insisted, symbolical rather than a single concrete fact; it had innumerable connections with practically every phase of their living. The Dusen dwelling, on the main thoroughfare through Eastlake, was a small structure of yellow-painted brick, admirable for the present purpose; and, it grew clear to him, Emmie spared no efforts or expense to have the tea house appropriate in every detail to the age it typified. He saw her only at dinner—she had, urged by him, long ago given up the early breakfast—for immediately after she rushed away, hurrying her project for an opening with the milder spring weather. What particularly pleased him was the business sense that all at once she seemed to command. If her

preparations were expensive, they were in keeping with what he believed to be a thoroughly sound principle everything correct, everything ready at the beginning. Tom didn't, he told her, believe in excuses, substitutes, or any other form of concealed inefficiency.

"The chairs came to-day," she informed him, glancing up from a paper of noted figures and facts. "The Macabaw studio, where they were decorated, need their money as soon as convenient. That will be five hundred and ninety dollars."

"I'll draw you a check after dinner," he returned. "You can keep a record of my investment in the tea house, but when you pay me back you can deduct all interest."

She glanced up at him, frowning.

"Of course," she said, "we didn't expect to pay you interest; that, in our own family, would be too much. The other you'll get back, never fear, although I don't think it was altogether nice of you to refer to it, and so soon. We have decided on the antiques. Marthe is going over the county in the mornings in our car, and whenever she sees a likely looking house she's going to pretend that she's had tire trouble or that she wants a drink and get around, as much as possible, inside.

"We think there are still a lot of country people who don't know what old furniture is worth. The man was out today measuring the windows for shades, and he told me that he had just what we wanted—a superfine white; one that won't look yellow with the light shining through it. It seems that's very hard to get. I just had the bill sent to your office."

"That was right," he assured her. "And the oak floor, does that satisfy you?"

"Tom, it's beautiful; not narrow factory-planed boards, but eighteen-inch, cut mostly by hand. Marthe is crazy about it."

"I don't care what Marthe Attlebury thinks," he reminded her. "This is for you."

"That is not the way to feel about it," she insisted sharply. "I don't want any more favors. Please understand that. This is simply a business arrangement for which you are advancing some money, and I don't really like your tone about Marthe. I am very fortunate to have her with me. She has such wonderful taste. I don't know how many interior decorators have urged her to come with them, and she has that simply priceless secret for devil's food. She won't let anybody in the kitchen when she is mixing. Oh, yes, the plumber! I almost forgot about him. The bathroom on the second floor had to be repiped, and the Dusens refused to pay for it. They are thoroughly horrid people. I had no idea lead pipes cost so much. But this is the worst time; soon the money will be pouring the other way."

"That won't annoy me," he admitted.

"Positively, I had no idea you were so mercenary," Emmie complained. "I almost feel as though I shouldn't ask you ——"

"No, no, my dear!" he put in hastily. "Certainly you must come to me. Why, where else would you go? As long as I can make money, and it looks now as if I hadn't forgotten much, it's yours; specially for a thing like this. It will teach you a lot about people and responsibility and the world in general; and, too, give you a peck of fun."

She disavowed the fun, and once more accused him of missing the whole point, the seriousness, of her undertaking.

"It's the man in you," she added. "You can't, or won't, see women as they now are—freed from the slavery of the past, from a household tyranny. We have already arranged for a lot of women's committees to meet at the tea house; it will become a center for the better things. We are selling books, too, after we read them carefully and approve of their ideas. Marthe has a cousin who was an assistant librarian for a while, and she thinks we can get her very reasonably. She can manage the books and be secretary for us into the bargain. Marthe couldn't have anything to do with prices or figures; she says they make her wretched only to think about."

"You are not very solid there either; but you will soon pick it up."

"Your stenographer can help us if we get in a hole," she observed. "I thought perhaps you could send her out for a day every week."

"She wouldn't come," Thomas Gillat informed his wife. "I have a hard time keeping her now, and she doesn't turn up until noon."

"Then you really are inefficient," Emmie told him triumphantly. "You let your employes dictate to you. Nothing could be more mistaken. If you give them an inch they'll take yards. That woman simply fools you into letting her do what she wants. If I were in charge of your office you'd find she'd be there at nine sharp."

"Well," he explained apologetically, "Miss Mason has some money, and her mother, I understand, runs a small store and is very anxious to have her daughter's help. She is absolutely honest and knows my business better than I do; so I put up with her; indeed, I am glad to."

Emmie was again absorbed in the noted details of the tea house, and failed to reply. She rose, abstracted in mind and in manner, and left the room. Immediately after, Thomas Gillat heard the front door close; his wife, as usual in the evening, had gone to consult with Marthe Attlebury. Rosa, their general maid, appeared and asked him if he cared for some fresh hot coffee. He thanked her—Rosa made superlative coffee. She was an exceptional servant. He drifted into the living room and settled himself with a cigar over the sporting edition of the paper The cigar drew badly, and he found that a whole box had been bored by tobacco worms. Looking about for a chance package of cigarettes, he came on a pipe he hadn't smoked for months—for years it might be. Pipe smoke, Emmie always said, gave her a headache. The smoking of pipes, she contended, should be left to Irish laborers.

Thomas Gillat liked a pipe, particularly the one in his hand. It was now only eight. It would be after ten before Emmie could be brought home. The April night was mild, a window was open and he knew where some tobacco had been left. Flooding himself luxuriously with smoke from the seasoned brier, he was extraordinarily comfortable. He read without interruption every item of interest in the paper. The quiet of the house was unnatural. Emmie, he reflected, was a very active woman; she was always striving for ends newer than new. Emmie, for instance, was the first woman in Eastlake to have those crudely bright Bulgarian—or was it Czecho-Slovakian?—curtains; no one had been colonial earlier than she. From where he sat he had a full view of their choicest piece of furniture, a lowboy of graceful flawless walnut. The Dutch legs, the shell, they had been repeatedly informed, represented the best of the best American period. Curiously enough, Emmie hadn't found the lowboy; it had been the property of the Gillats; and lying for a long while in the obscurity of undisturbed dust, it had been brought out by Emmie with

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That Seesaw Performance Became Monotonous; the Tension Grew Tighter and Tighter. Neither Would Call or Drop

THE LEDGER OF LIFE

It Was a Sort of Community Center, Where They Could Talk Over Happenings, Gossip and be Neighborly

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE 9 07 brought mail to Two Forks, and so did the Cannon Ball at 5·15. It was the custom of all the young people of the town who had nothing else to do to meet both trains and then straggle up to the post office half an hour later for the delivery. To see Number 9 and Number 23 come in made pleasant breaks in the day, and at the post office practically everybody who could get there was to be found. Elderly people especially made the place a rendezvous. It was a sort of community center, where they could talk over happenings, gossip and be neighborly. Nothing a big city has to offer can compensate for the "Howdy, Ed," "Hello, Useless!" "Good morning, Miz Spotts," and the other kindly greetings which are as matutinal in a small town as breakfast.

In a live modern post office the usual batch of Two Forks mail could have been sorted in ten minutes, but it was never less than half an hour before the job was done and the wicket pulled up for general delivery. Nobody resented this leisureliness. Those who rented boxes extracted each letter as it was thrust in, and read whilst the others were being distributed. It helped to pass the time, and aren't whole industries engaged solely in that endeavor?

Through the glass-faced boxes we could see Mr. Bomar moving about, and in his wake, and often hurrying past him, his daughter Agnes. Her arm would dart over his shoulder to transfer a letter from one box to another, for the old gentleman was as likely to put a letter in the wrong box as not. He always made a great pretense of activity at sorting time, but it was only for the sake of appearances, because Miss Agnes did the work, and everybody knew it. In fact her father only got in the way, but he was postmaster, and it was up to him to make a showing at least.

Although Mr. Bomar looked like a man who did not know how to work, he did not look like an officeholder. He was a type of the old, useless aristocrat: tall and lean, with finely chiseled features. His hair hung down over his forehead in straight wisps and was white as snow; white, too, was his mustache, which he wore long and drooping; but Mr. Bomar bore himself erect, like a man of military training, and not a person in Two Forks could ever remember having seen him when he was not immaculate and as neat as a pin. He never varied his dress—always a black suit of soft material, spotless linen, the collar high and straight around, a gray four-in-hand tie which was inclined to bunch up in front, and a small soft gray hat.

His manner was gentle, unfailingly courteous, but distrait. What the mischief he could be thinking about all the time puzzled us. Certainly it was never the matter in hand and never enlivening. He seldom smiled, and you had the feeling that Mr. Bomar was mentally miles away when talking to you. Anybody could see the old gentleman was not fitted for the hurly-burly of a competitive age and ought to have been taking it easy on a country place. My mental picture set him in a deep chair on a wide veranda with noble pillars, getting outside of a mint julep in preparation for another, whilst his little world moved languidly in its groove under guidance of a foreman. In fact that is the way his father had intended he should live, and that is what he was born to; but the great Bomar properties had slipped from him piece by piece. It would be hard to say whether indifference and neglect or sheer bad judgment had contributed the more to this result.

Whatsoever the cause, here he was at sixty-two, without a parcel of property to his name except the small cottage on Cedar Street in which they lived, and without a cent except his salary, and that salary dependent on the longevity of a Democratic Administration.

"Here," Miss Agnes would say, "you sit down and read your newspaper and let me do this, father."

If nobody was there to see he complied. It expedited work, inasmuch as his best endeavors seldom did more than slow up his daughter's. And so the post office was fairly well administered. One of those restless, striving persons like Ben Morse might have criticized it—in fact Ben barked a good deal about the need of a snappier service—but it suited most of us, for if Miss Agnes lacked snappy ideas she made up for them in conscientiousness. During eight years she missed only two days at the office, and that was when she had a touch of grippe about a year after her father received the appointment. All this time she kept house for him too. Perhaps her housekeeping could have been snappier also, but Mr. Bomar did not know it and seemed to be satisfied.

Toward the end of the Administration's term we fell to speculating as to who would land the job and what Mr. Bomar would do for a living; but all conjectures went for naught. Very early one morning Miss Agnes telephoned Doctor Spivy and asked him to come to the house immediately. She spoke clearly and calmly, but there was a breathless tremor in her voice which the doctor caught.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Anything serious?"

"It's father. I can't wake him up."

Indeed she could not—Mr. Bomar had passed away in his sleep.

"Died just like he lived," said Ben Morse—"without a struggle."

The whole town mourned him. Everybody talked about his gentleness, the sweetness of his character. The women recalled these traits with particular approval and spoke with tender sorrow of his courtly, chivalrous manners; the men told one another that old Mr. Bomar always treated everyone alike, rich and poor, and embodied their idea of a gentleman; and in a heart-searching sermon the Reverend Terry held up his life as an example of Christian humility which must bring its reward in everlasting bliss.

What Miss Agnes felt could be gauged from her grief. She treasured the tributes paid to his memory and mentally added her own to them—unfailing affection, never an unkind word, and a dependence which had endeared him more than anything else. She cut out and framed an editorial from the Two Forks Dispatch which recounted Mr. Bomar's modesty, his patience and even temper, his high ideals, and ended with the assertion that he hadn't an enemy in the world.

"Yeh," commented Ben Morse sadly, after perusing this piece with deep approval, "that was Howard's only fault."

He died without an enemy in the world, but within twenty-four hours after the funeral his name was execrated in some quarters of Two Forks. Gander Ayres flipped a lighted cigarette butt toward the post-office window and by that trifling gesture wrenched scores of lives from their comfortable grooves.

After her father's death Miss Agnes hired Gander to attend to the mail whilst she was absent. He intended to toss the cigarette into the lane, but it missed the window and bounced behind the big heavy desk at which Mr. Bomar had read his newspaper so many years.

Fearing it might start a blaze, Gander moved the desk and found the butt, but he also found, wedged between the desk and the wall, a thick, dust-covered packet of mail tied securely with binder twine.

This find puzzled him somewhat. In justice to Gander it is only right to say that he wondered how the tarnation those letters happened to be there. However, he wondered only vaguely and did not let the mystery trouble his mind; but quickly deciding that they must have been stuck behind the desk in the hurry and confusion of recent events he proceeded to stamp receipt and distribute the lot, without bothering to glance at the dates of mailing. Nevertheless, one of the last handful he sorted did stir him to momentary speculation.

"Well, that's right queer," he remarked, gazing at the name on a fat letter—"Miss Amy Lufkin! Why, Amy's been married six or seven years. Old school friend, I reckon." And the bonehead proved that the solution satisfied him by dropping the letter into Mrs. John Maddox's box. Now the mail thus sent out was fully seven years old, having been part of a day's receipts during the short period Miss Agnes was absent from the office through illness. Mr. Bomar had shoved this packet behind his desk, because he found he could not sort it all if he hoped to open the wicket at the usual time. Of course he intended to distribute it later, and of course he forgot it. And there it had lain all these years.

Imagine the possibilities! Try to put yourself in the place of some of the recipients! What would happen to

"And Now Is My Unkissed Bride?" He Sneered

you, my friend, were one of the almost-forgotten attachments and associations of bachelorhood to rise up suddenly and smite you in the face? I wot it would be devilish rough going. And what regrets would torment you, madam, did you suddenly learn that your life history might have been wholly different? Your sex is fond of nursing the image of an impossible male ideal; so what would your feeling be toward the staid, steady old clod you married were you to discover that the sweet and chivalrous Percy Montclair might have been yours—Percy of the steel-gray eyes and the black wavy hair? What would you—but enough! Let us follow some of these letters to their destinations.

Not all of them inspired regret by any means. Some aroused hope, especially one circular letter—hope beyond all understanding. It bore no date, so why should we be derided because we were led astray? True, some of us did wonder at the open frankness of the proposition, but the firm bore a reputable name, and we had met with individuals in the same line of business who were fully as brazen. So orders poured in from Two Forks. Later, when the government agents began an investigation, the names of those who ordered came out, and honestly you would be surprised! Mine was there, but the quotations on Scotch were so favorable that I could not resist the temptation to lay in a few cases against the many Christmas seasons ahead.

The Reverend Terry received an invitation to address the Rotarians of Irving at their regular weekly luncheon, and was so highly elated that he never so much as glanced at the date, for rumor picked him as the most likely pastor of the new First Church there, and he was momentarily expecting a call. Accordingly he packed his suitcase, told his wife to be sure not to forget to feed the pup and journeyed blithely to Irving.

It so happened that the Rotarians were giving their regular luncheon; therefore he found the stage set as he expected. The presiding officers eyed him queerly when he breezed in, for they could make neither head nor tail of his evident conviction that he was the guest of the day; but they had heard of the Reverend Terry and knew his name was under consideration for the pastorate of the First Church. Consequently they made the best of the situation and let him speak, and he made the steel girders of the Terminal Building ring for half an hour. The Rotarians fidgeted in their chairs and speculated wrathfully as to why the committee had inflicted an extra speaker on them; so did the other guest of honor; but the Reverend Terry returned home in blissful ignorance of anything amiss.

He did not receive the call. After due consideration the citizens of Irving decided his strange visit was nothing more than an impudent attempt to thrust himself forward as an orator whilst the choice of a pastor for the new church was still open, and the Reverend Terry learned the real facts too late to explain. Besides, they would probably have listened to his explanation with their tongues in their cheeks.

When the contribution from Gander's packet reached the Stacey household there was the mischief to pay. Wives have no sense of humor, and Irma Stacey failed utterly to see the joke on Alf; so on arrival home from the store for supper that night he found Irma waiting for him with a sort of queenly hauteur—pale, and with that deadly foot-patting calm which carries cold horror to loyal male hearts. Tight-lipped and starry-eyed, Irma's mien seemed to say: "Don't you dare come near me! Don't you dare to so much as lay a finger on me! Monster!"

Stacey quailed, but he managed to ask "What's the matter now?" because his conscience was perfectly clear. In fact it had been clear for some years.

"Read that," said his wife in funereal tones.

The letter she thrust at him would have been nothing more than a convenient weapon for a mellow matron to hold over her husband's head—you know what I mean—one of those conjugal missiles that bring a flush of embarrassment to hubby's cheeks when hurled with suddenness. But it meant more to Irma, because Alf had made the fatal mistake of posing as the perfect man to his wife. That's what one gets for being hypocritical.

Although she knew quite well when she married him that bachelors who have passed thirty years of age have generally graduated from the *ingénu* class, Irma got the notion that it was different in the case of her Alf—that big boob was a blameless Sir Galahad

He ought to have scented the dangers from such a pose and anticipated the difficulty of maintaining it, but he encouraged her in the delusion, deeming it highly proper that a wife should look up to her husband as something superior to ordinary clay.

And now after six years of happy marriage came a letter which tore the bandage from her eyes. To my mind, she got her deserts—a wife has no earthly right to open her husband's mail. Yet it was hard on Irma, too, because by no stretch of the imagination could she continue to regard Alf as a Sir Galahad. Sir Launcelot, possibly, but never Galahad!

She remembered with a warm flush of shame the reverent pride and affection with which she had frequently referred to her husband's spotless past to other young matrons. How they must have laughed at her—yes, and pitied her! For of course they must have known all the time that Alf was like all the rest. Irma decided she would never be able to hold up her head again.

"Well, what've you got to say?" she demanded icily as he continued to stare at the letter with glassy eyes.

Her Father Only Got in the Way, But He Was Postmaster, and it Was Up to Him to Make a Showing at Least

He shook himself, gulped and launched into an alibi. To do Alf justice, his strategy was sound, for he flatly denied knowing anything about the matter. A poor sort of joke somebody was playing on him, he called it; but his vehemence lacked sincerity. The spirit was willing, but his technic failed in the emergency. His denial had plenty of noise, but was wanting in that convincing quality so essential in a situation of this kind. And Irma finally told him bluntly that she thought he was lying, and he had ruined her life.

"Who is the creature?" she demanded, and Alf vainly declared that he had not the slightest notion.

"Anyhow, it's ridiculous!" he contended. "You can see for yourself the letter's dated long before we were engaged."

It was an irredeemable error.

"Oh, you men! You're all alike!" she flamed, and of course there was no answer to that.

During the next two days Stacey learned just how outcasts from society feel—a pariah, let us say, or a leper, or a Democrat in the year 1920. He alternated between self-reproach and despair, and resentment at the childish injustice of it. Then his wife's sister came to town on a shopping trip, and being very busy intrusted to Alf a letter for Irma which had been delivered in the family mail.

He glanced carelessly at the address and then his eyes popped—Miss Irma Rosser! He examined the date, which was six months previous to their marriage. By this time the town was humming with the trouble the old mail's arrival had stirred up, and he did not hesitate. He opened that letter. I think Alf was amply justified. When a husband finds a letter to his wife in another man's handwriting he has a moral right to open it, more especially under such conditions as obtained in his household.

Alf hurried home in a towering rage. It is hardly to be wondered at, because the letter was from an old flame of Irma's, and it was mushy. The poor dolt had been feverish at the moment of writing and his expressions of endearment sickened Alf to the soul.

"And how is my unkissed bride?" he sneered almost before she had time to register surprise at his arrival so early in the day.

"What do you mean?" Irma retorted with proper loftiness.

"Read that and you'll see what I mean!" he fumed. "I knew it! I suspicioned it all the time. Never kissed a man in your life before me, hey? Of all the bunk! 'How I long for those sweet arms again!' How do you explain that, woman? Answer me! How do you explain that?"

Irma went white and then red, and pretended to read the letter, but I doubt that she saw more than a blur. But she did not try to make him believe it was a fake or a mistake.

"Well, I told you the truth. I never kissed a man in my life before you."

"What?" he screamed, shaking the letter under her nose.

"Oh, don't be a goose, Alf! Poor Ted, he was only a boy."

For a full minute her husband could not speak. He fought for breath.

"What?" he gurgled. "So that's the way you try to wiggle out of it, is it? Just like a woman—catch 'em in a lie and they split hairs! 'Never kissed a man—they were all boys!'"

"All? How dare you!"

"Oh, drop that high-and-mighty manner right now! You were just like the other girls I knew, and I thought—oh, what a poor, trusting fool of a boob I was!"

"But, Alf, dear, how could you honestly expect a girl to tell a thing like that? And what difference did it make? What——"

"What difference did it make? You deceived me, didn't you? You have the nerve to stand there and tell me——"

"Now I've had enough of this!" said Irma, losing patience. "All this fuss about an innocent boy and girl attachment like that!

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THE CALL OF THE WIRE

By an Old-Time Telegrapher

THE other night I was invited to a dinner by a group of financiers who had just scored a killing in Wall Street. The invitation had come from a man who, as a messenger boy, had been my pal nearly fifty years ago. In accepting the invitation the problem arose in my home of getting a new dinner coat, moths having eaten the facing off the old one. To get this coat we should have to delay payment of the rent two weeks. But that is what I decided to do. The wife and I agreed that it would never do for my old pal to see me looking shabby.

At the table I sat next to the toastmaster. I knew the faces of all those present. There was not a man there worth less than a million dollars. Naturally I felt a little out of place.

"Gentlemen," said the toastmaster, my boyhood friend, "I want to introduce the richest man in this room."

Some of them smiled and my face flushed in embarrassement. I knew he meant me, though I didn't know what he was getting at. In fact, I thought for a moment he was trying to kid me.

"Wealth is not money," he went on. "I know any one of you could write your check for a million dollars. I doubt, though, if this man even has a bank account."

He glanced at me inquiringly, and I shook my head.

"I doubt," he declared, "if any of you know the history of this country for the last twenty years, to say nothing of the last half century. So engrossed have we been in making money that I doubt if we could even recall the high points. You don't even know anything about the early days of the railroad that has just come under our control.

"Here is a man who not only has inside of him a picture of what has gone on in this country for fifty years but he has been a sort of filter through which the history has run. How many millions would you give to have that inside of you? How much do you think such reflections would be worth to you in your old days?"

I was getting dog-gone uncomfortable, but he paid no attention to the hand that I held up in protest.

The Rescue of Antoinette

"THIS man, gentlemen, helped send out news of the assassination of President Garfield. Later he worked night and day at Buffalo ticking off bulletins at the time of the assassination of President McKinley.

"This man," he kept on, "heard the first ticking of the telegraph instrument that told of the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and later of the declaration of war against Spain.

"The same man, gentlemen, was one of those to send out the flash announcing that the armistice had been signed—the fake one and also the real one—ending the World War.

"I might add that he also ticked off the words and figures that made some of you rich and others temporary paupers during the famous corner in wheat a few years ago.

"We started out in life together as messenger boys. I chose the hard, sordid job of making money. He chose to see life. We both accumulated.

"Gentlemen, I take pleasure in presenting the wealthiest man in the party."

Many times during this carefully worded but embarrassing introduction I stroked the lapel of my new dinner coat and thought grimly of the postponed rent. But he had made me think, at that. Maybe I was better off than I had thought. Maybe there are riches that cannot be counted in dollars. I don't know. If I had it to do over again would I exchange places with my millionaire chum? Still, I don't know. I do know that some of those hard-faced fellows listened to my awkwardly told reminiscences as if they had been little boys.

I went home glad that I had put off the landlord and bought that dinner jacket. I know that.

I am over sixty now, and there is no section of the country in which I have not worked, and there is no kind of telegraphing at which I have not had a crack some time or other. I have done all those things that my friend mentioned at the dinner—and more. Incidentally, thoughts of him take me back.

When I was a fresh little shaver running around New York as a messenger I was sent one cold night to a private house in Harlem. It was one of those old-fashioned brownstone fronts, six stories high, with a peaked roof. The customer, an old maid, had her sitting room on the top floor. I found when I had climbed the five flights of stairs that there were really two old maids, both over fifty.

"Now that's a nice boy to come so quickly," one of them said. "When you are through we are going to have a nice cup of hot chocolate and some cake for you."

"Yes'm. You got a telegram to send?"

"No, not a message this time. It's to rescue our poor cat, Antoinette."

Messenger boys in those days were called for all sorts of jobs—as they are to-day—and I was not dumfounded. Still, I looked at the old lady questioningly.

"Antoinette got out on the fire escape," she explained, "and has climbed to the roof. We've called and called, but she won't come down. A bright little fellow like you can get her, I'm sure."

I was not so sure about that. Anyway, I wasn't enthusiastic. It was a cold, blizzardy night, and the roof, as well as the cornice, was covered with a coating of sleet.

"I'm afraid I'll slip."

"That's what we were afraid of," she said; "but we are ladies, you see. I thought a brave boy like you could do anything."

I knew I would have to accept that challenge to my courage. I had the pride of my calling. Still, I didn't like the looks of that roof. Antoinette had certainly picked a bad night. "I'll have to take off my shoes," I offered as a last stall, "and my feet might freeze."

"Oh, no, they won't," she insisted. "We'll have a nice pail of warm water and a pair of stockings for you. Then you can have chocolate and cake. Won't that be nice?"

Summing up courage, I took off my shoes and started for Antoinette. She was full of the devil and gave me quite a chase, but finally I nailed her and brought her squirming through the window.

No hero was ever received with greater acclaim. In an easy-chair, with my feet in a pail of warm water, I lolled back and drank chocolate and ate cake in state. I got no big tip, but I went back to the office wearing a new pair of old lady's wool stockings—a matter that you may be sure I kept secret—and my hands covered with scratches.

Most all operators have been messenger boys, but only a small percentage of messenger boys become operators telegraph operators, I mean. Many of them become stock operators, as did my friend.

A Natural Money-Maker

I REMEMBER very well when I got my first little uniform and showed up for work. This stockbroker friend showed up at the same time, and we attracted attention because we were both red-headed. He started to make money from the first day. He always rattled a pocketful of change, but he couldn't learn a thing about the dots and dashes of the telegraph instrument, no matter how hard he tried.

The night operator in charge often tried to make us ambitious by saying that any one of us might be another Andrew Carnegie if we were smart. Carnegie, you know, was a telegraph operator.

"Kid," this chief said to the other redhead one night as he tried to learn the alphabet, "do you know that when Carnegie was your age he could send and take market reports?"

"Yes, sir," retorted redhead, "and when he was your age he owned a steel mill."

I told this that night at the dinner, adding that I guessed he came nearer being a Carnegie than the old telegrapher did, at that.

I always knew that boy was going to be rich, because he always managed to dig up some scheme for making money while the rest of us were shooting craps or slipping in the side door to see some show down at Koster & Bial's.

When grand opera got to be a swell thing in New York, messenger boys, while off duty, used to be hired to stand in line and buy tickets for wealthy men. This red-headed kid got a half dollar once or twice for doing that. Then he began to think it over. After that he started out for himself. He would arrive early and get at the head of the line. He would sell his place for a dollar, and drop behind. In an hour he would be up front again and sell out again. Before the advance sale was over he would make four or five dollars.

So, you see, that kid was never cut out for a telegrapher, bending over a key. He had too much business sense. The average operator who sticks it out is usually an easy-going fellow like myself who seems to get a certain

Custom Has Decreed That a Telegraph Messenger Boy is Simply a Messenger Boy, and That His Work is Not Limited to Conveying Telegrams. In the Cities a Messenger Boy is Supposed to Do Anything

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BREATHING TIME

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANE

ONLY the drawing board and the deft hand that applied the water colors were so boldly illuminated by the single hooded light. The hand was as delicate as a girl's, slenderly in keeping with the shadowy shoulders and sensitively like the boyish features under the blond hair. The young man was Somers Van Horne, once of the Beaux Arts, known here in the theater as art director. All the rest of the room was in that enveloping shadow—the long table that was heaped carelessly with scene models, each a miniature stage set in cardboard, neatly made, and painted, as was so faintly discernible, in the crude colors that would not become a complete picture until played upon subtly by the magic of the theatrical switchboard; the dimly shimmering fabrics—costumes and draperies—that lay where they had been tossed on chairs and boxes and across the end of the table; the framed photographs on the rough walls.

One of these photographs—the largest—hung directly before the young man. And now, after pausing to study his handiwork with intensely critical eye, he turned the hood of the light so that the bold glow fell full on it. He gazed at the girlishly oval face there—gazed, indeed, with a tightening of the lips—directly into the wide eyes. His own eyes were shining out of the shadow, shining through his spectacles, with a spirit that was naïvely, imaginatively devotional. To his ears floated, as from a distance, muffled by the canvas inclosure and the cavernous spaces of the real stage from which this room was partitioned off, the strains of the full orchestra. Thanks in some measure to his own spirit and taste, the patrons of this motion-picture theater—the New Parthenon, in Sunbury, Illinois—had been brought along as far as Beethoven.

There was a light knock and then the door swung open, and as quickly, with a little uprush of color, he swung the hood of the lamp so that the bold glow fell on the girl who stood just within the door. He had known that it would be Marigold Green, managing director of this theater and of the Bijou over in Rockwell Park; but his imagination had pictured her as a boyishly alert girl, clad in one of the simple suits she wore with careless grace. Instead, however, the light fell upon a slender figure in evening costume, with bare shoulders and a scanty little frock of the palest blue with a hint of silver here and there, and with slender ankles and little feet clad in silk and satin of that same pale blue. Her abundant, really blond hair, that she had sometime worn in absurd puffs over the ears and in grotesque ringlets on the forehead, was drawn severely, beautifully back now. With the eye of one who was at once artist and admirer, he studied her, reveling soberly in the exquisite setting of the head on neck and shoulders, in the delicate modeling of the forehead, in the fine texture of the skin and in the outlines of the slender arms that perfectly and subtly expressed her youth. The face was the living presentment of the photograph that hung so like a shrine before him.

With a humorous little exclamation she stepped out of that shaft of light.

"Oh," he cried softly, "don't!"

"Don't?"

He turned the light so it shone on her again and nodded soberly.

"It's very lovely!" he breathed.

"First time I've worn it."

With an air of conscious pleasure she was smoothing her frock.

"The whole picture, I mean," said he. "The hair is perfect. You must always do it that way."

"All right."

She moved again out of the light, coming forward to look at his sketch.

"You give me beauty," he said moodily, staring up now at her photograph. "It's a wonderful thing to give."

And in There Graston Went, a Profoundly Sobered Man, and Cut Into a Dance of Goldie's. He Was Past Caring for the Jealousy of His Watchful Sister

"I've been over at the Bijou," said she. "The gold set is stunning. They clapped it when the lights went on."

He seemed to consider this pleasant tribute in an abstracted way, but spoke again out of his mood.

"It's a beauty of line and movement and color, Goldie—partly that. It's more, of course; something I draw from you. Whatever it is, I'm full of it now. It animates all my work." He gave way to a little laugh that without conveying bitterness revealed an inner effort to drop for a moment from the high pitch of emotion that colored his thoughts and his speech. "You mustn't mind me. It would have to be something in my life—something to hold to besides all this damn buying and selling, all this worship of the great industrial machine, this bowing to bankers—something beautiful. I couldn't live without it."

"It's hard to see just what else there is," mused Goldie. "We're doing just that, of course, here in the theater—buying and selling. Every day we sell this beauty of yours."

"Oh, I know!"

He sprang up nervously, but caught himself. This girl was his employer. He must keep that in mind every moment. He hadn't a cent beyond the salary she paid him every week. She wasn't insensible to this curious worship of her that was becoming so profound a current in his mental and spiritual life. But he couldn't let himself get out of hand without creating difficulties, and of those she had enough now. She was carrying heavy burdens both in the business and at home; carrying them almost amusingly, with a touch of the gamin that she hadn't quite outgrown, probably would never quite outgrow. It was an outcropping of the primitive vitality that was pushing her on so swiftly and so amazingly far. Why, less than three years ago she had sold tickets out in front of this very theater! It was the fresh Americanism in her. It was the power that drove her, that kept her growing, that kept her adapting herself to the complicated new situations brought about by the growth itself; and it was what enabled her to resist the constant pressure of all these men—all these different sorts of men—who tried to win her. On that reflection his lips tightened.

He was leaning back against the table now, and she was moving about, fingering the new stuffs that he had thrown so carelessly over a chair. She could seem simple. Undoubtedly she regarded herself as simple enough. But she wasn't. Her quick business decisions were intuitional. She knew her power, of course; but her experience and training didn't qualify her to analyze it and explain its sources. She was unaccountable, as gifted persons must be. He would have liked to know where she was going in that lovely costume; somewhere, of course, and late in the evening—and with a man, surely; probably to a dance; she loved dancing. He wondered who the man would be.

As if reading his thoughts, she turned and spoke. It was momentarily pleasing to feel, as he often did, that they got on well together, he and she, in their silences; that invisible threads spun out of thought and mood seemed at times to weave back and forth between them.

"I'm going over to the Beach Hotel," she remarked. "There's a supper dance to-night."

She was wishing he wouldn't look at her so intently. Yet she hesitated to go back to her office. She felt his helplessness, and she felt in him that appalling honesty of the born artist. He appeared to have no place in the world of savage materialism that Goldie took as a matter of course. She always felt that he must be protected. A difficulty lay in the fact that his admiration was one of the pressures on her. She knew he was wondering who her escort would be. Vagrantly, impulsively, she considered—as she held a piece of yellow silk crêpe up to the light, Chinese stuff—telling him that it was nobody in particular; a man she had known casually who happened to be passing through Chicago and had called up. In not telling him just that she was hurting him.

"I must go back. Just looked in to see how the work was coming along."

It was really all she could say. She couldn't now tell him that she had wanted him to see the new frock, though in other, lighter moods she would have told him just that. He sought refuge again in that rather painful little laugh.

"Old P. G. Hamerton said in one of his books that he couldn't live any place where he couldn't see from his window either a mountain or a cathedral. Apparently I'm like that."

She was smiling in a vaguely kind way as she moved toward the door.

"Only you seem to be my mountain and my cathedral in one."

"That's a good deal to be," said she, and drew the door partly open.

"I'm not thinking altogether of your looks, Goldie. You're terribly good-looking, of course—growing more so." He really seemed to believe that he was explaining something away. "It's your spirit I draw on so outrageously. It's a quality that you radiate—for me at least."

He was going on with her, walking slowly through the darkness of the stage around behind the silvered screen and on into the dim corridor that led to the foyer where was her office. The orchestra was finishing the overture. In a moment the man at the switchboard would be pulling levers and moving up the dimmers and the soloist of the week would step out through the draperies in the costume he had designed for her. And all the way his spirit was reaching for Goldie's, demanding something.

At the foyer door he stopped, recalling that he was in shirt sleeves and painter's apron. But he saw the tall figure of Walter B. Graston by the office door. Mr. Graston was his uncle, and was president of the company. He had backed Goldie at the beginning of this curious enterprise. The young man found this emotional need of his rising now strangely to his throat and nearly choking him. He turned to flee back stage; but hesitated when he realized that Goldie was lingering as if she had something more to say. But he was not to hear it, because she couldn't put it out in words. It was that gentle desire to explain; on this occasion to tell him that Mr. Graston was not to be her escort. He was coming toward them, a dignified figure, with an intent look that turned to admiration as Goldie moved forward into the bright foyer; and then to an odd swift inquiry as his eyes caught the expression on the shadowed face of Somers Van Horne. The young man made an appealingly boyish figure in his working costume, his hair carelessly tousled, that light in his eyes.

II

GOLDIE noted as Mr. Graston walked by her side to the office, and as he made a little talk about the business outlook for the Bijou, their newer venture, that the veins stood out on his forehead and that there was color there. It was a sign either that he was absorbed in a problem or that his feelings were deeply stirred. Silently, seeming like a mere girl with hardly a care in the world, she moved along beside him. There was no man whom she admired more than this able lawyer. She had learned much from his clarity of mind and his vigor. It was from him that she, always quick to apprehend, had begun to understand what orderly thinking is. He had advised in her reading; had started her at it, indeed. She liked to think of his conspicuous work in the city. He stood very high there. Men admired him—observant men. The museum board, the trustees of the library, the city-planning commission, could hardly have got on without him during these confused years. After the war much of his income went to the support of that strongly public-spirited sister of his, Mrs. Van Horne, Somers' mother. He was, with all this, a man who spent his leisure hours well—like a gentleman—and that meant a lot these days. She knew, none better, that there weren't so many such men, not around the cities.

He Heard Himself Huskily Whispering, "Don't Shoot! It's Me!"

Their friendship, his and hers, had passed through a number of phases. It had begun, frankly enough, as a flirtation of a harmless sort, with some dining and dancing in public places. At first, she knew, she had amused him. Then, with the sudden business opportunity that had stirred her imagination and caught his fancy, drawn more closely together than either had intended, they had grown almost amusingly matter of fact. That was the phase that Goldie liked best in retrospect, for she was by nature, by curious gift, indeed, an intensely businesslike little person. She was happiest when in the full stride of work. She had vision and the golden courage of youth. That had seemed the perfect relationship. His fine brain had, she knew, saved her, for she had been an utter little pagan. It was plain enough now that in emerging from those harum-scarum later teens her life might have taken an unfortunate direction. Anything might have happened. That was why, now, when his feeling for her was plainly deepening, sobering him, bringing about reticences and even evasions that clouded their friendship, she found the situation disturbing. He was more than twice her age. Many of his friends, like so many of his interests, could never be hers. His sister hated and feared her—Goldie had discovered that. In trying to consider the problem—and a problem it was getting to be despite his fine restraint—she could only fall back on a respect and a loyalty so strong, so passionate in a girlish way, that she had to hide it from him. It wasn't the sort of emotion you could make clear to a man; even to this man, who could understand almost anything. It was at once so personal and so impersonal. She felt tired to-night, and more than a little depressed. She didn't want him to come into her office and close the door. That was what he was about to do, of course. He had done so a hundred times without personal emphasis. Still—she stole another glance at his slightly flushed forehead as he stood aside and she walked soberly into the office.

She found her own color rising slightly, and moved over to her desk and made a half-hearted pretense of straightening the small pile of papers under the bronze weight.

"Goldie," he said, his voice not quite steady, "of course you know you're exquisitely lovely in that dress."

What could she say or do? In her confusion, after an uncertain moment, she swung around, and spreading her skirt made a deep curtsy. But the situation had passed beyond any such simple remedy as friendly mockery. She sank into the swivel chair, and from the top of the little pile took a folded paper and spread it out on the desk.

"Here are the figures," she found herself saying. "We're doing about three hundred a day more at the Bijou than we are here."

"That's fine," said he, and dropped into the other chair by the desk. "It's nearer the city, of course. That must help us."

"And we're going to save a good deal on running expense at both places. I'll have the figures for the month in a day or so. The bills aren't all in yet."

"Goldie," he began in that slightly unsteady voice, "here you are, working all hours, driving this business. But you're just a girl, after all. Don't you ever think of the possibility of marrying?"

"Why—yes. Every girl thinks about it, of course. . . . This dividing of my work and my brother's and Somers' between the two houses is going to make a bigger saving than I thought, even. I'm afraid we're going to make a little real money."

"Afraid?" He smiled briefly.

"I don't think I like to have things easy," said she, fingering the paper weight.

"No," he responded, "you don't. That's your youth, I suppose. It's a nervous driving, a feverish sort of thing. Most of us have done that at some time in our lives. But you can hardly keep it up indefinitely."

"I don't know. I guess it's just my way of keeping balanced."

"An equilibrium, eh? Setting one force against another."

She nodded.

"I know. In a way, that's all my life. But I wonder if you've ever considered—marrying me."

She was turning the paper weight slowly over and over. The silence lengthened. She could feel his eyes on her; knew when he looked away. Finally she heard him getting to his feet, and then glanced swiftly up at him and down again.

"Was it unfair?" he asked very gently.

Still she was silent. The difficulty now was that the tears were welling up in her eyes, and she knew she couldn't trust her voice. She wished he would go, though doubtless she'd call him back before he reached the door. She couldn't leave it like this. Somehow he must know how much she thought of him. She bowed her head lower. Her nerves had turned traitor. She felt ashamed of that. It was, after all, but one more problem; and she prided herself on being equal to problems. And now, here, she wasn't.

He was moving toward the door. And it was so; she had to call him back. She lifted her head, and he saw the tears on her cheeks and stood very still, staring at her and murmuring, "Why, Goldie!"

"Do you think I don't realize what you're saying?" she broke out. "Do you think I don't appreciate your friendship? Why, it has meant everything to me! I owe you everything! You—you've made me!"

He was moving slowly back now.

"That's absurd, Goldie."

"It's not absurd! But ——"

"The best thing," said he, rather wearily, "will be to drop this. Of course, it won't be as though I hadn't said it. But suppose we just try to carry on as if I hadn't. I'm with you, child; you can count on me."

"I know." She was wiping away the tears.

"This bachelor business gets on your nerves now and then. It's a selfish life. It's true enough—you're the only woman in many years that has tempted me to give up."

He was sitting on a corner of the desk now, and he was fighting desperately to bring things back to the frankly matter of fact. For that she was grateful.

"Do you think it's easy for me?" she asked.

"No, of course it isn't. It's amazing how you give yourself to this work."

"I can't have everything. I have to choose."

"Of course. I know."

He was looking at her again. He wasn't going to be able to hold to that matter-of-fact tone.

"Are you going to the hotel dance?"

She nodded. And just as she had wanted to explain to Somers that she wasn't going with this man, she now wanted to explain to this man that she wasn't going with Somers. That wouldn't do, of course. But she couldn't keep wholly quiet.

She said, "After the performance. I'm joining a supper party over there—some old friends."

There was a hesitant tapping at the door. That would be her conscientious little older brother, P. Heigham Green, who was treasurer of the New Parthenon Company. She composed herself as well as she could, and called to him to come in. Mr. Graston stood again.

P. Heigham hesitated in the doorway. He was always hesitating. A small man, with an oddly small face; attired with care, as became a recent bridegroom; self-important in his very humility.

"Come in, Perce!" said Goldie with a touch of impatience.

"I'll be going along," remarked Mr. Graston, adding then, with a well-managed smile—she could have hugged him for that—"Save me a dance or two. I'll be looking you up."

Goldie wished she might achieve composure like his. But she couldn't—not in her present state of nerves. She couldn't even follow her inclination to sink into a disturbing sort of reverie, for here was P. Heigham, frowning in his nervously anxious way, claiming her attention. . . . Mr. Graston, in that casual little chat, had proposed marriage! All in a moment! A moment that had gone like a breath, had become unreal, incredible! To believe that the thing could have taken place meant an effort of the will. To be a lady in the city, with a house on Michigan Avenue or where she liked, and a summer place at Lake Geneva, and a limousine, and the best season seat in Orchestra Hall—all the time in the world; no work—it was suddenly tempting. She pressed her fingers against her temples.

"I realize that you're awfully busy, Goldie, but ——"

The voice was P. Heigham's; a little voice in a queer distance.

She straightened in her chair, and about her eyes came a set look, an expression of blank patience, such as P. Heigham usually found there when he brought his problems. He went on, sensing vaguely that the moment was not propitious and slightly resenting the fact. Somehow it shouldn't be necessary for him to bring everything to her. She was, when all was said, his little sister.

"You see, a difficult situation has come up at home."

"Oh," said she rather shortly, "it's home business?"

"Yes. You know Aunt Effie died last week in Seattle ——"

"I can't take that up to-night, Perce."

He considered this with an injured expression; then backed toward the door.

"Of course, Goldie, if I didn't have my own household to look out for I'd gladly take the responsibility just as I ——"

III

THE sentence petered out; and finally he, in a way, petered out, too, and closed the door softly behind him. He had been about to finish that sentence with "just as I used to when we were all home together." But a slight narrowing of Goldie's eyes had given him pause. He could hardly admit to himself that during more than two somewhat dramatic years the burden of responsibility in the

Green home had rested squarely on Goldie's slim shoulders. Neither could he stand overlong on resentment; or even, for that matter, on dignity. He decided to talk things over with papa. Yes, that seemed the best way. Goldie, after all, was carrying a lot; and carrying it, everything considered, very well. Not that he wouldn't handle certain items differently. In his judgment she spent too much on scenery and lighting. Pretty intangible, that sort of thing! He believed the people would come without it. But you had to admit that the kid was getting away with it—everything considered.

A difficulty was to catch papa alone. There'd be no chance in the morning, for he always went in on the 7:42. And in the evening mamma knew everything he did. He had never belonged to clubs; had never been able to afford it, for that matter. Twenty-eight years and three months back P. Heigham himself had entered this life with a weak cry, and from that moment Henry C. Green had been a slave to his family. Mamma had been an invalid for seven years after that great experience—or so she always said It was a family tradition. Then Goldie had appeared, followed shortly by Anderson, who was now a long-legged youth addicted to cigarettes, and who might yet, it was firmly believed at home, achieve a high-school diploma. Then, after a lapse of six more years, the twins—now girls of nearly fourteen, with thick legs and yellow hair—had come upon the family as a sort of final disaster.

During all these years and many more mamma had evinced an interest in nothing more active than gumdrops and romances from the public library, and an occasional new dress or hat. With the years she had grown indolent and fat. Driven at times to the kitchen, she had never yet successfully planned and carried through a meal. Forced into economy, she had grown plaintive. In the '90's and early 1900's when most of the women played duplicate whist, mamma was a horror at every table. She never could fix her mind on the cards. Fortunately for her neighbors, she had dropped wholly out of things by the time bridge came along, followed by auction.

It was not, indeed, until the unaccountable success of this alarming daughter of hers came to excite and confuse the family that mamma woke up. For the first time in more than twenty years the possibility of being a personage with money to spend found its way timorously in among her languid thoughts like a seed dropped carelessly there, to grow, to burgeon, to flower.

Mamma began to look about, to buy new clothes, to exhibit an energy of which no one excepting her various physicians had ever supposed her capable. The thrill of carelessly giving orders in the monstrous dining room of the great new Beach Hotel became hers. She learned to drive Goldie's little sedan; and when that precocious child found it advisable to buy a roadster for use in her work as she flew back and forth between the New Parthenon and the Bijou, the little sedan became mamma's own.

They were living now in the new brick house out on the West Side. Goldie bought it for them. There were fireplaces and nearly an acre of good ground, with oak, ash and maple trees, and there were two bathrooms. In all her years of drifting from one dingy rented house to another mamma had never before known the luxury of two bathrooms. From this strong base she launched a series of campaigns. She held teas and receptions. She made papa buy a dinner coat and sit unhappily through many a meal with the neighbors who had always ignored or patronized him. She added a second maid to the ménage, and dressed her in black-and-white uniform after three in the afternoon, and she entered the twins at a fashionable school farther up the North Shore.

All this meant a large monthly expenditure. Just how large no one knew but Goldie. Papa's salary as an accountant would cover hardly a third of it. P. Heigham decided now, back at his own desk behind the box office, that Goldie was too easy about it. She should oppose mamma more—be definite about things. For that matter, she should have listened just now. She hadn't even permitted him to tell her what he had seen this day. Busy or not she should have listened, for mamma was on the warpath. No telling what bills might be coming in as a result. Goldie'd have to listen then.

For the second time within a brief few minutes he decided to take the matter up with papa. His wavering eyes strayed upward to the framed mottoes hung on the wall just above the desk - Time Is All There Is; and It's What You Get Done That Counts; and To Thine Own Self Be True; and Think! and Do It Now! These aphorisms and adjurations meant a great deal to P. Heigham. They admonished and guided him. He didn't know that they were revelatory. From among them now he selected the last two—Think! and Do It Now! Goldie had refused, in the emergency, to think. He would both think and act.

Of course, you couldn't blame the kid. She did a lot, really—everything considered. It was too bad in a way that his own newly absorbing little household made such demands on him. He'd like to help Goldie handle this damn family. It was pleasant, at least, to consider that he could help in a considerable degree by being an influence For that matter, couldn't you contribute as effectively by cutting down expenses as by actually putting up the money? It seemed so to P. Heigham. Yes, that was a pleasing thought.

The accounts were made up for the evening. It was only a little after ten. He hurried out, passing Goldie's roadster at the curb with a wistful glance, and caught the trolley car that would drop him within three blocks of the house. He'd be late in reaching his own home in North Sunbury, but when he explained that he was giving of himself to aid others the little wife would understand.

Except for the single hall light shining through the transom, the house was dark. With something of the feeling of a conspirator, P. Heigham tiptoed up the front steps and softly let himself in. He carried his old key.

He Was Talking Brokenly On. She Hadn't Supposed There Could be Such Intensity in His Voice

IV

HE STOOD in the hall. Faintly at first, then more distinctly, as he closely listened, came a low sound from somewhere upstairs, a mournful sound like the murmur of doves. All his life, at intervals, he had heard that sound Now, as all through his boyhood and young manhood, it vaguely depressed him. It was mamma talking to papa in bed; endlessly complaining, talking him down; persistently and subtly overwhelming him. P. Heigham remembered occasions of particular family upsets when he had been wakened by it, deep in the chill silence of the night—at dawn, even. It had always ruled the family, that mourning sound. It meant, now and always, that mamma, though somehow in the wrong, was out to win; to twist the situation around until papa felt himself the one in the wrong. For mamma's was a strong nature, and one that in this circumscribed arena of family life had never really known defeat.

P. Heigham, moving softly on his rubber heels, slipped into the living room and switched on the reading light by the morris chair and sat weakly there. He couldn't call to papa. Mamma wouldn't let him come down—or else she'd come too: she'd want to know—and he couldn't just wait here without a plan. The little wife would be anxious.

But he waited on; picked up a copy of the Geographic Magazine and considered, out of a wandering mind, photographs of women of the South Seas who wore even scantier costumes than Goldie and her ultramodern sort. After a time he lowered the magazine and listened; that sound had stopped. There was a slow creaking on the stairs. He sat nervously erect. He wished he could think more clearly. It was difficult to Do It Now when you weren't clear as to what you were to do. The vigorous spirit that had carried him out here to the house was proving volatile. Little of it was left. It was too bad about Goldie. Mamma sponged on her something fierce. But it was comforting to think of his own home in North Sunbury and of the little wife who awaited him tenderly there. After all, he was clear of this mess—pretty well clear of it! Goldie should manage better

He heard himself huskily whispering, "Don't shoot! It's me!"

Papa stood in the doorway, his old bath robe drawn about his thin figure over the pajamas, his feet thrust into his bathroom slippers. He was pointing a revolver His thin gray hair stood up almost humorously about the bald top of his head. His cropped white mustache bristled absurdly on the thin, tired face

"Oh!" he exclaimed listlessly. "I heard a noise and thought it was Goldie, but then I didn't hear her come upstairs." He laid the revolver on the bookcase "Your mother's dropped off to sleep."

P. Heigham looked at his watch. The little wife would be anxious. In his concern for her he spoke almost brusquely

"There's something I felt I ought to tell you, papa. Of course mamma's told you about the letter from Aunt Effie's lawyer."

Mr. Green wearily inclined his head.

"She's got her legacy, I understand."

"Yes—three thousand dollars."

"Did they send the money?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Green sighed. "That's likely to take a year, or two or three Settling up estates is slow business."

"Then I really think you ought to know, papa"—P. Heigham hesitated; the thing was bound to be a blow—"Charley Wilson had her out in a brand-new Supervalue Eight this noon—a sedan—and I've never seen her so excited. She didn't see me. Charley's getting thirty-four hundred for 'em, with freight charges and the luxury tax. I asked. And now if mamma should decide to lose what little's left of her head and——"

Mr. Green sank down on a straight little chair that stood by the table. His face worked. Indeed, P. Heigham now for the first time got sufficiently outside of himself to observe that that face had become a tragic mask.

"She's bought it!" breathed Mr. Green.

"Bought it?"

"Yes! It's out back. She traded in the little car. And that's not all. You'd better come out with me." He led the way

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COURT LIFE IN OLD RUSSIA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

EARLY spring in the camp of Kracnoe Celo—"the red village" by its name, but in no other way red—brought with it each year a great bustle of preparation. On the first of April, with snow still on the ground, our local peasants began taking down boards which covered doors and windows of the tiny izbas. These small cabins had stood unoccupied through the winter, in almost every yard. Yet they were the villagers' chief source of revenue.

Within a few days droshkies drove up to the izbas bringing various officers or their ladies from occasional trains; or smart motors or troika sleighs when the weather was fine brought the same kind of visitors, all looking for possible quarters for their summer in camp.

Peter the Great had decreed that his army should spend the summer maneuvering over the undulating plains and the forests about Petersburg, and since his day no one had ever questioned his judgment. The regiments of the Imperial Guard, numbering some seventy thousand men, with horses and baggage and frequently even families and servants—in officers' cases—moved to Kracnoe Celo each year with the advent of spring, and settled for four months.

A Group of Chevalier Guard Officers at Camp Kracnoe in 1904. Prince Cantacuzene, Seated and Wearing a Dark Uniform, is Turning to Address Prince Youssoupoff, Commander of the Regiment

There was a great deal of talk and bargaining over rents and repairs, but contracts seemed generally to be settled to everyone's satisfaction; the izbas were cleaned and painted freshly, fitted up in gay chintz hangings and wicker furniture, and by the end of April were ready for their occupants.

Meantime quartermasters were inspecting the large rambling board constructions which were to be the soldiers' habitations, at least for such regiments as were of the Imperial Guard cavalry. The infantry lived in tents they brought with them, which were most becoming to the landscape.

Some individual officers had built quaint izbas after their own ideas and had even persuaded a few flowers or trees to grow about them. Two or three like ourselves had rebuilt as a single dwelling several peasant houses, and inclosing these within a high board fence had created a delightful frame for summer life and possible entertainments.

Our Beautiful Summer Camp

IT WAS always a pleasure to me when the snow showed signs of melting. I thought of how soon we should be able to move to our Kracnoe camping ground, for of all our homes it was our favorite. Created for our personal comfort, we had only what was needed for the simplest sort of life. Largely the result of our own handiwork, this camp was one of the prettiest at Kracnoe. Consisting of about three acres of land, it had ponds in two corners of the garden. The latter was filled with old-fashioned flowers, for the major part, fragrant roses of many kinds, from hedges of high eglantine bushes along some of the walks, to the delicate beautiful varieties of richer single flowers in the many beds. Other walks were edged with great masses of sweet peas in splendid coloring, while mignonette, syringa, lilacs and a lot of other simple favorites of mine flung their incense to the wanderer in my small kingdom. Each month brought forth new splendor, as the planting had been done so that there should be a riot of bloom and color from May till August. Wild flowers which had been transplanted to corners of our garden from their damp, shady hiding places in the forest mirrored themselves in the two ponds, wafting a fragrant reminder of valley-lily perfume to us or showing the beautiful blue and yellow of the iris and the huge forget-me-nots of the north.

Attractive specimen trees were scattered over lawns which were our pride, and in the center of the garden at the highest point a retreat of living trees, intertwined to make a summerhouse effect, gave shade and privacy and made a charming surprise as one came upon it. There stood a cozy tea table and several deep chairs with soft cushions, and as one sat and sipped one's tea or orangeade eyes feasted themselves on the beauty of the foreground, then wandered farther afield to where picturesque villages with gilded church spires, gayly painted izbas and white tents were visible.

A crack regiment of the Imperial Guards gave life to this picture as, with banners flying and band playing, the troopers passed on their fine horses, motors or court equipages in gold-laced liveries dashed up and down the road, sometimes depositing friendly companies at our gateway. Shouts of joy and curiosity drifted over from the children's corner, where small friends came to play and to picnic on milk and bread and butter at all hours, and then climbed to the top of our little people's swing to watch from there, over the fence, the excitements of the roadway. Farther, to one side, lay the great plain, stretching, sparsely settled, toward the north, St. Petersburg showing its golden domes and spires and the soft dim outlines of its buildings against the sky. To the west the land sloped down in wooded terraces with here and there a village. Beyond these were the glimmering beauties of palaces and villas on the coast. There shone Peterhof, Strelna, Oranienbaum, and still beyond them the blue sparkling sea with its islands, some green and wooded, some crowned with frowning fortresses which stood as fierce silent sentinels at the gate of Northern Russia.

Our view was a constant delight, whether the vast sweep of sky was soft and dim as in the white nights of summer, or by day when it was clear and brilliant. Sometimes it was highly colored for a sunset pageant; sometimes, in early spring or toward autumn, when the night was dark, I thought the moon and the twinkling distant lights gave the prettiest effect of all; but it was always lovely. We looked out occasionally to the view of race track and scattered camp, with its many points to which our daily life, so full of old traditions, lent interest and charm, and we were attracted by the wooded hills and the small park where the imperial camp cottages stood, the lake where Peter the Great had rowed his boats and forced his soldiers to bathe and swim, the little theater, scene of so many pleasant evenings, the old mill which Peter built, and white tents by the hundred housing so many defenders of the Czars.

I loved my life and friends at Kracnoe too. By nine A.M. daily I was on horseback with our children and their riding master, who watched them and trained them to race and take ditches and fences on the steeplechase track. Two or three hours of riding made one feel at one's best, and in that time our well-bred mounts carried us long distances, even to Peterhof, through the birch forests or toward Gatshina over miles of pine-bordered roads, or across the open fields, where maneuvers were always amusing to watch. I had one horse called Harlequin, who well deserved his name. He was powerful and had excellent gaits, a splendid great Irish hunter, safe to take a jump or to trust in the marshlands at Bouromka. He was steady for a long gallop, too, for he had once been my brother-in-law's regimental horse. Having served in a squadron of the Chevalier Guards, the animal considered my weight and strength as negligible compared to that of a large man. Also he had his own ideas as to his duty or his habits. With a man he would roll in the mud of any bog; with me he never hinted at such unchivalrous conduct. On a macadam road he could not be persuaded to hasten beyond a walk.

Harlequin Renews His Youth

ONCE the excitement of my children's racing made Harlequin remember his own young days and carry me off at a mad run, which left me breathlessly holding on for dear life to the pommel of my saddle with my knees. I sawed at his mouth without effect, but having galloped cross country for a long distance when we reached a hard road, Harlequin remembered his education and dropped instantly into a slow walk. I fancied sometimes he felt rather humiliated to have his proud position changed from horse to an officer in a crack regiment to horse of a mere woman; and that he wished to return into the imperial army. Once, by way of proving my theory, as we were crossing the maneuvering field a Chevalier Guard trumpeter gave a signal for some maneuver, and Harlequin recognized his regiment and read the signal right. Whirlwind fashion he turned on his hind legs and carried me directly and rapidly into the place which in old days his master had occupied in front of the third squadron. It was some minutes before the beast could be persuaded to cede his position to the officer and horse who really belonged there. After this unique performance I never took my favorite to the manuever field again, and soon he was sent to Bouromka, where he served me faithfully with no temptations for such bad behavior.

For the lunch hour our family gathered, the children and I from our excursions, my husband back from drill, and our noon meal was a gay affair with appetites and spirits at their best. Then came an afternoon spent pottering about among my flowers, till tea, served in our arbor, drew officers and women from the surrounding cottages, the tennis courts, the race track or the mess, where each had been busy with exercise or military duty.

When we went to Kracnoe early in May there was a little snow still lying in shady corners of the garden and the earth everywhere was damp and rich and fragrant. The northern spring, all too short, quickly slid into summer and the vegetation became splendidly rich almost overnight. It was an equally rapid change from the empty camp waiting for its occupants, to the orderly, busy, tense life of work and play in full swing, immediately the regiments arrived. We women and our servants got our attractive nests in order with almost as much energy and dispatch as did the soldiers their barracks and their horses' stables.

It was most amusing to visit their barracks. Men and horses at the Chevalier Guards' slept beneath one roof. Entering the long building from either end one saw only two long rows of stalls in the center of the building. On the outside edge in rows under the lower portion of the roof, where it joined the walls, small cabins like a ship's, two bunks in each, accommodated the men near their horses. It was a clever and original arrangement, which meant better care to each animal and seemed to satisfy the men.

Celebrating the Empress' Birthday

OUR evenings in camp were generally full of informal gayety and sociable intercourse. At certain houses, ours especially, "the lamps were always lighted"—a saying in Russia to indicate apparently that a tea table and a card table had been laid out and that one's friends were welcome at one's fireside. With us the great glass-inclosed balcony and the pretty salon opening from it made a cozy frame, and I think there was no evening when some pleasant faces were not gathered there if we were at home.

The birthday of Her Majesty the Empress, at the end of May, was the first formal ceremony of camp life each year. Church service opened the day, in the blue-and-tan-walled, gold-domed church, which looked like a pretty toy opposite our gateway and which at this season was surrounded by hedges of lilacs and other blossoming bushes.

The voices of the regimental choir, composed of small boys, sons of noncommissioned officers, who were being educated by our officers in true patriarchal fashion, soared and echoed through the rafters and out over the garden in lovely melody. Seriously musical, these youngsters were unconscious of their good qualities. Our officers, in smart uniforms, and their wives, in thin summery gowns, added their holiday note, and when after the religious ceremony the squadron that day on duty passed by the church and was reviewed by our commanding general, while the other officers and the women lingered and chatted on the church steps, I felt I should never weary of such pretty military scenes. My own birthday fell with the Empress' and I always gave a party to the regiment that night to end the national fête.

Officers and their wives assembled at about nine at our house and, decorated and illuminated, our nest made an inviting meeting place. It was the height of the lilac season and many of the officers stripped their hedges bare of blossoms to send us offerings for our party, with their good wishes to me. They called me Matoushka, or Little Mother, in the regiment, and all day bouquets came in with affectionate messages, till the house was overflowing with the flowers gathered in the fields or gardens and some from the hothouses within a large radius of the country around. We were often fifty or more people gathered for my party, and spirits were high as our guests sipped tea or played cards or listened to the string orchestra of balalaikas played by the same group of regimental boys that had sung in the church that morning.

Later on in the evening the regimental band came and installed itself in our garden, giving us dance music of the best, while dancers circled on the large inclosed balcony, waltzing with enthusiasm or going through the various elegant intricacies of the mazurka. Supper followed, and finally for an hour or two the soldier dancers of our regiment would perform on the lawn—dances of old Russia and of the peasantry. Or they would sing soldier songs and legends for us, accompanying both these and their dancing with quaint music and handclapping or stamping of feet to keep time. Torches flamed, and excitement and enthusiasm grew, and the night of soft, dim, misty white had cleared into the violets and pinks of dawn before anyone thought of leaving us.

The servants—our men in the household were mostly old Chevalier Guards—enjoyed my birthday parties as much as I did and would come and join in watching or listening to the performers. They never forgot to make guests comfortable, however, or to serve refreshments to them. One looked forward to growing old when each year brought such a reunion of friends and renewal of cheer, and I think my regimental comrades took special pleasure in making me feel I was completely adopted and always greatly spoiled by them. A month of quiet through June was a hard drilling season for officers and men, one of family life with household and garden occupations for us women, which only tennis or occasionally a quiet evening gathering of a few comrades for dinner interrupted.

Kindly and Sympathetic Officers

THE inhabitants of the capital were moving out of town during this time, settling in their villas in the environs; the court was going from town or from Tsarskoe to Peterhof by the sea. Motoring parties filled the highroad through Kracnoe camp and made it gay at hours when, the drills finished, our troopers were no longer circulating over it or in the fields around. One heard across the way the boys' choir practicing, while from the barracks floated to me through the quiet afternoons fragments of soldier songs or of the excellent music our band produced. Toward evening with the purple shadows lengthening into a silvery night, the voices of great masses of simple peasant men reached us, mystical and devout here in uniform, as they had been in the far-away villages from which they came, singing their evening prayers or our imperial anthem. Their rich voices rose in a splendid volume of sound. Here and there some officer drifted to or from the barracks of his squadron, giving last instructions for the morrow's drill or going to see a man or horse who might be ailing, or perhaps to aid someone who was in trouble or at fault.

I was always struck by the intimate relation between our officers and the rank and file of our regiment. The commander, though high above his officers and men on the drilling field, was their father when off duty and took part in every trouble or joy those below him passed through. Each squadron commander was this way also, even to a more intimate degree, and no trooper had bad news from his village home, that an effort was not made to aid him or his people. We were a big happy family at Kracnoe Celo camp, playing and working together; and I was sure as

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The Empress Mother, With the Grand Duchess Xenia and Grand Duchess Olga at Her Left and Right, Following a Luncheon at the Officers' Mess of Her Majesty's Own Chevalier Guards in Kracnoe Camp

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

VII

"Nothing To-day, Dear!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE savings had been opportunely replenished. In two days he had accumulated a sum for which, back in Simsbury, he would have had to toil a week. Yet there was to be said in favor of the Simsbury position that it endured. Each week brought its fifteen dollars, pittance though it might be, while the art of the silver screen was capricious in its rewards, not to say jumpy. Never, for weeks at a stretch, had Gashwiler said with a tired smile, "Nothing to-day—sorry!" He might have been a grouch and given to unreasonable nagging, but with him there was always a very definite something to-day, which he would specify in short words if the occasion seemed to demand. There was not only a definite something every day but a definite if not considerable sum of money to be paid over every Saturday night, and in the meantime three very definite and quite satisfying meals to be freely partaken of at stated hours each day.

The leisure enforced by truly creative screen art was often occupied now with really moving pictures of Metta Judson placing practicable food upon the Gashwiler table. This had been no table in a gilded Broadway resort, holding empty coffee cups and half-empty wineglasses, passed and repassed by apparently busy waiters with laden trays who never left anything of a practicable nature. Doubtless the set would not have appealed to Henshaw. He would never have been moved to take close-ups, even for mere flashes, of those who ate this food. And yet, more and more as the days went by, this old-time film would unreel itself before the eager eyes of Merton Gill. Often now it thrilled him as might have an installment of The Hazards of Hortense, for the food of his favorite pharmacy was beginning to pall, and Metta Judson, though giving her shallow mind to base village gossip, was a good cook. She became the adored heroine of an apparently endless serial to be entitled The Hazards of Clifford Armytage, in which the hero had tragically little to do but sit upon a bench and wait while tempting repasts were served.

Sometimes on the little bench around the eucalyptus tree he would run an entire five-thousand-foot program feature, beginning with the Sunday midday dinner of roast chicken and abounding in tense dramatic moments such as corned beef and cabbage on Tuesday night, and corned-beef hash on Wednesday morning. He would pause to take superb close-ups of these, the corned beef on its spreading platter hemmed about with boiled potatoes and turnips and cabbage, and the corned-beef hash with its richly browned surface. The thrilling climax would be the roast of beef on Saturday night, with close-ups, taken in the very eye of the camera, of the mashed potatoes and the apple pie drenched with cream. And there were close-ups of Metta Judson, who had never seriously contemplated a screen career, placing upon the table a tower of steaming hot cakes, while a platter of small sausages loomed eloquently in the foreground.

With eyes closed he would run this film again and again, cutting here, rearranging sequences, adding trims from suddenly remembered meals of the dead past, devising more intimate close-ups, such as the one of Metta withdrawing pies from the oven or smoothing hot chocolate caressingly over the top of a giant cake, or broiling chops, or saying in a large-lettered subtitle—artistically decorated with cooked foods—"How about some hot coffee, Merton?"

He Foresaw That the Creature Would be Trapped Into the Power of This Villain by Her Love of Finery

He became an able producer of this drama. He devised a hundred sympathetic little touches that Henshaw would probably never have thought of. He used footage on a mere platter of steak that another director might have ignored utterly. He made it gripping—the supreme heart-interest drama of his season, a big thing done in a big way, and yet censor proof. Not even the white-souled censors of the great state of Pennsylvania could have outlawed its realism, brutal though this was in such great moments as when Gashwiler carved the roast beef. So able was his artistry that his nostrils would sometimes betray him. He could swear they caught rich aromas from that distant board.

Not only had the fare purveyed by his favorite pharmacy put a blight upon him equal to Broadway's blight, but even of this tasteless stuff he must be cautious in his buying. A sandwich not too meaty at the center, coffee tasting strangely of other things sold in a pharmacy, a segment of pie fair-seeming on its surface but lacking the punch, as he put it, of Metta Judson's pie, a standardized, factory-made, altogether formal and perfunctory pie—these were the meager items of his accustomed luncheon and dinner.

He had abandoned breakfast, partly because it cost money and partly because a gentleman in Eastern Ohio had recently celebrated his hundred-and-third birthday by reason, so he confided to the press, of having always breakfasted upon a glass of clear cold water. Probably ham and eggs or corned-beef hash would have cut him off at ninety, and water from the tap in the Patterson kitchen was both clear and cold. It was not so much that he cared to live beyond ninety or so, but he wished to survive until things began to pick up on the Holden lot; and if this did bring him many more years, well and good. Further, if the woman in the casting office persisted, as she had for ten days, in saying "Nothing yet" to inquiring screen artists, he might be compelled to intensify the régime of the Ohio centenarian. Perhaps a glass of clear cold water at night, after a hearty midday meal of drug-store sandwiches and pie, would work new wonders.

It seemed to be the present opinion of other waiters on the extra bench that things were never going to pick up on the Holden lot, or on any other lot. Strongly marked types, ready to add distinction to the screen of painted shadows, freely expressed a view that the motion-picture business was on the rocks. Unaffected by the optimists who wrote in the picture magazines, they saw no future for it. More than one of them threatened to desert the industry and return to their previous callings. As they were likely to put it, they were going to leave the pictures flat and go back to typewriting or selling standard art works or waiting on table or something where you could count on your little bit every week.

Under the eucalyptus tree one morning Merton Gill, making some appetizing changes in the fifth reel of Eating at Gashwiler's, was accosted by a youngish woman whom he could not at first recall. She had come from the casting office and paused when she saw him.

"Hello, I thought it was you; but I wasn't sure in them clothes. How they coming?"

He stared blankly, startled at the sudden transposition he had been compelled to make, for the gleaming knife of Gashwiler, standing up to carve, had just then hovered above the well-browned roast of beef. Then he placed the speaker by reason of her eyes. It was the Spanish girl, his companion of the gilded cabaret, later encountered in the palatial gambling hell that ate like a cancer at the heart of New York—probably at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

He arose and shook hands cordially. He had supposed, when he thought of the girl at all, that she would always be rather Spanish, an exotic creature rather garishly dressed, nervously eager, craving excitement such as may be had in cabarets on Broadway, with a marked inclination for the lighter life of pleasure. But she wore not so much as a rose in her smoothly combed hair. She was not only not excited but she was not exciting. She was plainly dressed in skirt and shirtwaist of no distinction; her footgear was of the most ordinary, and well worn, and her face under a hat of no allure was without make-up, a commonplace, somewhat anxious face with lines about the eyes. But her voice as well as her eyes helped him to recall her. She spoke with an effort at jauntiness, after Merton had greeted her.

"That's one great slogan, 'Business as Usual!' ain't it? Well, it's business as usual here, so I just found out from the Countess—as usual, rotten. I ain't had but three days since I seen you last."

"I haven't had even one," he told her.

"No? Say, that's tough! You're registered with the Service Bureau, ain't you?"

"Well, I didn't do that, because they might send me any place, and I sort of wanted to work on this particular lot."

Instantly he saw himself saving Beulah Baxter, for the next installment, from a fate worse than death; but the one-time Spanish girl did not share this vision.

"Oh, well, little I care where I work. I had two days at the Bigart in a hop-joint scene, and one over at the United doin' some boardwalk stuff. I could 'a' had another day there, but the director said I wasn't just the type for a chic bathing suit. He was very nice about it. I know my legs ain't the best part of me. I sure ain't one of them like the one that says she's wasted in skirts." She grinned ruefully.

He felt that some expression of sympathy would be graceful here, yet he divined that it must be very discreetly, almost delicately worded. He could easily be too blunt.

"I guess I'd be pretty skinny in a bathing suit myself right now. I know they won't be giving me any such part pretty soon if I have to cut down on the meals the way I been doing."

"Oh, of course, I don't mean I'm actually skinny!"

He felt he had been blunt, after all.

"Not to say skinny, but—well, you know—more like home folks, I guess. Anyway, I got no future as a bathing beauty—none whatever—and this walkin' around to the different lots ain't helpin' me any, either. Of course it ain't as if I couldn't go back to the insurance office. Mr. Gropp—he's office manager—he was very nice about it. He says, 'I wish you all the luck in the world, girlie, and remember your job as filin' clerk will always be here for you.' Wasn't that gentlemanly of him? Still, I'd rather act than stand on your feet all day filing letters. I won't go back till I have to."

"Me either," said Merton Gill, struggling against the obsession of Saturday-night dinner at Gashwiler's.

Grimly he resumed his seat when the girl, with a friendly "So long," had trudged on. In spite of himself he found something base in his nature picturing his return to the emporium and to the thrice-daily encounter with Metta Judson's cookery. He let his lower instincts toy with the unworthy vision. Gashwiler would advance him the money to return, and the job would be there. Probably Spencer Grant had, before this, tired of the work and gone into insurance or some other line, and probably Gashwiler would be only too glad to have the wanderer back. He would get off Number 3 just in time for breakfast.

He brushed the monstrous scene from his eyes, shrugged it from his shoulders. He would not give up. They had all struggled and sacrificed, and why should he shrink from the common ordeal? But he wished the Spanish girl hadn't talked about going back to her job. He regretted not having stopped her with words of confident cheer that would have stiffened his own resolution. He could see her far down the street, on her way to the next lot, her narrow shoulders switching from light to shadow as she trudged under the line of eucalyptus trees. He hoped she wouldn't give up. No one should ever give up—least of all Merton Gill.

The days wore wearily on. He began to feel on his own face the tired little smile of the woman in the casting office as she would look up to shake her head, often from the telephone over which she was saying "Nothing to-day, dear. Sorry." She didn't exactly feel that the motion-picture business had gone on the rocks, but she knew it wasn't picking up as it should. And ever and again she would have Merton Gill assure her that he hadn't forgotten the home address, the town where lived Gighampton or Gumwash or whoever it was that held the good old job open for him. He had divined that it was a jest of some sort when she warned him not to forget the address, and he would patiently smile at this, but he always put her right about the name of Gashwiler. Of course it was a name anyone might forget, though the woman always seemed to make the most earnest effort to remember it.

Each day, after his brief chat with her in which he learned that there would be nothing to-day, he would sit on the waiting-room bench or out under the eucalyptus tree and consecrate himself anew to the art of the perpendicular stage. And each day, as the little hoard was diminished by even those slender repasts at the drug store, he ran his film of the Gashwiler dining room in action.

From time to time he would see the Montague girl, alone or with her mother, entering the casting office or perhaps issuing from the guarded gate. He avoided her when possible. She persisted in behaving as if they had been properly introduced and had known each other a long time. She was too familiar, and her levity jarred upon his more serious mood. So far as he could see, the girl had no screen future, though doubtless she was her own worst enemy. If someone had only taught her to be serious her career might have been worth while. She had seemed not wholly negligible in the salmon-pink dancing frock, though of course the blond curls had not been true.

Then the days passed until eating merely at a drug-store lunch counter became not the only matter of concern. There was the item of room rent. Mrs. Patterson, the Los Angeles society woman, upon the occasion of their first interview, had made it all too clear that the money, trifling though it must seem for a well-furnished room with the privilege of electric iron in the kitchen, must be paid each week in advance—strictly in advance. Her eye had held a cold light as she dwelt tersely upon this point.

There had been times lately when, upon his tree bench, he would try to dramatize Mrs. Patterson as a woman with a soft heart under that polished society exterior, chilled by daily contact with other society people at the Iowa or Kansas or other society picnics, yet ready to melt at the true human touch. But he had never quite succeeded in this bit of character work. Something told him that she was cold all through, a society woman without a single flaw in her armor. He could not make her seem to listen patiently while he explained that only one company was now shooting on the lot, but that big things were expected to be on in another week or so. A certain skeptic hardness was in her gaze as he visioned it.

He decided, indeed, that he could never bring himself even to attempt this scene with the woman, so remote was he from seeing her eye soften and her voice warm with the assurance that a few weeks more or less need not matter. The room rent, he was confident, would have to be paid strictly in advance so long as their relations continued. She was the kind who would insist upon this formality even after he began to play—at an enormous salary—a certain outstanding part in The Hazards of Hortense. The exigencies, even the adversities, of art would never make the slightest appeal to this hardened soul. So much for that. And daily the hoard waned.

Yet his was not the only tragedy. In the waiting room, where he now spent more of his time, he listened one day to the Montague girl chat through the window with the woman she called Countess.

"Yeah, pa was double-crossed over at the Bigart. He raised that lovely set of whiskers for Camilla of the Cumberlands, and what did he get for it? Just two weeks! Fact! What do you know about that? Hugo has him killed off in the second spool with a squirrel rifle from ambush, and pa thinking he would draw pay for at least another three weeks. He kicked, but Hugo says the plot demanded it. I bet at that he was just trying to cut down

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A Long Moment Went Before She Seemed Able to Free Herself From the Hypnotic Tension He Had Put Upon Her

TWO CAN PLAY

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

XI

JIMMY MACFORTH was pacing up and down outside of the office door labeled J. A. Hammis, Entrance, long before the mail clerk made his appearance at quarter to nine the next morning. The clerk appraised him as he unlocked the door, hesitated, then asked him to come in. Once inside, Jimmy sat down, then immediately stood up again.

"What time does Mr. Hammis usually get here?" he asked.

"Who, Mr. Hammis himself?" The clerk gave a stare of inquiry. "Oh, about nine-thirty or ten or maybe half past. Almost any time, I guess. Did you want to see him?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

He strode to the window and glared out at the harbor, his hand constantly feeling his inside coat pocket. That pocket was veritably burning him. "All right to smoke?" Jimmy shot the question over his shoulder, and at the clerk's nod lit a cigarette. Straightway he felt better, though not any too much better. The harbor was dull to-day; depressing, somehow. The sunlight was oozing fitfully through a copperish-gray mist, and there was too much hooting of whistles.

One by one the employes began to come in and take their places, rather quietly, Jimmy thought; a small battalion of dapperly clad young men, and pert-eyed girls dressed in that semi-transparent fashion which has come to be accepted in the metropolis as the acknowledged uniform of feminine labor. Each time the door clicked he turned expectantly and turned back disappointed to his window. Finally the young woman he knew as Miss Matthews appeared, and he stopped her.

"Do you know what time Mr. Hammis is coming in this morning?" he queried.

"I don't know," she said affably, "but you'd better wait in the private office, Mr. MacForth." She opened the door and ushered him in. Then as she made her desk ready for the day she scrutinized him, smiling.

"You mustn't take it so hard, Mr. MacForth," she presently began. "Mr. Hammis is a very great man, and sometimes he is hard to understand. I have been his secretary for a long time, and I know this—that he is the kindliest, most thoughtful man that ever lived."

Jimmy looked at her incredulously. "Do you know all about this?" he inquired.

"I imagine so, Mr. MacForth," she assured him.

"Well, I wish I did," he said hopelessly.

"You will pretty soon, I think," said the young woman. The words brought him a measure of relief, gave him the feeling that at least, perhaps, he was among friends, but he, nevertheless, resumed his vigil at the window.

At nine-thirty John A. Hammis walked in, let his eye fall on Jimmy as if he had expected to find him just where he was, nodded cheerfully and beckoned the boy into his inner office. As the door closed Jimmy reached into his coat pocket, took out an envelope, tore it open and dropped two opalescent coils, one white, one pink, on the older man's desk.

"There," he breathed, "that's done." Then he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"I'd Always Hoped," He Said, "That When I Fell in Love It Would be With a Girl Who Would—Well, Who'd Sort of Fall in Love With Me at the Same Time"

John A. Hammis peered at the pearls quizzically. Then he reached out swiftly and took the white string.

"But these are the real ones!" he exclaimed. "I thought you put them back?"

"I wish I had," said Jimmy apathetically. "You told me to get these, so I got them. I put the duplicate back."

The older man's mouth opened; then abruptly he threw back his head and laughed, a full-throated, resounding laugh that must have echoed through the outer office. Jimmy looked blank. There was certainly nothing to laugh at that he could see. The banker laughed again, presently bringing himself down to an intermittent chuckle.

"Fine, son, fine!" he exulted. "I knew you had it in you."

"No, sir," said Jimmy fervently, "I haven't it in me. I'm done."

John A. Hammis captured his eyes. "I don't blame you, my boy," he said quietly. "For a time last night I was done myself, right after I watched you walk out. But just let me tell you that everything is going exactly right, precisely as I planned it—precisely as I hoped. You have done the first job, and, if I may say so, done it splendidly. Just what you have done you don't know, and at the moment it would be most unwise for me to tell you. The fact that you really got the genuine pearls—bless your heart!—may complicate things a trifle, but I'll try to see that it doesn't." He reached for his telephone. "Get me the residence of Mrs. Peter Hammis," he spoke into the instrument, "and connect me with my niece."

Jimmy rose abruptly. "Hadn't I better let you speak privately?"

The banker waved him back into his chair, his hand still on the telephone. Ultimately the bell tinkled. Then John A. Hammis did a most surprising thing. He winked broadly at Jimmy MacForth.

"Hello, Pussy," he called. "How are you this bright morning?" Jimmy could hear the soft buzz of a voice at the other end of the wire, and though the words were indistinguishable he could feel himself reddening as he listened. "Now that's too bad," the girl's uncle was saying. Then: "Have you made up your mind what to do with your burglar, Pussy? I think I can get hold of him—in fact, I'm sure I can." The soft voice buzzed again while Jimmy shifted in his chair.

"So you don't think we'd better arrest him?" the banker continued. "Remember, Dorothy, an enemy to society, and all that. Jail might be the best place. . . . Oh, all right! I'll have a talk with him, then, just as you say. You think it would be fairer to give him a chance? . . . What? . . . I imagine you're right, Pussy. This world would be a hard old place without creatures like you, wouldn't it? But, Dorothy dear"—here his voice became intense—"I wouldn't say anything to your mother or to anybody. . . . Yes, that's right. Your mother would raise the devil. . . . Yes, that's right too. Just between us, Pussy. Good kid! . . . Yes, Pussy, I know you were upset. You're a good kid just the same. . . . Well, so long, dear—I've got to buy a couple of railroads or something like that."

He hung up the receiver slowly, his eyes far away. Then he turned to the boy at his side.

"Do you know how my niece happened to come in on you last night, Mr. MacForth?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you may ask me—let me see—let's say, next Sunday evening. Will that do?"

Jimmy grinned feebly.

"It'll have to, I guess, Mr. Hammis."

"It will, Mr. MacForth." The banker smiled. "I see you are beginning to understand how we drive even if you don't fully understand what we are driving at. Playing the rules, Mr. MacForth, is eventually to play the game."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy by way of a safe answer.

The older man swung in his chair and faced him squarely.

"Do you blame me for being fond of my niece?" he shot.

Jimmy sat up perfectly straight and his words came by themselves.

"Blame you?" he echoed. "Mr. Hammis, she's wonderful!"

"Did she give you a hard time, my boy?" the banker asked kindly.

Jimmy could feel himself getting pink.

"She certainly bawled me out," said the younger man.

"I'm sorry, Mr. MacForth. I mean, I'm sorry for you. I can imagine how you felt."

"I still feel the same way, Mr. Hammis."

"How?"

"Rotten. I don't feel as if I could hold my head up on the street—or anywhere."

"She is thorough," said John A. Hammis.

"She is," said the boy. "She showed me what I was."

The older man paused thoughtfully. Something told him that now was a time that needed all his tact.

"When she finds out why you did what you did," he finally said, "she will feel very differently—and so will you, Mr. MacForth. I can promise you that. After you have performed your second mission, my boy ——"

"If you don't mind, Mr. Hammis," Jimmy broke in, "I really ——"

"James MacForth," said the banker sternly, "if you should go back on me now—which I know you won't! you would be blasting the finest single ambition I have ever had—and I have had many. When I tell you that in my sincere opinion my niece's future depends upon your performance of this second mission, perhaps that will make it easier for you to cast last night's picture out of your mind. Remember, I told you you would hesitate at the first robbery I asked you to commit. Do you know what the second is?"

"No, sir."

"At four o'clock this afternoon, Mr. MacForth, you will go to the bachelor apartment of Cyril Radgleigh, my niece's fiancé." He gave an address in the Forties, just off Fifth Avenue. "I have arranged to have Radgleigh detained in his office by important business matters, so that he, at least, will not disturb you. That I think I can promise you faithfully. You will have to represent yourself to the hallboy as a friend of Radgleigh's and get the boy to admit you to his apartment. This will not be difficult with the help of one or two of these."

The banker drew out his wallet and threw a half dozen five-dollar bills on the desk.

"As soon as you get to Radgleigh's place," he went on, "you will go through the apartment from one end to the other, from top to bottom, and take—what do you think I want you to take, Mr. MacForth?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I want you to take and bring to me every article and item that this Radgleigh has in his possession which in any way concerns my niece. That means letters—you'll find them somewhere—photographs, keepsakes, whatever there is. You will have to use your judgment of course. Here" he fished in the side pocket of his coat and brought out an envelope—"here is a sample of my niece's handwriting. Familiarize yourself with it." Jimmy seized the envelope unsteadily and gazed at it with unseeing eyes. "Do you understand what I want, Mr. MacForth?" the older man was saying.

Jimmy started.

"I think so, Mr. Hammis. You want all letters and anything else pertaining to your niece that may be in Radgleigh's possession. Is that it?"

"Right." The banker hesitated. "Do you know why I want these things, my boy?"

"I should say, sir, that you didn't want Radgleigh to have them—beyond there I'm lost."

"Can you imagine why I don't want him to have them?" the older man urged.

"I know you don't like him very much, Mr. Hammis."

"Do you like him, James MacForth?"

Jimmy wavered. "If he weren't engaged to your niece, Mr. Hammis," he presently answered, "that is, if nobody was engaged to her, I don't think I'd like him. As it is well, I don't know anything about him. He seems perfectly decent."

"You're probably right," conceded the banker quietly. "We'll see. Any further questions before going ahead with this second matter, Mr. MacForth?"

"I can't think of any, sir."

"Very well. Take this money and don't be afraid to use it—freely. You've got to get into that apartment and you've got to get those things. Remember, you're a friend of Radgleigh's. Find his name in The Social Register and get a line on his clubs and such. He's a Harvard man, I believe—didn't graduate. At present he's running round on the outskirts of the Long Island polo set. You don't need much of that stuff anyway."

"No, sir."

"I wouldn't use my own name, Mr. MacForth. That's about all the suggestions I can make. Here's the address. Be there at four. Radgleigh will be held downtown until five-thirty. All straight?"

"Yes, sir."

John A. Hammis held out his right hand.

"Good luck, my boy. I'm going to be proud of you."

Again Jimmy MacForth left that office in a daze. So busy was he with his own racing thoughts that this time he did not notice the small derby-hatted man lounging unconcernedly at the far end of the corridor. Had he recognized him perhaps his thoughts would have been even busier.

For a few minutes after the younger man had gone John A. Hammis sat looking at his bronze inkwell. Once he shook his head, twice he nodded it slowly. Then he pressed the buzzer under his hand.

"Miss Matthews," he directed, looking up with a boyish smile, "I think I shall take my niece to luncheon. Unless I give instructions to the contrary, will you call up her home at about two o'clock and leave a message for her to telephone Mr. Radgleigh at his apartment at quarter past four? Make this explicit. She will get the message when she returns home at about three."

"Yes, Mr. Hammis," said his secretary.

"That's all, Miss Matthews."

XII

FOR the life of him Jimmy MacForth couldn't piece it all together. Why John A. Hammis should want all his niece's letters to her fiancé; why he should require her pictures, however many Radgleigh might have; why he should demand such things as these was beyond the utmost stretch of the boy's imagination. He knew, of course, or rather felt, that the answer had something to do with the girl's fiancé as well as with Dorothy herself; yet what possible connection could her mother's pearls have with either of them?

Out of sheer curiosity he stepped into a Fifth Avenue jeweler's and sauntered among the chaste glass cases where scores of necklaces similar to that of his own adventure, many smaller, a few even larger, were displaying themselves against a background of sable velvet. Finally he mustered up courage enough to ask the price of a string. The salesman's answer almost floored him. Great guns! As a thief he had certainly been no piker.

His questions, however, were still unanswered. One thing only was sure: John A. Hammis knew exactly what he was doing. Jimmy let this thought fold itself about him, and straightway felt more at peace. The older man was using him for something, and what it was he would find out in due course. When? he wondered. And what

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He Strode Across the Sidewalk to a Waiting Limousine. "Beat it!" He Commanded, and Lifted His Burden Into the Darkness of the Interior

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 4, 1922

America Last

THE mob mind, without which there can be no war, has reached its fullest development in Europe; but the mush mind is peculiar to America. Every other nation, both in its foreign and in its domestic affairs, has its eye on its number all the time, and that number is invariably Number One.

The criticism to which we have recently been subjected in some quarters and the displeasure that has been shown in others over our unwillingness to go it blind in Europe, are symptoms of a new American sanity. We can get along nicely without the warm handclasp, the condescending pat on the back and the hearty "How are all the folks back in Podunk?" while we are seeing the sights of the great city.

So long as we showed a passionate liking for mush, so long as it seemed to satisfy our every craving, we were fed a propaganda calculated to appeal to that kind of palate. But recently we have shown signs of being fed up, and there is consequently a lessening of the amount that is being offered to us.

It was not so long ago that when anyone wanted anything from Americans the appeal was made to a foolish and unsophisticated generosity—the kind of open-handedness that is played on by an experienced old clubman in his borrowings from a callow youth who is anxious to appear a man of the world. This appeal was adroitly calculated to make us conscious that we were lacking in the finer feelings and unworthy to associate with men of delicate sensibilities if we hesitated to take a strong hint. Shaming Americans into it was at one time a great foreign pastime, played by almost everyone, from waiters to propagandists. No one is so stupid, so easily hoodwinked, so poor a judge of real and false values as a spender, and we were, and to a lesser extent still are, a nation of spenders. But we are learning to discriminate, and it takes more than a monocle and a superior manner to shame us now. Versailles was not a total loss. Some of its lessons have not been wasted on us.

There are still many Americans who enjoy foreign mush, but they are no longer so influential as they once were in making that kind of propaganda palatable. They are still ashamed of America when it does not please Europe, still tremble for fear we may say something "American" to people who try to use us, but the country is beginning to have the same amused contempt for them that Europe always has had. Once other nations understand that they are dealing with a common-sense people; that though generous we are level-headed; that there must be give and take in all our dealings—we shall meet on a basis of mutual respect and talk things over to some purpose in plain, if sometimes hard, language. America cannot expect to be always first in world affairs, but there is no good reason why she should be always last.

The demand for domestic mush, though lessening, is still discouragingly large. It is served in all our affairs, but it is when we are dealing with Europe in America that our mushiness is most appalling.

Europe has much to teach us, but she has been sending us the wrong teachers. From them we have been learning the worst and not the best of Europe's manners, methods, morals and beliefs. We have not been assimilating our latter-day immigration; it has been assimilating us. New York is now a great foreign city with an American quarter—a Babel of aliens, some of whom speak English, but few of whom "speak our language." To-day our amusements are largely keyed to the standards of Broadway, which are less and less the standards of America, and more and more those of Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna and Petrograd, and not their best standards either. The last word on the stage threatens to become the last garment that can be taken off short of stark nakedness.

All this is not native to America. There is a dash of Puritanism in the American character, and even at its broadest and roughest, a saving remnant of decency that instinctively revolts against this lowering of our old standards. A reaction to the tyranny of blue laws is coming unless the present tendency is checked, for the old America—and it is still the majority America—does not want indecency in its amusements. From the standpoint of profit alone, a comparison of the clean show with the dirty show will establish that fact.

Wherever we turn, our immigration problem confronts us, and we see the results of our policy of putting the alien and his interests first, and America last. For we have done just that. We have babbled in our political platforms of the full dinner pail and the necessity for tariffs to keep it full, and then we have let down the bars to the cheap labor of every European country, so that the dinner pail may not be too full. To justify the claims made by its proponents, a high tariff must go hand in hand with high immigration bars, or we shall have dear goods and cheap men.

There has also been much talk of the desirability of immigration to settle vacant lands and to back up new irrigation schemes that will bring into the market hundreds of thousands of desert acres. These new schemes are not really important at this time to anyone but the promoters; we do not need these additional acres under cultivation; we do not want new hordes of alien settlers.

When manufacturers are doing business at a loss they do not expand plant capacity, nor do they stimulate as many men as possible to engage in their line of business. When mining is unprofitable the mines are shut down. Men are not encouraged to prospect, sink shafts and open up new properties. But when farmers cannot make a profit, when their crops rot in the field or are burned for fuel, when the land under the plow is only half cultivated—we are told that we need more farms, more farmers, greater production of crops that must be sold at a loss. Does the fruit grower want any more competing orchards, the ranchman any more competing stock raisers, the farmer any more competing growers of grain? Not one bit more than the steel companies want a dozen new competing combinations, or the copper companies a dozen large new copper developments. The farmer needs less competition, a chance to farm better the land under cultivation and to make profit enough so that he can live up to that American standard about which we read in the party platforms. In this connection, it should not be forgotten that practically all pleasure and a constantly increasing number of work horses are now being fed gasoline and kerosene instead of hay and oats, with a resultant decrease in the acreage needed for those crops.

The farmer needs—and America needs—to have its vacant land held in reserve and only put under irrigation and the plow as it is required to feed our population without depressing prices below the cost of production. Our present frenzy for "development" is glutting our markets, impoverishing our farmers and robbing American children of their rightful inheritance of new lands. They—and not the Russians, for example, who have plenty of uncultivated land at home—must be our first care.

The sentimentalist points to the immigrant who makes a living and a profit from New England farms, on which the native starves, as an example of thrift and industry worthy of emulation. The immigrant does this by working his wife and children alongside the stock and by selling the produce and living off the refuse of his farm. We want less and not more of that kind of living and that kind of competition. Though America in the past was not a land of great wealth as we understand it to-day, it was a land of plenty. It was with unrestricted immigration that it became a land of great fortunes and dire poverty.

If you will make an understanding survey of New York or Chicago or Pittsburgh, cities where the immigration problem is more apparent at a glance than in other places, though it is everywhere, you will see for yourself what is happening to America.

With it all we have not solved or even helped a single one of Europe's problems, but we have half ruined America. Yet our sentimentalists babble on of our "traditional policy" and demand that we shall "offer refuge to the poor and oppressed of Europe." There are tears for alien children, sobs for alien uncles, convulsive weeping over alien cousins, but few to consider what this bogus generosity, this asinine sentimentality has done to Americans. Must they always be last, thrown out of their jobs, run off their land, shouldered aside in their own country to make room for this plague of pushing immigrants? Must we try to solve everybody's problems except our own, and to work out everybody's salvation except our own? Or shall we go back a ways to saner and cleaner standards, and strive to make this a country worth living in? We cannot do it with unrestricted immigration, or even with a three per cent law, for already we are half submerged, half Europeanized—slum-Europeanized.

As this is written, Congress is greatly concerned over the tariff and the American valuation plan. It is trying to prevent dumping of cheap foreign goods. That is important. But it is the dumping of cheap foreign men that is of first importance to us—American values, not American valuation, that should first engage our attention.

Those who want immigration—more of it, lots of it—are active. They supply mush freely, but they do not use it themselves. Their feet are on the ground and their heads are busy with the future of their races. Only the American has been so concerned with his little affairs that he has had no time to bother with larger problems, so engrossed with to-day's petty business and pleasures that he has had no time for the future of America—and of his children.

The Dead Beat

THE dead beat poses as an honest man, and by reason of his pose is enabled to prey upon his fellows. Wherever he can obtain credit, there he buys. He buys freely and fares well. When those who have given him credit demand a settlement he answers truthfully that he has no money and cannot pay. He will make fine promises, call heaven to witness that he is an honest man sore beset by circumstance, and protest that the debt slipped upon him without his knowledge. And so protesting, he will earn a measure of faith and pity, and escape some portion of the condemnation he deserves.

There is no truth in him. He knows the amount of his income; he knows that he is making debts faster than he is making money; he knows that he cannot pay for the goods he is buying; and his clear intent is to defraud those who trust him.

People of large sympathy and small wit will be tempted to find excuses for him. They will say that he is improvident by nature; that one of his reckless and care-free temperament cannot school himself to thrift. Their defense does little credit to their intelligence. Any man possessed of sufficient wit to earn a dollar knows that he cannot pay out more money than he takes in.

Transportation Possibilities and Impossibilities—By Herbert Quick

IT IS to be hoped that no one will see in these articles any effort on the part of the writer to place blame for any of the embarrassments or the failures of the railways of the United States. It is rather an effort to appraise conditions, to estimate the conflict of forces, and to stimulate thought as to remedies, or where things are not remediable to suggest adjustments to things as they are and must be. Some important conflicts there are and must continue to be between human forces. But what the writer has in mind at this time are in the main physical ones. These physical forces are the obstacles we challenge when we undertook the hitherto unattempted task of building up our civilization in dependence upon land transport across continental distances.

I have quoted Mr. Daniel Willard's statement that the most important problem of all for the railways is the difficulty of being understood. He proceeded then to state that the 1800 railway companies of the United States, with about a third of all the railway trackage in the world, 2,500,000 freight cars, 60,000 locomotives, 55,000 passenger cars, and an original book value of about $20,000,000,000, carry about 448,000,000,000 ton-miles per annum, or one ton 4000 miles for every man, woman and child in the United States, and in addition 400 miles of passenger traffic for each individual in the land—a most stupendous task.

Can the Roads Live?

HIS statement was directed to the end of making the railways better understood by the people, and is a very useful one. These articles are attempts to broaden this understanding; for his statement is a recognition of the fact that an understanding of the railways by the public is essential to the railways themselves. It is also essential to the public. The railways depend upon public opinion and always must do so, and the railway question must always be a public question. They will always be dealt with by the national and state governments, which are creations of public opinion. If public opinion be intelligent they will be intelligently dealt with, provided always that railway opinion is intelligent, which it often is not. If both public and railway opinion be unintelligent, ignorant and embittered the whole vital matter will be handled ignorantly, blindly and ruinously.

"The second problem," Mr. Willard went on to say he was speaking before the National Civic Federation of New York—"which is always in reserve, and may be up for discussion at any time, is this: Can the railroads, under 1800 individual companies, coördinate their efforts so as to give the maximum service in times of emergency? I think they can, because they have. The next is, Can they work out their operations, adjust their costs—labor, materials, and so forth—so as to live on the rates that the people of the country can afford to pay? At the moment this is our serious problem, but when I reflect that in the past the railways of this country have paid the highest wages paid by railways anywhere in the world, and have moved their freight cheaper than it has been moved anywhere else in the world, I cannot help believing that we are going to do it again. I believe we will overcome that problem also."

This is a great railroad man's statement of the problem of railway possibilities and impossibilities in 1921. I wish the facts had justified a tone of higher confidence on his part as to the future. I wish history gave better warrant than it does for his judgment as to what the roads have done in times of crisis in the past. For the physical burden has borne down with greater and greater pressure on the carriers at every time of crisis for more than a generation—ever since our business life attained an approximation to its present complexity; ever since the interior of the continent has taken on anything like a high development. What are times of crisis for the railways? They are periods of business prosperity. If one goes back to a date prior to the depression in the '90's he will find constant references to so-called car shortages. Shippers generally at certain seasons, and at some places almost all the time, had trouble in getting cars or, having secured them, in getting them moved. The hard times which may be said to have begun in 1893 indicate the end of the railway crisis in the beginning of a financial crisis. This should be marked: The transportation stress falls off as the business troubles come on. The depression of the '90's was a period of what the railways call car surplus, exactly such a time as we are suffering from now. Times were bad, and all the business the nation was trying to do the railroads could handle so far as transportation was concerned.

The Growth of Tonnage

THE next period of stress came with the next revival of general business. The fact that a certain thing was written at a certain time sometimes gives it additional value; for that reason allow the writer to quote here what he wrote in the year 1907 or 1908 and published in a book entitled American Inland Waterways:

"The outlook is made more interesting, not to say more ominous, by the tendency of business to grow to the limit of any increase in railway facilities. . . . The tonnage will in all probability be doubled in ten years of (railway) rehabilitation. Good agriculture in the Mississippi Valley would break the railways' backs with freight. North Dakota, for instance, grows only half as much wheat an acre as Connecticut, while she should produce twice as much. Coal and iron are almost certain to double in ton-miles. Building materials are sure to be heavier. The nation's

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FAMILY-SAVINGS STORM CELLAR
GOSH! I'M LOOKING FOR SOME ONE TO TAKE THIS $10,000 LIMOUSINE OFF MY NECK!
WOULD YA MIND TAKING THIS $10,000 HOUSE OFF MY BACK?,

THUS ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON

MATES ADRIFT

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

Presently in the Debris on the Flood Surface Had Appeared Roofs of Houses, the Timbers of Barns, Now and Then Freighted With Farm Animals Which Had Survived the Creeping Menace of the Flood

CAPTAIN JIM STEWART of the Mississippi River breed tried for thirty years to cut loose from the river. Regularly every year he failed, and every year for a little while he was thankful for his failure. In his final attempt he met defeat and found happiness.

Each year when winter threatens her brood of boats the Middle Mississipp' gathers them in the embrace of her brown arms and in this sanctuary until spring the boats lie sleeping. The mood of the river is reflected in the men of the river fleets. The fever of summer gives way to unbroken sleep, save when some violent rush of flooding water from the North disturbs the dormant empire. From the country about them, soft airs of summer, driving bitter gales of winter, work and destructive play, are wrought the hearts and lives of the men whose interests and desires wed them to the service.

After ten years on the river a man rebels, and sometimes he succeeds in breaking free from the chrysalis of routine. After twenty years his escape is accomplished only by death or the greater calamity which derives from congressional neglect of the River and Harbor Bill. The river's talons do not bite deeply, nor are her claws unsheathed until her victim escapes to the outer limit of her clutches. Then suddenly, more sharply than an aching tooth, more abruptly than the shooting sciatica which makes a river man cherish his flannel underwear throughout the summer months, is felt the steel of the silted yesterdays. After thirty years of service the threads of a river man's life are so tangled in the intricate fabric of circumstance that there is no escape.

Captain Jim Stewart had been on the river for fifty years. For the first few years Captain Jim submitted readily to his fate, finding enough variety in the phenomena of his work to provide that spice of life with which monotony can find no berthing space. Then, with the dredging-fleet routine of eating and sleeping and working, floods, low water, solitaire and coffee seven times a day heavy upon him, he began to look around for an exit from the theater of local affairs. Plans for his flight to California were outlined to his counselor and friend, Dan Abbott, the engineer. Captain Jim, who was just then the senior pilot of the fleet, spoke of his hopes.

"A California homestead, Dan," he said, "don't cost nothing. I buy a mule, a plow and an ax or two with this here money and I settle down. I can chop my way out of the woods, and the first thing I know, here I am, sole owner and proprietor of a hundred and sixty acres of the finest land in the world."

"Go to it! I'll be here workin' when you get back." Dan Abbott was a little skeptical about Captain Jim's ability to cope with the problems of a pioneer. "The old devil needs his coffee too regular."

The spring season marked Captain Jim's return.

"Some of them trees was six feet through. I cleared two or three of them and quit. I figured it would take me eight hundred years to clear a patch of land big enough to raise onions on. You know how slim onions is."

Thereafter for a while Captain Jim saved his money. When five hundred dollars had accumulated it was invested in an oil well which was being bored on the tenth floor of an office building in Chicago. Year after year marked the chronic fluttering of his anxious old wings against the bars of life's cage, and each year the bars proved stronger than Captain Jim. Once with a patent washing machine he almost made the grade, until it developed that some interior mechanism of gears and pinions had no respect for the fabrics intrusted to them and that a four-dollar shirt emerged from the machine looking as if it had been subjected to the belching barrels of a No. 8 duck gun loaded with buckshot.

For five years after this last enterprise of the patent washing machine Captain Jim stayed quiet, doing the best he could to eat his pound of tobacco and drink his quart of whisky regularly every week. In this he succeeded. Then came the promise of freedom in a chicken-raising enterprise immediately preceding a cold spell which left him the responsible owner and mourner of several hundred frozen chickens.

There followed the hog-fattening industry wherein a two-dollar hog eats his way to an avoirdupois victory where hundred-to-one bets are cashed by a pork-loving public. Hog cholera descended like a wolf in the night. While the drifting carcasses of the victims faded into the river twilight a mile or two downstream Captain Jim read this last verdict and submitted to his destiny.

"I guess I'm a river man, Dan," he said to Dan Abbott, standing beside him. "Raised a river man and there's no gettin' away from it. Here I am and here I stay."

"Here we both are. The old river ain't so bad. You never was away from it a week, Jim, that you wasn't crazy to get back. You ought to know by this time where the snags and shallows is." The engineer thought of his own comfortable bank balance. "Stick a little cash in the bank every month, Jim, and before long you'll hit the easy water. Then you drift, just sort of drift along."

Captain Jim drifted along for a while. Then in the cabin of Dredge No. 4 the acid of debate splashed around like froth from the December waves in the North Sea. Captain Jim had embarked upon a gold-mining enterprise in November, and now after the peace-on-earth theory of Christmas had faded the subject of his return was the principal theme of the long evenings. The odds ranged from a charitable par to a hundred to one against his success.

When the argument against Captain Jim became personal and specific the engineer returned for the defense in phrases which incorporated the triumphant profanity of long years. He swung the nozzle of his verbal venom in the direction of a lop-eared pilot.

"And you, dang you, you were flounderin' around in your cradle, navigatin' your channels of malted milk a long time after old Jim knew this river better'n you know your own feet. What if he does branch out? Chances are he'll be a millionaire inside of two or three months. If he wants to he can come down here and buy you for dog meat with what he makes out of that gold mine. There's no more chance of him comin' back to this dang outfit than there is of me bein' Queen of Sheba."

The engineer's defense was interrupted by the shuffling of two old feet on the stairs of the companionway leading from the main deck up to the cabin.

"Evenin', boys!"

Captain Jim's voice rang with his delight at being once more in the environment which he had known so long. Dan Abbott, the defender, puffed his disgust.

"Here you are again, comin' back like a busted prodigal. Ain't you never goin' to get lucky and stay away?"

Captain Jim wrung the engineer's hand for a half minute in silence.

"I'm so dang glad to see you, Dan, I can't speak the words. No, sir, I hope I never leave again. Stayin' away is a dusty riffle. I can't make it. Partner, I'm back! I'm back to stay!"

"I know'd you'd come back, Jim. Sling your kiester in my stateroom. I ain't let nobody live in your bunk since you left. Come on in here and tell me about the gold mine."

"The gold-mine game played out. I went bust. That feller I was hooked up with was a swindler."

"Most gold-mine fellers is, Jim. Never mind. Here you are, and old Fat Pat Kelly still rigs up three meals a day. I guess we'll navigate for a while yet."

Captain Jim laid his hand on Dan Abbott's shoulder.

"I guess so, Dan. I'm gettin' pretty old, though—gettin' kinder tired."

Captain Jim stayed tired throughout January while the dredges and pile drivers and steamboats and their various crews were dreaming under the anæsthesia of winter. During this time in the St. Louis office two or three civil engineers, having nothing better to do, turned their technical attention toward the creation of an efficiency system. Thereafter from multicolored curves and charts and diagrams fetters of system were forged which theoretically would leave the old Mississipp' lashed to the mast the next time she attempted to go on the warpath. Half awake in her million-mile couch, the old river smiled and rolled over and went to sleep again.

One of the old pilots visiting the St. Louis office on business connected with a thirty-day leave of absence returned to the dredging fleet with an earful of semi-official news.

"Us old-timers stay tied to the bank. Young men with high foreheads that knows how far Mars is from the moon runs the dredges and the other work. Them civil engineers lays a spider web on a sheet of paper, then they sprinkles a lot of 'rithmetic round it. S'pose one of them threads of the spider web is a pile driver. Trail it out till you go aground on some 'rithmetic. S'pose you snag up on the Number 46—that means the pile driver's got to handle forty-six sticks between eight o'clock in the morning and five o'clock at night. That's efficiency. This year they aim to show the river who is boss. If you don't make the riffle accordin' to the spider web and the 'rithmetic off comes your head."

"How in hell does any heads come off when we are all under the civil service?"

"Who made the civil service? I guess whoever scrambled up the regulations has got some more eggs in his basket. No, sir; if you're ever in the hands of Fate you're there now."

That evening Captain Jim and Old Dan Abbott had a serious talk. Captain Jim's future lay black under the shadows of the impending efficiency system.

"Here I am, Dan, middlin' old, goin' on seventy, that is, an' a lot of this new efficiency starin' me in the face. All I know is what I've learned in fifty years on the river. I figger th' first crack out of th' box them civil engineers'll shove me up the bank high an' dry. I been expectin' this f'r th' last twenty years. That's why I been tryin' every year to git me a new job."

"Don't you worry, Jim. Nobody learns the Mississippi out of a book. Let these fellers speak their piece, an' after they git through the old river'll be driftin' 'long just like

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During Lent

rich, nourishing cream soups

So easy to prepare with Campbell's!

Especially appropriate in Lent are the smooth, substantial cream soups you can make so quickly and easily with these full-flavored, delicious Campbell's Soups. Creamery butter, instead of meat broths, gives richness and strength to these soups and makes them such beneficial and wholesome foods. Prepared with milk or cream just before serving, they are even more delightful and nutritious—and very welcome to those who have denied themselves some of their customary substantial foods. Simple directions for the cream soup on each can.

Pea Soup

You will relish this delightful essence of selected peas, sifted and refined with the utmost care. Daintily prepared by a Campbell's recipe to retain their delicate aroma and flavor, smoothed with milk and creamery butter they make an extremely palatable soup—children love it.

Tomato Soup

Just the pure juices and rich fruity parts of ruddy, luscious Jersey tomatoes. Grown from selected seed, picked full-ripe and made into soup the very same day. In the blend also are creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, tasty herbs and delicate spices. This is the most popular soup in the world today.

Celery Soup

Crisp stalks of celery, gathered in the autumn when held-blanched to a creamy whiteness, are made into a puree and blended with rich milk, creamery butter and delightful seasoning. A refreshing delicacy—wonderfully appetizing and invigorating.

Guarantee

Don't limit your enjoyment to just two or three of the Campbell's Soups—there are twenty-one different kinds, a wide and tempting variety. And remember our unlimited guarantee:

Money back if not satisfied

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

she has always been. She needs folks that knows her. She needs us engineers and mates that's been fightin' her, man and boy, since the Cairo gauge first went to fifty feet. The river sure is human. The older she gits the meaner she can be when she tries. Some of these days, after all the efficiency is used up and everything is regulated down to a fine point, the Cairo gauge'll go to sixty feet and you won't be able to tell the Mississipp' from the Gulf of Mexico. 'Bout that time is when us mates and engineers that knows the river'll be sent for."

Old Dan Abbott's words of comfort failed to have much effect on Captain Jim. After supper the technic of his cribbage game was such that he suffered defeat at the hands of a second-class adversary. At ten o'clock, when he crawled into the upper berth in his stateroom, the good-night greeting which he called to his old partner was heavy with apprehension of the fate which the new efficiency system might impose upon him.

Captain Jim's imagination covered too much territory. A rangy little steamboat, the Harley Abel, which was to play a greater part in his life than all the engineers in the St. Louis office, rested on a twisted keel within a mile of him, while he worried about evils sixty miles away.

Launched to function as a pleasure craft, the Harley Abel reflected the personality of a succession of owners. First of all, the rich brewer who built her at St. Louis for the entertainment of himself and his friends had succumbed to the song of a house architect when the boat was being designed. Then from each of her succeeding owners the Harley Abel had borrowed some element of personality. One of her masters, a heavy-drinking man, under the influence of his alcohol carried his right shoulder higher than his left, and perhaps it was from this man that the little steamboat got the twist that threw her starboard side half a foot in the air. Her single two-foot stack, now patched with sheets of metal cut from coal-oil cans and bound with hay wire where the rust had eaten through, lifted from the forward end of her boilers. It rose black and stark three feet aft of the little pilot house, and when the wind was right billowing clouds of smoke from half-burned coal eddied through the open windows of the pilot house so that the man at the wheel, along with other earthly burdens, was forced to dab the soot out of his eyes every fifteen minutes in order to maintain his vision.

Starting gayly on her butterfly career, the Harley Abel drifted along the downward path until finally for three years she lay derelict and forgotten against the bank in Old River above Chester. She was so discovered by the padrone of an Italian farming community. The Italian bought her in November, planning to evade the exorbitant freight rates which obtained on farm produce from the downstream country to the markets in St. Louis. With two or three veterans of the Italian Navy just then engaged in the production and sale of cabbage and potatoes, the Italian negotiated the purchase of the Harley Abel and pretty soon the craft was again in commission.

With her forward deck piled to the eyebrows with potatoes and crates of cabbage, the Italian began his voyage upstream. That evening, belching smoke from her stack and with her wheel alternately racing in cadence with the *furioso* chorus from Carmen and dragging in sympathy with a *ritardo* movement, the Harley Abel indulged in a little temperament of her own and fetched up with a bang high and dry abreast of the dredging fleet on a bar that looked like eight-foot water, but which was in reality less than half of this.

Next morning Captain Jim rowed over to where the Harley Abel was aground. Captain Jim offered a little advice to the Italians.

"Lay round here a while. There's bound to be a lot of high water come down. The cabbage and potatoes'll keep."

The Italians were busy running a line out to a tree on the bank. One of them took half a dozen turns around the little capstan back of the bitts, and with this double purchase he called for steam. The capstan began to twist. The line tightened. The snatch block lashed to the tree on the bank rattled a preliminary warning.

"Better take it easy," Captain Jim suggested. "You'll pull the bitts out of her."

An instant later, with the oil sweating out of the strands of the Manila line, Captain Jim's prediction was a fact. Flush with the deck the oaken bitts broke squarely, leaping under the drag of the rope in an arc from the bow of the boat. Captain Jim snorted his disgust:

"That's what I told you! Dog-gone it, if you want to git this boat off the bar, why don't you wash her off? Start backing her wheel, or else wait for a raise to come downstream. You make me tired. Didn't you never see a boat before?"

The Italian chorus quit frothing at the mouth long enough to permit the padrone to indulge in a little personal language.

"For fifty cent I sell the boat and trow in the cabbage and potate."

"How much?"

A tone of seriousness was in Captain Jim's question. The Italian looked at him.

"Wan thousan' dollar. The boat, the potate, the cabbage."

"Mister, you sold a boat."

On the spur of an impulse Captain Jim embarked upon a new career. In the face of so large an audience the Italian made no move to evade his bargain. Captain Jim fished around in the ragged pockets of his coat until his fumbling fingers encountered a silver dollar.

"Here!" he said. "This here binds the bargain. Come on over an' we'll make out the papers."

The dollar, dated the year of Captain Jim's birth, represented all of his ready cash. It was a luck piece which he had carried through the floods of fifty years. Together, Captain Jim and the Italian rowed across the channel to the government fleet. On the guards of the dredge that quartered the hibernating pilots and mates and engineers, Captain Jim encountered Dan Abbott.

"We just bought a boat, Dan. The finest darned little steamboat on the river."

Dan Abbott sighed deeply.

"All right, you old fool. Let's see if we can git her paid for."

Half an hour later, with 10 per cent paid on the bargain and with the Italians holding an ironclad note for nine hundred dollars, the sale of the Harley Abel was accomplished.

"I'm sure obliged to you, Dan, for that hundred dollars. I'm a little short myself right now. Soon as we get goin' them hundred-dollar bills'll roll in too fast to count them."

"We get goin'?"

"I said we. You and me is partners in this thing, ain't we?"

Dan Abbott hesitated for half a minute. He held out his hand to Captain Jim.

"I guess so, Jim," he said slowly. "You and me is partners. I'm with you over the bar, in the channel and out

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Captain Jim and Dan Abbott Rounded Up Their Livestock Late in the Afternoon. Matthew Was Urged Aboard the Boat at the Point of Two Pike Poles

3 *for* 25c
1 *for* 9c
Box of 50 *for* $4.00

THAT peculiar genius that allows the American manufacturer to place the better things of life within the reach of everyone, is responsible to a great extent, for the love of good music that is so characteristic of the American fireside. It is a genius that asks only that it be allowed to produce in quantity in order that it may produce economically.

The same genius has been brought to bear upon the production of White Owl Cigars. The makers of White Owl laid plans for the production of this cigar in such enormous quantities that they could afford to accept the smallest possible margin of profit on the individual cigar. Smokers everywhere were quick to recognize the new values that White Owl offered. The result is that today White Owl is the most smoked cigar in America.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Wherever you go have a

3 *for* 25¢ *White Owl*

(Continued from Page 26)

of it, night and day till we makes the riffle. Let's have a look at this here new steamboat we bought."

Together the two old men returned to the stranded Harley Abel. Dan Abbott held the skiff against the starboard guards while Captain Jim stepped aboard.

"Go aboard, capt'n."

The engineer indulged in the ceremony of a bow as his technical superior boarded the steamboat. The pair walked aft and entered the engine room. Dan Abbott cast a critical eye about him.

"Nice little engines. Terrible shape. Give me a month on 'em, though, an' they'll be kickin'."

They trailed up the stairway to the pilot house. Captain Jim inspected the wheel and gave it a spoke or two to starboard and port.

"Everything too dang loose. No wonder she can't steer. Take up about four foot slack in them lines mebbe she would answer. Look at that floor! Never saw a pilot-house floor so dirty in my life. We'll get her cleaned up an' painted an' she'll be the best danged boat of her size on the river."

They went below to the main deck of the boat and heaved and puffed at the business of prying a hatch cover loose. They peered into the dark interior of the hull.

"Looks like a lake back aft. First thing we do to-morrow is rig a siphon and shoot the bilge water out of her. Then one of the boys can come over with a tug and drag her off."

"How about a crew, Dan?"

"Don't need much of a crew. You can handle her up above. I can handle them engines. Mebbe need a couple of deck hands."

"An' a cook."

Captain Jim having eaten regularly most of his life proposed to continue.

Until midnight the pair sat on the top crate of cabbage, almost level with the pilot-house windows. Conversation lapsed into the business of lighting pipes and renewing denatured chews of tobacco. Dan Abbott broke the long silence which had settled about them.

"I knew a feller once that started this way an' cleaned up thirty thousand dollars in one season."

"Dan, thirty thousand dollars ain't nothin'. When the old Harley Abel gits goin' right I wouldn't be surprised if we cleaned up that much every month. Pretty soon we get another boat with profits. Pretty soon there'll be a whole fleet of them. We'll bring this river traffic back to what she was forty years ago unless I miss my guess."

"We'll give it a try, Jim. Never can tell."

Captain Jim's slumber was broken that night by visions of impending prosperity. In his dreaming the Harley Abel, resplendent in glittering white, voyaged on a placid sea whose ripples were fringed with hundred-dollar greenbacks. Now and then, needing expense money, he slung a bucket overboard and scooped up a million dollars, more or less.

A trickle of rain clouded the sunshine of the winter morning. Captain Jim awakened to face a new and interesting future. He called down to his partner in the lower bunk.

"You awake, Dan?"

"Yep. I been thinkin'."

"So've I been thinkin'. Let's git them dang resignin' letters wrote and git to work."

"First we eats breakfast. Nobody can do nothin' on an empty stummick."

"I ain't much hungry, but I guess we better eat. We got a hard day ahead of us."

Captain Jim and his partner had several hard days ahead of them, and the hard part of their program was being arranged by the old Mississipp'.

In February Mrs. Nature flung two or three extra blankets of ice over a handful of huddled Northern states. A little later the lifting sunlight of early spring began to strip the covers from this sleeping territory. Warm airs traversed the Dakotas and rains swept the thousand miles wherein the old river suffers her transformation from little drops of water and little grains of ice to a channel ranging from quarter less twain to a deep six. Under the warming sun and slushed by wide-sweeping rains decimal points in the gauge heights along the upper river began to jostle to the right, giving their digits the dignity of an orchestra seat in the tens row instead of the obscurity of the units family circle. With an expectant ear attuned to the impending rattle of March alarms, the Mississipp' mumbled an incoherent message, and then as if reluctant to forgo her couch drifted again into the forty winks that precedes her breakfast gong.

On the morning of their divorce from formal service, when their associates were busting with curiosity and flannel cakes, Captain Jim and Dan eased the strain.

"Dan and me aims to op'rate the Harley Abel. Old Dan figgers he kin make them engines behave, and I ought to be able to run things up for'd. This river country is about to wake up. I bet in another year freight boats'll be so thick on the river that an elephant can't git a drink. Prosperity is headed this way. Me and Dan aims to be in the first rush."

At the doorway leading to the galley Fat Pat Kelly the cook flopped a large and attentive ear down over Captain Jim's words.

"W'at'll yez do f'r th' three a day an' th' coffee yez drinks between 'em? I'm wid yez! F'r a roustabout waiter we'll take this scut of a Sam Penny. He has troubles of his own wid th' wife that married um. Cruisin' clear of her clutches'll seem like paradise to th' boy."

Before Captain Jim could reply the cook called back to one of the waiters clustered around the range in the galley:

"Sammy, pack your kiester after breakfast! From now on you're king of the potato-peelin' department of the Harley Abel."

"Of the what, Paddy?"

"Th' little steamboat Captain Jim and Mr. Dan have bought, th' Harley Abel."

In the eyes of the skinny young waiter gleamed the sudden light of hope. He addressed the immediate world:

"Don't nobody tell Mis' Penny where I'm at—not for a while. Just tell her I'm on a boat."

Fat Pat Kelly walked aft to the larger dining room in which the deck hands of the fleet were doing the best they could to beat the government-ration allowance.

"From now on it'll be a hard winther on stummicks," he announced. "To-day I leaves yez!"

Briefly he explained the manner of his going. His words were followed by a flood of applications from the men about him who had known his culinary skill.

"Be quiet, the pack of yez! Capt'n Jim needs two men. Besides bein' first-rate rousters and deck hands, they is firemen. Wid that as a fair warnin', cut th' cards and see who is the lucky pair."

Fat Pat returned to the presence of his new employers.

"I'm just hirin' a couple of deck hands, capt'n," he said to Captain Jim. "The lads are cuttin' th' cards to see w'at two comes wid us. They is Siamese twins of deck hands. When they're not deck hands they're firemen. You gets four men at th' price of two."

Captain Jim and Dan Abbott submitted to the arrangement.

"Before long, Jim, it'll be hard to tell who is boss on board that craft."

"Not with Paddy," Captain Jim smiled. "Not with old Fat Pat. He'll never try to take th' wheel exceptin' mebbe when he gits loaded up on them gentle-Annie cocktails he mixes up from lemon extract and vanilla. He always cooks up a lot of cold meat before he feels his failin' comin' on 'im. We won't starve. Let's git that boat afloat."

The problem of getting the Harley Abel hauled out of the mud where she was aground proved to be a comparatively simple one. With one of the large and influential towboats dragging the little craft astern and with another one directing the heavy currents from her wheel against the hull of the grounded boat, the Harley Abel shuddered a few times like Fat Pat Kelly coming out of his lemon-and-vanilla jag and slid into the three-foot water that she required to clear her keel. With the license of a mariner, Captain Jim battered his conscience into a pulp and borrowed ten tons of coal from his Government.

Fat Pat Kelly meanwhile was not idle. He requisitioned some cash from Dan Abbott, and the pantry shelves opening from the little galley on the upper deck of the Harley Abel suddenly bloomed with coffee and canned goods, oatmeal and sugar and a dozen other items of subsistence which had been purchased in Chester by the pilot of the mail boat.

There followed a day of hard labor in which the bow deck of the Harley Abel was cleared of cabbage and potatoes. When this freight was stored amidships back of the little boat's whining boiler she rode on an even keel. Dan Abbott worked another day on the boat's boiler after the fires were drawn, and with the new piston rings and with new packing around her piston rods the fog of steam in the engine room subsided.

The day of departure arrived, and in the dead water of the old river the Harley Abel began her voyage away from the government fleet, breasting the stream at a ten-mile clip. Cheers followed in her wake. Bravely she flew from her jackstaff a pillowcase flag on which blazed the entwined monograms of the owners.

"The Snake Line!" Fat Pat Kelly observed. "W'at the flag means I don't know. It looks like a bunch of snakes braided together."

Nevertheless Fat Pat Kelly was loyal to the flag under which he sailed. Much of his time, when not engaged in his three-a-day battle with the stubborn stove in the galley, was given to the business of handing out wholesome advice to whichever deck hand happened to be free from the sweating responsibility of keeping the seventy pounds of steam in the Harley Abel's boilers.

At St. Louis Captain Jim and Dan Abbott spent some time in various offices talking to old friends across old desks. They emerged finally in possession of a charter which covered freight and passenger business on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans.

"Pretty big territory, ain't it, Jim?" Dan Abbott had suggested.

"No territory's too big for us. We'll be rovin' to Cuba before long."

The farm produce, whose condition had not improved during the three weeks that had intervened since the boat had been purchased, was sold at a disappointing figure. Neither Captain Jim nor Dan Abbott amounted to much when it came to selling things. They finished up with three hundred dollars in cash instead of the thousand which they had expected. Captain Jim handed the check to Dan Abbott.

"You're the treasurer of this here outfit."

The treasurer failed to exhibit much enthusiasm. In his mind he reviewed a series of obligations which included salaries, fuel, some subsistence and additional expense, which brought their total liability to nearly a thousand dollars a month.

"You take this here money and be treasurer. I'm goin' to rustle around and dig up some freight business for the downstream trip, Dan."

After a hearty lunch Captain Jim began rustling some freight business. On the following day he accepted a dozen crates of chickens consigned to an Arkansas landing. The next day his luck was even worse.

"Four young bulls," he announced. "The livestock business is certainly pickin' up. Four blooded young bulls to be delivered to a feller in Rosedale, down in Bolivar County, Mississippi."

That afternoon a deputation of city-bred cowboys hazed the four young bulls up the gangplank and parked them on the bow of the Harley Abel. Fat Pat Kelly observed the episode from the sanctuary of the pilot house.

"Four large, heavy-set bulls. Five of 'em would sink the craft. Come aboard, Matthew, damn you! W'at yez gits to eat depends on how still yez stands. Wan false step and overboard ye go. In forty years on this wild river I never see a boat so crowded."

Matthew, with vocal tendencies, bellowed a reply. His barytone prelude was taken up by a hundred soprano cackles from the crated chickens.

"What did I tell you?" Captain Jim announced proudly to Dan Abbott in the cook's hearing. "Loaded to th' guards with payin' business already!"

"A stern-wheeled hell, if I ever see wan!"

The cook made his way to the galley, where for half an hour he chopped violently at some hash, swearing softly the while at young Sam Penny.

"W'at's th' matter, Paddy?"

"Nothin's th' matter."

The next morning, with six bales of nutritious hay for the bulls' menu loaded near the boiler, the Harley Abel cast off her lines and headed downstream. On Captain Jim's face a shadow of doubt fell with the lengthening miles. He smiled his old smile, but his heart was as heavy as the ice blanket of the North country.

Presently in the North the rains descended and the floods came. Overnight the gauge at St. Louis registered the advance water of the impending flood. The waters of the vast Missouri Basin, mingling with the Mississippi, raced gayly along the path of destruction until at Cairo they were joined by the currents of the Ohio.

About the time Matthew, the young bull, was bawling his criticism of the last bale of hay which had been provided for him and his three companions, the Cairo gauge touched fifty feet. A line of breaking levees from Kentucky to the Gulf paid a tribute of destruction to the gentle insistence of the flooding waters. In Mississippi the Yazoo and the Tallahatchie and the Sunflower flooded the areas through which normally their sluggish currents meandered, and on the crest of the flood rode death, claiming its toll from the inhabitants of the submerged domain. Matthew and his three partners continued to eat hearty.

"Dan, for a yearlin' bull, that red one eats more'n any dumb brute I ever see."

"Them mates of his ain't afflicted with any insomnia of the stummick, either. There's half a bale of hay left and three days more to use it up in."

"When we tie up at night send them two deck hands ashore and let 'em harvest some grass for them four-legged hay burners."

That evening, with headlines running to the security of the cottonwoods which lined the bank, the Harley Abel rested from the duties of her day. Not so with the deck hands. Ashore in the chigger-infested grass which carpeted the bank, the two deck hands were busy with butcher knives manicuring the face of Nature for enough succulent sustenance to appease the child-like appetites of Matthew and his three associate demons. In the night Matthew voiced his anxiety concerning the commissary department. The dawn was sonorous with the shattering chorus booming from the lungs of the quartet. A lighter melody came from the crated chickens. Now and then it seemed to Captain Jim that the chicken chorus was growing weaker.

"Them hens seem feeble, sort of, compared with the way they started out in St. Louis."

As a reward of conduct the two deck hands had dined on fried chicken for three successive nights.

"W'at if there is a hen or two missin'," Fat Pat Kelly returned to young Sam Penny's warning. "Charge it to shrinkage. Th' lads must be fed."

When the chickens' destination was reached no chickens remained. The shock of the bill for damages fell upon the boat's treasurer.

"They must've flew overboard," Fat Pat Kelly suggested.

Captain Jim said nothing, being inwardly thankful that the four young bulls, valued at a good many hundred dollars, were not equipped with wings.

The voyage toward Bolivar County was resumed. With the slow miles dragging out behind them, and with the duties of the moment occupying his mind, Captain Jim found little time for melancholy reflections; but that evening when the Harley Abel lay against the bank his mind began to explore the labyrinth of evil possibilities. All that he could discover in the accumulated experience of the week were the red signal warnings of failure.

On this night, when Captain Jim lay in his bunk wide awake, convinced that this latest venture was to meet the same fate as the rest, the two deck hands, being fatigued with the business of cutting a ton of grass with two dull butcher knives, adopted the expedient of delivering the bulls to the source of their food instead of laboring with the slower process of harvesting the thin grass for them. The scheme was marked with success until Matthew's stomach began to bulge. With his appetite satisfied, Matthew sought to explore the surrounding country.

Leaving the young bull's steadier companions to shift for themselves, the two deck hands struck out in the moonlight after the runaway Matthew. The chase endured for three miles before the fugitive headed around. Thereafter for an hour Matthew did the driving himself. He left one of the deck hands perched on a branch of a stunted cypress, while he pawed the ground, bellowing with the flush of conquest near a bending sassafras bush whose branches sagged under the weight of the second deck hand.

Captain Jim and Dan Abbott rounded up their livestock and their prodigal deck hands late in the afternoon. Matthew was

(Continued on Page 30)

Everyone Knows Its Long Life, Faithful Service

Hupmobile Style and Beauty Made Still More Noteworthy by Reason of Car's Reputation for Soundness

THE good things you have always heard about the Hupmobile are true.

You can confirm them wherever you go. Everyone knows them. Everyone thinks highly of the Hupmobile, whether he owns one or not. Everyone has a good word for it.

If this friendly feeling were to be boiled down into a few words, it probably would be expressed something like this:

It pays to own the Hupmobile. Everyone seems to know that it is especially long-lived, especially faithful in service.

Has Any Other Car the Same Fine Reputation?

Can you think of any other car, high-priced or low-priced, that has the fine kind of reputation everywhere that the Hupmobile has?

Haven't you ever been curious to learn why one car, among America's scores, should be thus singled out?

A Car That Joins Beauty to Endurance

The Hupmobile is a notable car for style. It has great beauty. It is comfortable to the point of being luxurious.

But the thing that people tell each other most often, is that it is almost impossible to wear it out.

Our factory service department and our dealers are still supplying parts for the first Hupmobiles ever built, 12 and 13 years ago, and these cars are in use today all over the world.

Owners, and those who buy in the used car markets, would tell you its depreciation is slower and smaller; that its price as a used car is proportionately higher.

It costs little to run, as owners testify by the scores and the hundreds and the thousands. These same owners have found that yearly repair and replacement costs, barring accidents, are next to nothing at all.

Every family which drives a Hupmobile takes due pride, we believe, in its beauty, in its exceptionally fine performance.

Reliable and Ready; Always On the Go

But the quality from which the deepest satisfaction is derived, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is its everlasting reliability.

It is almost proverbial that the Hupmobile is always ready and willing, for an hour's drive, a day's run, or a month's tour; always on the go.

It is particularly immune from the petty adjusting and tinkering which so many car owners regard as part of their regular routine.

Things That Make Hupmobile Reputation for Value

COSTS of operation held to an exceptionally low level.

Maintenance and repair costs almost unbelievably low.

Car is particularly free from the need of constant and petty adjustments.

On high gear, throttles smoothly to a walking pace; and picks up again, on high gear, instantly and smoothly.

Develops great pulling power on high gear; climbs the average low-gear hill, and pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

A remarkably fine performer when it's new; and the same fine performer when it's old.

Recognized cash value or trading value as a used car proportionately higher than the average, in relation to price.

It is easy to understand why the Hupmobile has won such a high reputation among all people who are interested in motor cars.

The Way It Is Built Makes It Pay Its Owners

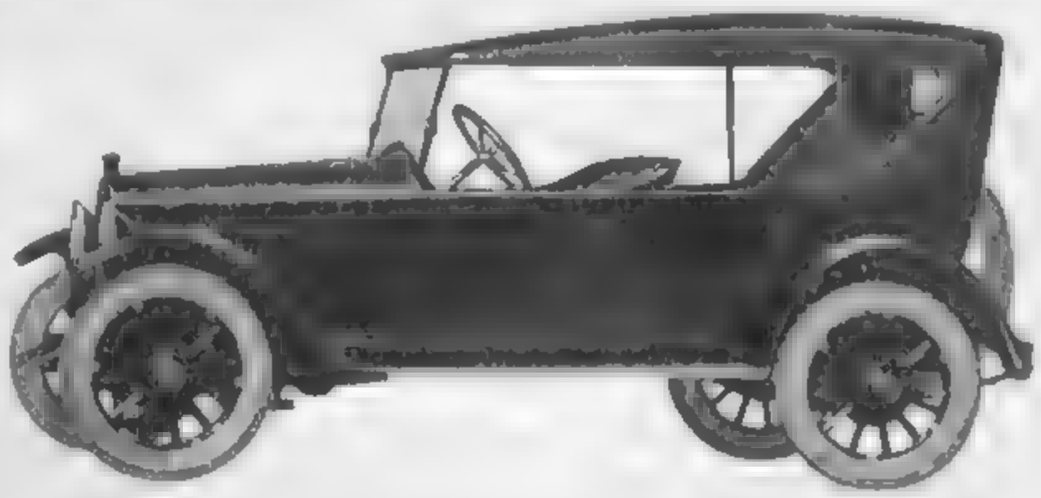
Back of it all, of course, is the way the Hupmobile is built.

The fact is that many of its important parts are identical, in material and in manufacturing costs, with the same parts in cars of the highest price. Hupmobile shop practices are as fine and close as manufacturing ingenuity has been able to devise.

If there is any secret about the high investment-value of the Hupmobile, and about the tremendous hold it has on the American people, we have told the secret.

It isn't strange or unusual—is it?—that everyone believes it pays to own the Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



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Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 28)

urged aboard the boat at the point of two pike poles. The side trip had not improved his temper, and presently the monotony of his song began to affect Fat Pat Kelly's shattered nerves. With exact deliberation the cook removed the corks from a bottle of lemon extract and one of a dark vanilla fluid. He mingled the liquids in a tumbler and drank heartily.

"Whuf!"

A shudder of reaction explored the remote tissues of his ponderous hulk. He repeated the dose. He began to sing.

"Come on back here, Sammy! Git to work! Barbecue that last chicken stored in the hold. To-night I feeds Capt'n Jim and Mister Dan a dinner fit for th' two noblest men on the Mississipp'."

He poured himself a third generous drink.

"Whuf!"

Well knew that Earl, oh, damn his dirty kind,
I loved a forester, brave, bold an' free.
An' had I wedded as me heart inclined,
Me chee-ild had cradled 'neath th' greenwood tree.

Captain Jim, knowing Kelly, sensed with the lift of the cook's song the final and absolute failure of his latest venture. He called to Dan Abbott:

"We'll never make th' riffle, Dan. Kelly's drunk. When we started this deal we hit the skid road to hell."

The engineer, half convinced that Captain Jim's words were the words of truth, was silent.

The night was broken by the crash of the headlines. The Harley Abel rode the crest of the flood, drifting blindly in the dark, until the forced fires under her boiler made steam enough for steerage way. In the dark Kelly and the four young bulls continued to sing.

Rosedale, where lived the man to whom Matthew and his mates were consigned, was passed in the night. The racing current made landing impossible. Many miles downstream, at Greenville, the Harley Abel managed to make a running landing. This time her lines held. Captain Jim came down out of the pilot house and walked aft to where Dan Abbott was threatening his engines with a two-foot monkey wrench.

"Them's grand cuss words, Dan, but they ain't doin' no good. Let's get ashore and telegraph that Rosedale feller his bulls is here—then mebbe drown our grief in likker."

"Mebbe git drunk." Dan Abbott quoted Captain Jim's suggestion. "I guess we're done. This ol' river's sure startin' strong. Look at that drift!"

Up to the time Captain Jim and Dan Abbott went ashore at Greenville the flood had not greatly impressed them. Floods and breaking levees came as expected evils into the lives of river men. Now about the two old men ranged groups of excited townspeople on whose tongues was the single subject of their local disaster.

Inland, toward the hills, over thousands of broad acres of farm land, the waters had lifted inch by inch with the passage of the hours. Presently in the débris on the flood surface had appeared roofs of houses, the timbers of barns, now and then freighted with farm animals which had survived the creeping menace of the flood. Here and there the yellow currents carried the bloated corpse of some dead animal.

"There's a lot of folks cut off back in th' Tallahatchie Bayou. No chance for 'em. The big boats is out, but they can't navigate that brush country."

Captain Jim and Dan Abbott, saying little and listening heavy, mingled with a group of excited citizens.

"What's th' report from th' Sunflower country?" Captain Jim asked suddenly.

"Folks drownin'. Ain't no boats. Six foot of water against the bluffs."

Captain Jim looked at Dan Abbott.

"Dan, it's up to us. Kin you make it inland with them engines?"

"Th' way them engines is now they kin shove the Harley Abel upstream over Niagara Falls."

An hour later, with her boiler singing and with both deck hands burning the grate bars out of her fire box under an incessant cascade of coal, the Harley Abel headed into the trouble. Beside Captain Jim in the pilot house stood Fat Pat Kelly. Below, alinging oil under the enthusiastic direction of Dan Abbott, young Sam Penny nursed the starboard engine in its labors with the leaping stream.

At nightfall a dozen refugees from the Sunflower Bayou crowded Matthew the bull and his three companions back into the open space between the engines and boiler room of the boat. At dawn their number had doubled.

Throughout the long day following, singly or in groups of three and four, children and women and men were transferred from the presence of death to the deck of the little boat. A shortage of food and fuel presently contributed to the bitter problems of the hour. Matthew and his mates were sacrificed. On the third day of her rescue trip, after the Federal relief program had begun to function in spite of the red tape, the Harley Abel headed west with her load of refugees. When the lines were made fast at Greenville and the flood victims were all ashore Captain Jim took off his coat and placed it at one end of the six-foot bench against the back wall of the pilot house.

"I'm tired, Paddy," he said to the cook beside him. "Here's where I go off watch for a while."

"Capt'n, yez have a right to be tired. Me, too, and with your permission I'll go ashore and hunt me up a quart bottle of liquid rest."

"Go ahead. You got it comin'."

Captain Jim was asleep before his head was pillowed on his coat. He was awakened an hour later by a hammering on the pilot-house door.

"Wake up here!"

The sanctuary of the pilot house was invaded by a booted man with a slouch hat, wearing a black coat under which gleamed a silver star.

"You the master of this boat?"

Captain Jim blinked himself awake.

"Master and part owner," he answered.

"I got a warrant for your arrest. Come along, here!"

Captain Jim butted his old eyes.

"For my arrest? What's th' ——"

"Cattle stealin'. A feller at Rosedale wired a warrant down here claimin' you and your partner stole four bulls."

"Wasn't stole. We et 'em."

"Don't make no difference. Here's the warrant! Come on with me!"

"Where's old Dan?"

With the weight of the indictment heavy upon him, Captain Jim sought the comforting presence of his accomplice.

"Roamin' in town some place. My deppity is after him."

Captain Jim went ashore, and fifteen minutes later, in company with Dan Abbott, he was haled into court.

On the street, roaming wild and free, Fat Pat Kelly, heartily soused, heard of Captain Jim's arrest. Thereafter he occupied himself for a while in cursing the United States Government, the Mississippi River, Greenville, the laws, sheriffs in general, and Captain Jim's captor in particular. Presently he attracted an audience. With his audience at his heels enjoying the originality of his profanity, Kelly trailed through the business section of the town. After a while his group of auditors included half a dozen substantial citizens of the town. News of the trial reached him and he made his way as best he could to the court room, where Captain Jim and Dan Abbott varied their despondent voices with occasional passages of impotent profanity.

"No, sir!" Captain Jim summarized. "They got us fouled, Dan. We done wrong. Them bulls was property. We busted our contract. We're wrecked, Dan. The ol' river got us. I guess I'm done." The old man's voice broke at the sudden prospect of having to return to the dredging fleet. "I hope they send me to jail, Dan. It wouldn't be so dang monotonous as having to go back to the fleet."

"I don't care what they do." Dan Abbott had reached a spiritual zero. "They can cut my head off. Don't make no difference to me. I'm done!"

The trial began, and presently the two old men sensed some irregularity in the hurried pace of the law. The technic of the code struck them as being a departure from the procedure common to court rooms.

They were confronted by a hard-faced justice, who, when not in the business of handing out accusations and verdicts, was president of the Home National Bank and owner of a dozen rich farms in the county. In silence the two old culprits listened to his words. Now and then they glanced about them, seeking among the spectators some friendly countenance.

A jury was impaneled and counsel for the defense appointed. On the jury were twelve substantial citizens, Mr. O'Dell, Mr. White, old Frank Coburn, Doctor Keegan, young George Wheeler and seven others, tried and true.

Aided and abetted by half a dozen eloquent assistants, the defendants' counsel orated venomously, with gestures. At seven o'clock the jury was charged by the presiding justice. The jury went out. Five minutes later it returned with the verdict sealed in a long envelope which the foreman handed to the judge.

Over his gold-rimmed spectacles Judge Franklin regarded the two victims of the law's implacable talons. He opened the envelope which the foreman of the jury had given to him. He removed therefrom a slip of blue paper and a larger document.

"James Stewart and Daniel Abbott, you have been tried and found guilty. Is there any reason why sentence should not be passed?"

Captain Jim laid his hand lightly on his partner's arm. In the background of spectators three or four able-bodied men restrained Fat Pat Kelly's fighting instinct.

"Leave me at that jury!" the cook raged. "The dirty hounds! Wan punch apiece and I'll knock 'em to hell!"

The presiding judge frowned upon the disturbance.

"Silence in the court!"

Captain Jim's voice trembled a little as he answered the law's question.

"Judge, me and Dan helped eat them bulls, but we didn't steal 'em. We done wrong. I guess we have to take what's comin'."

"You have to take what's coming," the judge echoed Captain Jim's words. He unfolded the document before him. "Here is a memorial expressing the gratitude of this community for the work you did in saving the lives of the refugees in the Sunflower country." Abruptly the judge waved the slip of blue paper at Captain Jim. "Here is a check for ten thousand dollars from the citizens of Washington County. I sentence you to receive our gratitude and this money."

The judge's voice was suddenly drowned in the uproar which lifted in the crowded court room. After a while his voice carried through the tumult:

"Credit part of that check to your Irish cook. He started this campaign, and if you want freight traffic for the Harley Abel everything from Memphis to Natchez is yours. I declare this court adjourned in favor of the banquet waiting at the hotel."

Seated at the banquet table were Fat Pat Kelly, the two deck hands and young Sam Penny, all of them confused with the sudden turn that luck had taken. Judge Franklin presided at the dinner. On his right and left, helping with every toast and a little bewildered under the stress of hard likker, sat Captain Jim and Dan Abbott.

Some time after midnight, with the assistance of an enthusiastic torchlight committee, the two old men were escorted to where the Harley Abel leaned against the bank. In his stateroom Captain Jim fumbled with the laces of his shoes.

"Ten thousand dollars and freight business enough to make us rich! Good gosh! Dan, I always know'd the old Mississipp' would stick to her partners in a pinch."

TISH PLAYS THE GAME

(Continued from Page 5)

time, as we were constantly having broken slates, and as the water spout was completely stopped with balls.] And Aggie maintained that Nettie Lynn really cared for Mr. Anderson.

"If Mr. Wiggins were living," she said gently, "and if I played golf, if he appeared unexpectedly while I was knocking the ball or whatever it is they do to it, if I really cared and you know, Tish, I did—I am sure I should play very badly."

"You don't need all those ifs to reach that conclusion," Tish said coldly.

A day or two later Aggie stopped Miss Lynn and offered her some orangeade, and she turned out to be very pleasant and friendly. But when Tish had got the conversation switched to Mr. Anderson she was cool and somewhat scornful.

"Bobby?" she said, lifting her eyebrows. "Isn't he screamingly funny on the links!"

"He's a very fine young man," Tish observed, eying her steadily.

"He has no temperament."

"He has a good disposition. That's something."

"Oh, yes," she admitted carelessly. "He's as gentle as a lamb."

Tish talked it over after she had gone. She said that the girl was all right, but that conceit over her game had ruined her, and that the only cure was for Bobby to learn and then beat her to death in a tournament or something, but that Bobby evidently couldn't learn, and so that was that. She then fell into one of those deep silences during which her splendid mind covers enormous ranges of thought, and ended by saying something to the effect that if one could use a broom one should be able to do something else.

We closed up the cottage soon after and returned to town.

Now and then we saw Nettie Lynn on the street, and once Tish asked us to dinner and we found Bobby Anderson there. He said he had discovered a place in a department store to practice during the winter, with a net to catch the balls, but that owing to his unfortunate tendencies he had driven a ball into the well of the store, where it had descended four stories and hit a manager on the back. He was bent over bowing to a customer or it would have struck his head and killed him.

"She was there," he said despondently. "She used to think I was only a plain fool. Now she says I'm dangerous, and that I ought to take out a license for carrying weapons before I pick up a club."

"I don't know why you want to marry her," Tish said in a sharp voice.

"I don't either," he agreed. "But I do. That's the hell—I beg your pardon—that's the deuce of it."

It was following this meeting that the mysterious events occurred with which I commenced this narrative. And though there may be no connection it was only a day or two later that I read aloud to Aggie an item in a newspaper stating that an elderly woman who refused to give her name had sent a golf ball through the practice net in a downtown store and that the ball had broken and sent off a fire alarm, with the result that the sprinkling system, which was a new type and not dependent on heat, had been turned on in three departments. I do know, however, that Tish's new velvet hat was never seen from that time on, and that on our shopping excursions she never entered that particular store.

In coming now to the events which led up to the reason for Nettie Lynn cutting us, and to Charlie Sands' commentary that his wonderful aunt, Letitia Carberry, should remember the commandment which says that honesty is the best policy—I am sure he was joking, for that is not one of the great Commandments—I feel that a certain explanation is due. This explanation is not an apology for dear Tish, but a statement of her point of view.

Letitia Carberry has a certain magnificence of comprehension. If in this magnificence she loses sight of small things, if she occasionally uses perhaps unworthy methods to a worthy end, it is because to her they are not important. It is only the end that counts.

She has, too, a certain secrecy. But that is because of a nobility which says in effect that by planning alone she assumes sole responsibility. I think also that she has little confidence in Aggie and myself, finding us but weak vessels into which she pours in due time the overflow from her own exuberant vitality and intelligence.

With this in mind I shall now relate the small events of the winter. They were merely straws, showing the direction of the wind of Tish's mind. And I dare say we were not observant. For instance, we reached Tish's apartment one afternoon to find the janitor there in a very ugly frame of mind. "You threw something out of this window, Miss Carberry," he said, "and don't be after denying it."

(Continued on Page 33)

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

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(Continued from Page 30)

"What did I throw out of the window?" Tish demanded loftily. "Produce it."

"If it wasn't that it bounced and went over the fence," he said, "I'd be saying it was a flatiron. That parrot just squawked once and turned over."

"Good riddance, too," Tish observed. "The other tenants ought to send me a vote of thanks."

"Six milk bottles on Number Three's fire escape," the janitor went on, counting on his fingers; "the wash line broke for Number One and all the clothes dirty, and old Mr. Ferguson leaning out to spit and almost killed—it's no vote of thanks you'll be getting."

When she had got rid of him Tish was her usual cool and dignified self. She offered no explanation and we asked for none. And for a month or so nothing happened. Tish distributed her usual list of improving books at the Sunday-school Christmas treat, and we packed our customary baskets for the poor. On Christmas Eve we sang our usual carols before the homes of our friends, and except for one mischance, owing to not knowing that the Pages had rented their house, all was symbolic of the peace and good will of the festive period. At the Pages', however, a very unpleasant person asked us for —— sake to go away and let him sleep.

But shortly after the holidays Tish made a proposition to us, and stated that it was a portion of a plan to bring about the happiness of two young and unhappy people.

"In developing this plan," she said, "it is essential that we all be in the best of physical condition; what I believe is known technically as in the pink. You two, for instance, must be able to walk for considerable distances, carrying a weight of some size."

"What do you mean by 'in the pink'?" Aggie asked suspiciously.

"What you are not," Tish said with a certain scorn. "How many muscles have you got?"

"All I need," said Aggie rather acidly.

"And of all you have, can you use one muscle, outside of the ordinary ones that carry you about?"

"I don't need to."

"Have you ever stood up, naked to the air, and felt shame at your flaccid muscles and your puny strength?"

"Really, Tish!" I protested. "I'll walk if you insist. But I don't have to take off my clothes and feel shame at my flabbiness to do it."

She softened at that, and it ended by our agreeing to fall in with her mysterious plan by going to a physical trainer. I confess to a certain tremor when we went for our first induction into the profundities of bodily development. There was a sign outside, with a large picture of a gentleman with enormous shoulders and a pigeon breast, and beneath it were the words: "I will make you a better man." But Tish was confident and calm.

The first day, however, was indeed trying. We found, for instance, that we were expected to take off all our clothing and to put on one-piece jersey garments, without skirts or sleeves, and reaching only to the knees. As if this were not enough, the woman attendant said when we were ready "In you go, dearies," and shoved us into a large bare room where a man was standing with his chest thrown out, and wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt which had shrunk to almost nothing. Aggie clutched me by the arm.

"I've got to have stockings, Lizzie!" she whispered. "I don't feel decent."

But the woman had closed the door, and Tish was explaining that we wished full and general muscular development.

"The human body," she said, "instantly responds to care and guidance, and what we wish is simply to acquire perfect coördination. 'The easy slip of muscles underneath the polished skin,' as some poet has put it."

"Yeah," said the man. "All right. Lie down in a row on the mat, and when I count, raise the right leg in the air and drop it. Keep on doing it. I'll tell you when to stop."

"Lizzie!" Aggie threw at me in an agony. "Lizzie, I simply can't!"

"Quick," said the trainer. "I've got four pounds to take off a welterweight this afternoon. Right leg, ladies. Up, down; one, two ——"

Never since the time in Canada when Aggie and I were taking a bath in the lake, and a fisherman came and fished from a boat for two hours while we sat in the icy water to our necks, have I suffered such misery.

"Other leg," said the trainer. And later: "Right leg up, cross, up, down. Left leg up, cross, up, down." Aside from the lack of dignity of the performance came very soon the excruciating ache of our weary flesh. Limb by limb and muscle by muscle he made us work, and when we were completely exhausted on the mat he stood us up on our feet in a row and looked us over.

"You've got a long way to go, ladies," he said sternly. "It's a gosh-awful shame the way you women neglect your bodies. Hold in the abdomen and throw out the chest. Balance easily on the ball of the foot. Now touch the floor with the finger tips, as I do."

"Young man," I protested, "I haven't been able to do that since I was sixteen."

"Well, you've had a long rest," he said coldly. "Put your feet apart. That'll help."

When the lesson was over we staggered out, and Aggie leaned against a wall and moaned. "It's too much, Tish," she said feebly. "I'm all right with my clothes on, and anyhow, I'm satisfied as I am. I'm the one to please, not that wretch in there."

Tish, however, had got her breath and said that she felt like a new woman, and that blood had got to parts of her it had never reached before. But Aggie went sound asleep in the cabinet bath and had to be assisted to the cold shower. I mention this tendency of hers to sleep, as it caused us some trouble later on.

In the meantime Tish was keeping in touch with the two young people. She asked Nettie Lynn to dinner one night, and seemed greatly interested in her golf methods. One thing that seemed particularly to interest her was Miss Lynn's device for keeping her head down and her eye on the ball.

"After I have driven," she said, "I make it a rule to count five before looking up."

"How do you see where the ball has gone?" Tish asked.

"That is the caddie's business."

"I see," Tish observed thoughtfully, and proceeded for some moments to make pills of her bread and knock them with her fork, holding her head down as she did so.

Another thing which she found absorbing was Miss Lynn's statement that a sound or movement while she drove was fatal, and that even a shadow thrown on the ball while putting decreased her accuracy.

By the end of February we had become accustomed to the exercises and now went through them with a certain sprightliness, turning back somersaults with ease, and I myself now being able to place my flat hand on the floor while standing. Owing to the cabinet baths I had lost considerable flesh and my skin seemed a trifle large for me in places, while Aggie looked, as dear Tish said, like a picked spare rib.

At the end of February, however, our training came to an abrupt end, owing to a certain absent-mindedness on Tish's part. Tish and Aggie had gone to the gymnasium without me, and at ten o'clock that night I telephoned Tish to ask if Aggie was spending the night with her. To my surprise Tish said nothing for a moment, and then asked me in a strained voice to put on my things at once and meet her at the door to the gymnasium building.

Quick as I was, she was there before me, hammering at the door of the building, which appeared dark and deserted. It appeared that the woman had gone home early with a cold, and that Tish had agreed to unfasten the bath cabinet and let Aggie out at a certain time, but that she had remembered leaving the electric iron turned on at home and had hurried away, leaving Aggie asleep and helpless in the cabinet.

The thought of our dear Aggie, perspiring her life away, made us desperate, and on finding no response from within the building Tish led the way to an alleyway at the side and was able to reach the fire escape. With mixed emotions I watched her valiant figure disappear, and then returned to the main entrance, through which I expected her to reappear with our unhappy friend.

But we were again unfortunate. A few moments later the door indeed was opened, but to give exit to Tish in the grasp of a very rude and violent watchman, who immediately blew loudly on a whistle. I saw at once that Tish meant to give no explanation which would involve taking a strange man into the cabinet room, where our hapless Aggie was completely disrobed and helpless; and to add to our difficulties three policemen came running and immediately placed us under arrest.

Fortunately the station house was near, and we were saved the ignominy of a police wagon. Tish at once asked permission to telephone Charlie Sands, and as he is the night editor of a newspaper he was able to come at once. But Tish was of course reticent as to her errand before so many men, and he grew slightly impatient.

"All right," he said. "I know you were in the building. I know how you got in. But why? I don't think you were after lead pipe or boxing gloves, but these men do."

"I left something there, Charlie."

"Go a little further. What did you leave there?"

"I can't tell you. But I've got to go back there at once. Every moment now ——"

"Get this," said Charlie Sands sternly: "Either you come over with the story or you'll be locked up. And I'm bound to say I think you ought to be."

In the end Tish told the unhappy facts, and two reporters, the sergeant and the policemen were all deeply moved. Several got out their handkerchiefs, and the sergeant turned quite red in the face. One and all they insisted on helping to release our poor Aggie, and most of them escorted us back to the building, only remaining in the corridor at our request while we entered the cabinet room.

Although we had expected to find Aggie in a parboiled condition the first thing which greeted us was a violent sneeze.

"Aggie!" I called desperately.

She sneezed again, and then said in a faint voice, "Hurry up. I'b dearly frozed."

We learned later that the man in charge had turned off all the electricity when he left, from a switch outside, and that Aggie had perspired copiously and been on the verge of apoplexy until six o'clock, and had nearly frozen to death afterwards. Tish draped a sheet around the cabinet, and the policemen et cetera came in. Aggie gave a scream when she saw them, but it was proper enough, with only her head showing, and they went out at once to let her get her clothing on.

Before he put us in a taxicab that night Charlie Sands spoke to Tish with unjustifiable bitterness.

"I have given the watchman twenty dollars for that tooth you loosened, Aunt Tish," he said. "And I've got to set up some food for the rest of this outfit. Say, fifty dollars, for which you'd better send me a check." He then slammed the door, but opened it immediately. "I just want to add this," he said: "If my revered grandfather has turned over in his grave as much as I think he has, he must be one of the liveliest corpses underground."

I am happy to record that Aggie suffered nothing more than a heavy cold in the head. But she called Tish up the next morning and with unwonted asperity said, "I do thig, Tish, that you bight have put a strig aroud your figer or sobethig, to rebeber be by!"

It was but a week or two after this that Tish called me up and asked me to go to her apartment quickly, and to bring some arnica from the drug store. I went as quickly as possible, to find Hannah on the couch in the sitting room moaning loudly, and Tish putting hot flannels on her knee cap.

"It's broken, Miss Tish," she groaned. "I know it is."

"Nonsense," said Tish. "Anyhow I called to you to stay out."

In the center of the room was a queer sort of machine, with a pole on an iron base and a dial at the top, and a ball fastened to a wire. There was a golf club on the floor.

Later on, when Hannah had been helped to her room and an arnica compress adjusted, Tish took me back and pointed to the machine.

"Two hundred and twenty yards, Lizzie," she said, "and would have registered more but for Hannah's leg. That's driving."

She then sat down and told me the entire plan. She had been working all winter, and was now confident that she could defeat Nettie Lynn. She had, after her first experience in the department store, limited herself in another store—to approach shots. For driving she had used the machine. For putting she had cut a round hole in the carpet and had sawed an opening in the floor beneath, in which she had placed a wide-mouthed jar.

"My worst trouble, Lizzie," she said, "was lifting my head. But I have solved it. See here."

She then produced a short leather strap, one end of which she fastened to her belt and the other she held in her teeth. She had almost lost a front tooth at the beginning, she said, but that phase was over.

"I don't even need it any more," she told me. "To-morrow I shall commence placing an egg on the back of my neck as I stoop, and that with a feeling of perfect security."

She then looked at me with her serene and confident glance.

"It has been hard work, Lizzie," she said. "It is not over. It is even possible that I may call on you to do things which your ethical sense will at first reject. But remember this, and then decide: The happiness of two young and tender hearts is at stake."

She seemed glad of a confidante, and asked me to keep a record of some six practice shots, as shown by the dial on the machine. I have this paper before me as I write:

1st drive, 230 yards. Slight pull.
2nd drive, 245 yards. Direct.
3rd drive, 300 yards. Slice
4th drive, 310 yards. Direct.
5th drive. Wire broke.
6th drive. Wire broke again. Ball went through window pane. Probably hit dog, as considerable howling outside.

She then showed me her clubs, of which she had some forty-six, not all of which, however, she approved of. It was at that time that dear Tish taught me the names of some of them, such as niblick, stymie, cleek, mashie, putter, stance, and brassie, and observed mysteriously that I would need my knowledge later on. She also advised that before going back to Penzance we walk increasing distances every day.

"Because," she said, "I shall need my two devoted friends this summer; need them perhaps as never before."

I am bound to confess, however, that on our return to Penzance Tish's first outdoor work at golf was a disappointment. She had a small ritual when getting ready; thus she would say, firmly, suiting the action to the phrase: "Tee ball. Feet in line with ball, advance right foot six inches, place club, overlap right thumb over left thumb, drop arms, left wrist rigid, head down, eye on the ball, shoulders steady, body still. Drive!" Having driven she then stood and counted five slowly before looking up.

At first, however, she did not hit the ball, or would send it only a short distance. But she worked all day, every day, and we soon saw a great improvement. As she had prophesied, she used us a great deal. For instance, to steady her nerves she would have us speak to her when driving, and even fire a revolver out toward the lake.

We were obliged to stop this, however, for we were in the habit of using the barrel buoy of the people next door to shoot at, until we learned that it was really not a buoy at all, but some fine old whisky which they were thus concealing, and which leaked out through the bullet holes.

We were glad to find that Nettie Lynn and Bobby were better friends than they had been the year before, and to see his relief when Tish told him to give up his attempts at golf altogether.

"I shall defeat her so ignominiously, Bobby," she said, "that she will never wish to hear of the game again."

"You're a great woman, Miss Carberry," he said solemnly.

"But you, too, must do your part."

"Sure I'll do my part. Name it to me, and that is all."

But he looked grave when she told him.

"First of all," she said, "you are to quarrel with her the night before the finals. Violently."

"Oh, I say!"

"Second, when she is crushed with defeat you are to extract a promise, an oath if you like, that she is through with golf."

"You don't know her," he said. "Might as well expect her to be through with her right hand."

But he agreed to think it over and, going out to the lake front, sat for a long time lost in thought. When he came back he agreed, but despondently.

"She may love me after all this," he said, "but I'm darned if I think she'll like me."

But he cheered up later and planned the things they could do when they were both free of golf and had some time to themselves. And Mr. McNab going by at that moment, he made a most disrespectful gesture at his back.

It is painful, in view of what followed, to recall his happiness at that time.

I must confess that Aggie and I were still in the dark as to our part in the tournament. And our confusion as time went on was increased by Tish's attitude toward her caddie. On her first attempt he had been impertinent enough, goodness knows, and Tish had been obliged to reprove him.

"Your business here, young man," she said, "is to keep your eye on the ball."

"That's just what you're not doing," he said smartly. "Lemme show you."

Tish said afterwards that it was purely an accident, for he broke every rule of stance and so on, but before she realized his intention he had taken the club from her hand and sent the ball entirely out of sight.

"That's the way," he said. "Whale 'em!"

But recently her attitude to him had changed. She would bring him in and give him cake and ginger ale, and she paid him far too much. When Hannah showed her disapproval he made faces at her behind Tish's back, and once he actually put his thumb to his nose. To every remonstrance Tish made but one reply.

"Develop the larger viewpoint," she would observe, "and remember this: I do nothing without a purpose."

"Then stop him making snoots at me," said Hannah. "I'll poison him, that's what I'll do."

Thus our days went on. The hours of light Tish spent on the links. In the evenings her busy fingers were not idle, for she was making herself some knickerbockers from an old pair of trousers which Charlie Sands had left at the cottage, cutting them off below the knee and inserting elastic in the hem, while Aggie and I, by the shade of our lamp, knitted each a long woolen stocking to complete the outfit.

It was on such an evening that Tish finally revealed her plan, that plan which has caused so much unfavorable comment since. The best answer to that criticism is Tish's own statement to us that night.

"Frankly," she admitted, "the girl can beat me. But if she does she will continue on her headstrong way, strewing unhappiness hither and yon. She must not win!"

Briefly the plan she outlined was based on the undermining of Nettie's morale. Thus, Aggie sneezes during the hay-fever season at the mere sight of a sunflower. She was to keep one in her pocket, and at a signal from Tish was to sniff at it, holding back the resultant sneeze, however, until the champion was about to drive.

"I'll be thirty yards behind, with the crowd, won't I?" Aggie asked.

"You will be beside her," Tish replied solemnly. "On the day of the finals the caddies will go on a strike, and I shall insist that a strange caddie will spoil my game, and ask for you."

It appeared that I was to do nothing save to engage Mr. McNab in conversation at certain times and thus distract his attention, the signal for this being Tish placing her right hand in her trousers pocket. For a sneeze from Aggie the signal was Tish coughing once.

"At all times, Aggie," she finished, "I shall expect you to keep ahead of us, and as near Nettie Lynn's ball as possible. The undulating nature of the ground is in our favor, and will make it possible now and then for you to move it into a less favorable position. If at the fourteenth hole you can kick it into the creek it will be very helpful."

Aggie was then rehearsed in the signals, and did very well indeed.

Mr. McNab was an occasional visitor those days. He was watching Tish's game with interest.

"Ye'll never beat the champion, ma'm," he would say, "but ye take the game o' gowf as it should be taken, wi' humility and prayer."

More than once he referred to Bobby Anderson, saying that he was the only complete failure of his experience, and that given a proper chance he would make a golfer of him yet.

"The mon has aye the build of a gowfer," he would say wistfully.

It is tragic now to remember that incident of the day before the opening of the tournament, when Bobby came to our cottage and we all ceremoniously proceeded to the end of the dock and flung his various clubs, shoes, balls, cap and bag into the lake, and then ate a picnic supper on the shore. When the moon came up he talked of the future in glowing terms.

"I feel in my bones, Miss Tish," he said, "that you will beat her. And I know her; she won't stand being defeated, especially by ——" Here he coughed, and lost the thread of his thought. "I'm going to buy her a horse," he went on. "I'm very fond of riding."

He said, however, that it was going to be very hard for him to quarrel with her the evening before the finals.

"I'm too much in love," he confessed. "Besides, outside of golf we agree on everything—politics, religion, bridge; everything."

It was then that Tish made one of her deeply understanding comments.

"Married life is going to be very dull for you both," she said.

It was arranged that in spite of the quarrel he should volunteer to caddie for the champion the day of the strike, and to take a portion of Aggie's responsibility as to changing the lie of the ball, and so forth. He was not hopeful, however.

"She won't want me any more than the measles," he said.

"She can't very well refuse, before the crowd," Tish replied.

I pass with brief comment over the early days of the women's tournament. Mrs. Ostermaier was eliminated the first day with a score of 208, and slapped her caddie on the seventeenth green. Tish turned in only a fair score, and was rather depressed; so much so that she walked in her sleep and wakened Aggie by trying to tee a ball on the end of her—Aggie's—nose. But the next day she was calm enough, and kept her nerves steady by the simple device of knitting as she followed the ball. The result was what she had expected, and the day of the finals saw only Nettie Lynn and our dear Tish remaining.

All worked out as had been expected. The caddies went on a strike that day, and before the field Nettie was obliged to accept Bobby's offer to carry her clubs. But he was very gloomy and he brought his troubles to me.

"Well, I've done it," he said. "And I'm ruined for life. She never wants to see me again. It's my belief," he added gloomily, "that she could have bit the head off an iron club last night and never have known she had done it."

He groaned and mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"I'm not sure it's the right thing after all," he said. "The madder she is the better she'll play. All she's got to do is to imagine I'm the ball, and she'll knock it a thousand yards."

There was some truth in this probably, for she certainly overshot the first hole, and the way she said "Mashie!" to Bobby Anderson really sounded like an expletive. Tish won that hole, they halved the second, and owing to Aggie sneezing without apparent cause during Tish's drive on the third, Nettie took it.. On the fourth, however, Tish was fortunate and drove directly into the cup.

We now entered the undulating portion of the course, and I understand that Bobby and Aggie both took advantage of this fact to place Nettie Lynn's ball in occasional sand traps, and once to lose it altogether. Also that the device of sneezing during a putt was highly effective, so that at the ninth hole dear Tish was three up.

Considering the obloquy which has fallen to me for my own failure to coöperate, I can only state as follows: I engaged Mr. McNab steadily in conversation, and when he moved to a different position I faithfully followed him; but I was quite helpless when he suddenly departed, taking an oblique course across the field, nor could I approach Tish to warn her.

And on the surface all continued to go well. It was now evident to all that the champion was defeated, and that the champion knew it herself. In fact the situation was hopeless, and no one, I think, was greatly surprised when after driving for the fourteenth hole she suddenly threw down her club, got out her handkerchief and left the course, followed by Bobby.

Our misfortune was that Aggie was ahead in the hollow and did not see what had happened. Her own statement is that she saw the ball come and fall into a dirt road, and that all she did was to follow it and step on it, thus burying it out of sight; but also that no sooner had she done this than Mr. McNab came charging out of the woods like a mad bull and rushed at her, catching her by the arm.

It was at that moment that our valiant Tish, flushed with victory, came down the slope.

Mr. McNab was dancing about and talking in broad Scotch, but Tish finally caught the drift of what he was saying—that he had suspected us all day, that we would go before the club board, and that Tish would get no cup.

"You've played your last gowf on these links, Miss Carberry, and it's a crying shame the bad name you've gien us," was the way he finished, all the time holding to Aggie's arm. It was thus I found them.

"Very well," Tish said in her coldest tone. "I shall be very glad to state before the board my reasons, which are excellent. Also to register a protest against using the lake front before my cottage for the cooling of beer, et cetera. I dare say I may go home first?"

"I'll be going with you, then."

"Very well," Tish replied. "And be good enough to release Miss Pilkington. She was merely obeying my instructions." Thus our lion-hearted Tish, always ready to assume responsibility, never weakening, always herself.

I come now to a painful portion of this narrative, and the reason for Nettie Lynn cutting us dead on the street. For things moved rapidly within the next few moments. Mr. McNab settled himself like a watchdog on our cottage steps, and there Tish herself carried him some blackberry cordial and a slice of coconut cake. There, too, in her impressive manner she told him the story of the plot.

"Think of it, Mr. McNab," she said. "Two young and loving hearts yearning for each other, and separated only by the failure of one of them to learn the game of golf!"

Mr. McNab was profoundly moved.

"He wouldna keep his eye on the ball," he said huskily. "I like the lad fine, but he would aye lift his heid."

"If this brings them together you would not part them, would you?"

"He wouldna fallow through, Miss Carberry. He juist hit the ball an' quit."

"If they were married, and he could give his mind to the game he'd learn it, Mr. McNab."

The professional brightened. "Maybe. Maybe," he said. "He has the body of the gowfer. If he does that, we'll say na mair, Miss Carberry."

And, do what we would, Mr. McNab stood firm on that point. The thought of his failure with Bobby Anderson had rankled, and now he made it a condition of his silence on the day's events that he have a free hand with him that summer.

"Gie him to me for a month," he said, "and he'll be a gowfer, and na care whether he's married or no."

We ate our dinner that night in a depressed silence, although Tish's silver cup graced the center of the table. Before we had finished, Bobby Anderson came bolting in and kissed us each solemnly.

"It's all fixed," he said. "She has solemnly sworn never to play golf again, and I've brought her clubs down, to follow mine into the lake."

"You'd better keep them," Tish said. "You're going to need them."

She then broke the news to him, and considering the months she had spent to help him he was very ungrateful, I must say. Indeed, his language was shocking.

"Me learn golf?" he shouted. "You tell McNab to go to perdition and take his cursed golf links with him. I won't do it! This whole scheme was to eliminate golf from my life. It has pursued me for three years. I have nightmares about it. I refuse. Tell McNab I've broken my leg. Wait a minute and I'll go out and break it."

But he could not refuse, and he knew it.

So far as we know, Nettie Lynn has never played golf since. She impresses me as a person of her word. But why she should be so bitter toward us we cannot understand. As dear Tish frequently remarks, who could have foreseen that Mr. McNab would actually make a golfer out of Bobby? Or that he would become so infatuated with the game as to abandon practically everything else?

They are married now, and Hannah knows their cook. She says it is sometimes nine o'clock at night in the summer before he gets in to dinner.

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A Night Photograph of Electrical Phenomena in the Pit of Halemaumau, Kilauea Volcano, Hawaii

FIRESTONE CORDS

The plus values in Firestone Cords are winning public favor everywhere. With their scientifically designed massive non-skid treads and exceptionally sturdy carcass lines, they are setting new records for mileage. 12 high grade car manufacturers have adopted Firestone Cords as original equipment for 1922

30 x 3½, $17.50 **32 x 4, $32.40**
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THE TIRE values now obtainable from Firestone dealers are outstanding examples of today's low cost of dependable mileage.

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It is a matter of organization pride that Firestone Tires shall deliver their great mileage at the lowest cost per mile. The multiplied economies of large-scale production have made it possible at this time to give car-owners tires of the finest quality at prices never equalled in the past.

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Firestone

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Oldfield "999", a 30 x 3½ non-skid full size tire. Built with 4 ply long staple fabric. In 30 x 3 size at $8.99. At these prices this tire gives a remarkably high value in quality and dependable service. Sold by Firestone dealers

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Is it in a suitable bottle?
—with a narrow opening to prevent waste?

Is there a saucer under the cap to catch the drop, and thus keep the bottle and the shelf clean?
Is it SAFE to use?
Non-caustic and non-corrosive.
Is it POWERFUL?
What is its coefficient?
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ALWAYS MIX WITH WATER BEFORE USING
MUCH SAFER THAN CARBOLIC ACID
AND
MUCH MORE POWERFUL
AS A
Disinfectant Deodorant Germ Destroyer
Is it ECONOMICAL?
A disinfectant with a "coefficient" or germ-killing strength of 9, for illustration, will go three times as far as a disinfectant with a coefficient of 3.

Examine a bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

At Your Druggist's

MERCK

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 19)

his salary list. I bet that continuity this minute shows pa drinking his corn likker out of a jug and playing a fiddle for the dance right down to the last scene. Don't artists get the razz, though? And that Hugo—he'd spend a week in the hot place to save a thin dime. Let me tell you, Countess, don't you ever get your lemon in his squeezer!"

There were audible murmurs of sympathy from the Countess.

"And so the old trouper had to start out Monday morning to peddle the brush. Took him three days to land anything at all, and then it's nothing but a sleeping souse in a Western barroom scene. In here, now, he is—something the Acme people are doing. He's had three days, just lying down with his back against a barrel, sleeping. He's not to wake up even when the fight starts, but sleep right on through it, which they say will be a good gag. Well, maybe. But it's tough on his home. He gets all his rest daytimes, and keeps us restless all night making a new kind of beer and tending his still, and so on You bet ma and I, the minute he's through with this piece, are going pronto to get that face of his as naked as the day he was born.

"Pa's so temperamental—like that time he was playing a bishop and never touched a drop for five weeks, and in bed every night at 9:30.

"Me? Oh, I'm having a bit of my own in this Acme piece—God's Great Outdoors, I think it is—anyway, I'm to be a little blond hussy in the barroom, sitting on the miners' knees, and all like that, so they'll order more drinks. It certainly takes all kinds of art to make an artist. And next week I got some shipwreck stuff for Baxter, and me with bronchial pneumonia right this minute, and hating tank stuff anyway. Well, Countess, don't take any counterfeit money. S'long!"

Then the Blankets in the Lower Bunk Were Seen to Heave and to be Thrust Back From the Pale Face of Merton Gill

She danced through a doorway and was gone. She was one who seldom descended to plain walking. She would manage a dance step even in the short distance from the casting-office door to the window. It was not of such material, Merton Gill was sure, that creative artists were molded.

There was no question now of his own utter seriousness. The situation hourly grew more desperate. For a week he had forgone the drug-store pie, so that now he recalled it as very wonderful pie indeed. But he dared no longer indulge in this luxury. An occasional small bag of candy and as much sugar as he could juggle into his coffee must satisfy his craving for sweets. Stoically he awaited the end some end. The moving-picture business seemed to be still on the rocks, but things must take a turn.

He went over the talk of the Montague girl. Her father had perhaps been unfairly treated, but at least he was working again. And there were other actors who would go unshaven for even a sleeping part in the barroom scene of God's Great Outdoors. Merton Gill knew one, and rubbed his shaven chin. He thought, too, of the girl's warning about counterfeit money. He had not known that the casting director's duties required her to handle money, but probably he had overlooked this item in her routine. And was counterfeit money about? He drew out his own remaining bill and scrutinized it anxiously. It seemed to be genuine. He hoped it was, for Mrs. Patterson's sake, and was relieved when she accepted it without question that night.

Later he tested the handful of silver that remained to him, and prayed earnestly that an increase of prosperity be granted to producers of the motion picture. With the silver he eked out another barren week, only to face a day the evening of which must witness another fiscal transaction with Mrs. Patterson—and there was no longer a bill for this heartless society creature. He took a long look at the pleasant little room as he left it that morning. The day must bring something, but it might not bring him back that night.

At the drug store he purchased a bowl of vegetable soup, loaded it heavily with catchup at intervals when the attendant had other matters on his mind, and seized an extra half portion of crackers left on their plate by a satiated neighbor. He cared little for catchup, but it doubtless carried nourishing elements, and nourishment was now important. He crumpled his paper napkin and laid upon the marble slab a trifling silver coin. It was the last of his hoard. When he should eat next and under what circumstances were now as uncertain as where he should sleep that night, though he was already resolving that catchup would be no part of his meal. It might be well enough in its place, but he had abundantly proved that it was not, strictly speaking, a food.

He reached the Holden studios and loitered outside for half an hour before daring the daily inquiry at the window. Yet when at last he did approach it his waning faith in prayer was renewed, for here in his direst hour was cheering news. It seemed even that his friend beyond the window had been impatient at his coming.

"Just like you to be late when there's something doing!" she called to him with friendly impatience. "Get over to the dressing rooms on the double-quick. It's the Victor people doing some Egyptian stuff. They'll give you a costume. Hurry along!"

And he had lingered over a bowl of soggy crackers, soaked at the last chiefly in catchup! He hurried, with a swift word of thanks.

In the same dressing room where he had once been made up as a Broadway pleasure seeker he now donned the flowing robe and burnoose of a Bedouin, and by the same grumbling extra his face and hands were stained the rich brown of children of the desert. A dozen other men of the paler race had undergone the same treatment. A sheik of great stature and noble mien smoked an idle cigarette in the doorway. He was accoutered with musket and with pistols in his belt.

An assistant director presently herded the desert men down an alley between two of the big stages and to the beginning of the Oriental street that Merton had noticed on his first day within the Holden walls. It was now peopled picturesquely with other Bedouins. Banners hung from the walls and veiled ladies peeped from the latticed balconies.

A camel was led excitingly through the crowded way, and donkeys and goats were to be observed. It was a noisy street until a whistle sounded at the farther end; then all was silence while the voice of Henshaw came through the megaphone.

It appeared that long shots of the street were Henshaw's first need. Up and down it Merton Gill strolled in a negligent manner, stopping perhaps to haggle with the vender who sold sweetmeats from a tray or to chat with a tribal brother fresh from the sandy wastes, or to purchase a glass of milk from the man with the goats. He secured a rose from the flower seller, and had the inspiration to toss it to one of the discreet balconies above him; but as he stepped back to do this he was stopped by the watchful assistant director, who stood just inside a doorway.

"Hey, Bill, none of that! Keep your head down, and pay no attention to the dames! It ain't done!"

He strolled on with the rose in his hand. Later, and much nearer the end of the street where the cameras were, he saw the sheik of noble mien halt the flower seller, haggle for another rose, place this daintily behind his left ear and stalk on, his musket held over one shoulder, his other hand on a belted pistol. Merton disposed of his rose in the same manner.

He admired the sheik for his stature, his majestic carriage, his dark, handsome yet sinister face with its brooding eyes. He thought this man, at least, would be a true Arab, some real son of the desert who had wandered afar. His manner was so much more authentic than that of the extra people all about.

A whistle blew and the street action was suspended. There was a long wait while cameras were moved up and groups formed under the direction of Henshaw and his assistant. A band of Bedouins were now to worship in the porch of a mosque. Merton Gill was among these. The assistant director initiated them briefly into Moslem rites. Upon prayer rugs they bowed their foreheads to earth in the direction of Mecca.

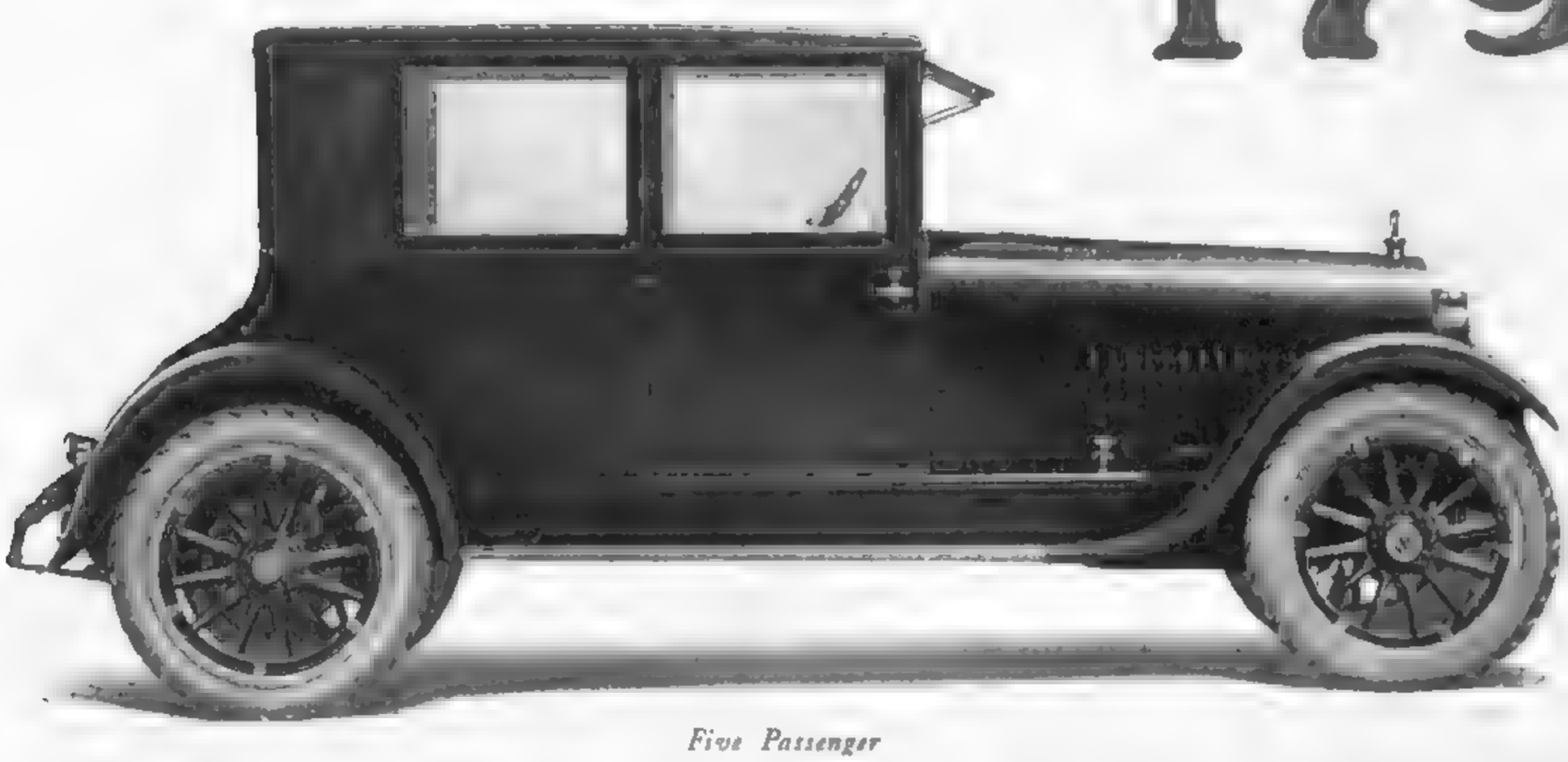
(Continued on Page 38)

Something New by

HUDSON

The Coach

$1795



Five Passenger

On the Famous Super-Six

This beautiful closed car is the most attractive value ever offered by Hudson.

All Hudson dealers are now showing it for the first time. Go see it. It concerns you personally—and your plans for buying a car, whether open or closed model. An examination of the Hudson Coach will pay you well.

The Coach will cost you less even than the open model of any car to which you compare Hudson in quality, performance and reliability.

And see how fully it meets your closed car requirements at a saving of perhaps $800 to $1500. Think of a closed car on the famous Super-Six chassis, for $1795.

That is less than 6 per cent above the cost of the Hudson open models. It is the lowest differential between open and closed cars ever attained. It is a sensational achievement in car manufacture.

You need no other assurance with respect to the beauty, quality and smartness of the Coach than the fact that Hudson has always led in building fine closed cars. It has created styles that are patterns of the industry. The Coach is in keeping with Hudson's best traditions.

It is certain to be the most popular type Hudson ever built. Be sure to see it. It is just out. Early deliveries will be possible for those who place their orders at once.

The Most Astounding Value Hudson Ever Offered

Phaeton	$1695	Coach	$1795	Coupé	$2570	Touring Limousine	$2920
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Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Jim Henry's Column

My Audience

The professional advertising men I occasionally meet always use the word "audience" when referring to the folks who are likely to read my column. According to the best authorities, I should analyze and classify my audience before addressing it.

I have tried, but the task is too complex. I cannot visualize five million men. The closest I can get to it is to imagine a packed amphitheatre one hundred times greater than the Yale Bowl—and somehow that picture doesn't encourage intimate writing.

Of course, a large proportion already uses Mennen Shaving Cream. About them I don't worry, for it is almost inconceivable that anyone could give up Mennen's after trying it.

But think of the other millions who at this very moment are reading down the fairway in the center columns. How many eyes will slice or hook into the rough and stay tangled long enough even to see what my column is all about? How many are too old and set in their ways to learn modern methods of shaving; how many are too young and frivolous to be influenced by my serious style?

I have just one thing in common with my audience—we all shave. We all suffer in exactly the same way when our beards are not properly softened—and express the same sentiments. All of us would try anything which we believed would make shaving more agreeable.

After all, my audience consists of just one man—YOU—and my message is simply this: Because of certain ingredients and methods of making and because of its absolute purity, Mennen Shaving Cream will exert a subduing influence on your beard which will be a revelation. It is as potent with cold water as with hot.

Its lather holds three times as much water as you usually use. That is why the lather never dries on the face. It does not need finger rubbing.

Your face feels great afterwards, needing only a flick of Mennen Talcum for Men—which doesn't show.

I invite my audience to send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 36)

"What's the idea of this here?" demanded Merton Gill's neighbor in aggrieved tones.

"S-s-h!" cautioned Merton. "It's mass, or something like that." And they bent in unison to this noontide devotion.

When this was done Henshaw bustled into the group.

"I want about a dozen or fifteen good types for the café," he explained to his assistant.

Merton Gill instinctively stood forward and was presently among those selected. "You'll do," said Henshaw, nodding.

The director of course had not remembered that this was the actor he had distinguished in The Blight of Broadway, yet he had again chosen him for eminence. It showed, Merton felt, that his conviction about the screen value of his face was not ill-founded.

The selected types were now herded into a dark, narrow, low-ceiled room with a divan effect along its three walls, where a grizzled Arab made coffee over a glowing brazier. Merton Gill sat cross-legged on the divan and became fearful that he would be asked to smoke the nargile which the assistant director was now preparing. To one who balked at mere cigarettes it was an evil-appearing device. His neighbor, who had been puzzled at prayer time, now hitched up his flowing robe to withdraw a paper of cigarettes from the pocket of a quite Occidental garment.

"Go on, smoke cigarettes," said the assistant director. "Have one," said Merton's neighbor, and he took one.

It seemed you couldn't get away from cigarettes on the screen. East and West were here one. He lighted it, though smoking warily. The noble sheik, of undoubtedly Asiatic origin, came to the doorway overlooking the assistant director's work on the nargile. A laden camel halted near him, sneered in an evil manner at the bystanders, and then lifting an incredible length of upper lip set his yellow teeth in the nearest shoulder. It was the shoulder of the noble sheik, who instantly rent the air with a plaintive cry, "For the love of Mike, keep that man-eater off'n me, can't you?"

His accent had not been that of the Arabian waste land. Merton Gill was disappointed. So the fellow was only an actor after all! If he had felt sympathy at all, it would now have been for the camel. The beast was jerked back with profane words and the sheik, rubbing his bitten shoulder, entered the café, sitting cross-legged at the end of the divan nearest the door.

"All right, Bob."

The assistant director handed him the tube of the water pipe, and the sheik smoked with every sign of enjoyment. Merton Gill resolved never to play the part of an Arab sheik—at the mercy of man-eating camels and having to smoke something that looked thoroughly murderous.

Under Henshaw's direction the grizzled proprietor now served tiny cups of coffee to the sheik and his lesser patrons. Two of these played dominoes, and one or two reclined as in sleep. Cameras were brought up. The interior being to his satisfaction, Henshaw rehearsed the entrance of a little band of European tourists: A beautiful girl in sports garb, a beautiful young man in khaki and putties, a fine old British father with gray side whiskers shaded by a sun hat with a flowing veil twined about it. These people sat and were served coffee, staring in a tourist manner at their novel surroundings. The Bedouins under stern command ignored them, conversing among themselves over their coffee—all but the sheik.

The sheik had been instantly struck by the fair young English girl. His sinister eyes hung constantly upon her, shifting only when she regarded him, furtively returning when she ceased. When they left the café the sheik arose and placed himself partly in the girl's way. She paused while his dark eyes caught and held hers. A long moment went before she seemed able to free herself from the hypnotic tension he had put upon her. Then he bowed low, and the girl with a nervous laugh passed him.

It could be seen that the sheik meant her no good. He stepped to the door and looked after the group. There was evil purpose in his gaze.

Merton Gill recalled something of Henshaw's words the first day he had eaten at the cafeteria—"They find this deserted tomb just at nightfall, and he's alone there with the girl, and he could do anything; but the kick for the audience is that he's a gentleman and never lays a finger on her."

This would be the story. Probably the sheik would now arrange with the old gentleman in the sun hat to guide the party over the desert, and would betray them in order to get the beautiful girl into his power. Of course there would be a kick for the audience when the young fellow proved to be a gentleman in the deserted tomb for a whole night—any moving-picture audience would expect him under these propitious circumstances to be quite otherwise if the girl were as beautiful as this one. But there would surely be a greater kick when the sheik found them in the tomb and bore the girl off on his camel, after a fight in which the gentleman was momentarily worsted. Of course, the girl would be rescued in time. And probably the piece would be called Desert Passion.

He wished he could know the ending of the story. Indeed he sincerely wished he could work in it to the end, not alone because he was curious about the fate of the young girl in the bad sheik's power. Undoubtedly the sheik would not prove to be a gentleman, but Merton would like to work to the end of the story because he had no place to sleep and but little assurance of wholesome food. Yet this, it appeared, was not to be. Already the word had run among the extra people. Those hired to-day were to be used for to-day only. To-morrow the desert drama would unfold without them.

Still, he had a day's pay coming. This time, though, it would be but five dollars—his dress suit had not been needed. And five dollars would appease Mrs. Patterson for another week. Yet what would be the good of sleeping if he had nothing to eat? He was hungry now.

Thin soup, ever so plenteously spiced with catchup, was inadequate provender for a working artist. He knew, even as he sat there cross-legged, an apparently self-supporting and care-free Bedouin, that this ensuing five dollars would never be seen by Mrs. Patterson.

There were a few more shots of the café's interior, during which one of the inmates carefully permitted his half-consumed cigarette to go out. After that a few more shots of the lively street which, it was now learned, was a street in Cairo. Earnest efforts were made by the throngs in these scenes to give plenty of headroom to a camel bent upon mayhem. Some close-ups were taken of the European tourists while they bargained with a native merchant for hammered-brass ware and rare shawls.

The bad sheik was caught near the group bending an evil glare upon the beauteous English girl, and once the camera turned while she faced him with a little shiver of apprehension. Later the sheik was caught bargaining for a camel train with the innocent-looking old gentleman in the sun hat. Undoubtedly the sheik was about to lead them into the desert for no good purpose. A dreadful fate seemed in store for the girl, but she must be left to face it without the support of Merton Gill.

The lately hired extras were now dismissed. They trooped back to the dressing room to doff their flowing robes and remove the Bedouin make-up. Merton Gill went from the dressing room to the little window through which he had received his robe, and the slip was returned to him signed by the assistant director. It had now become a paper of value, even to Mrs. Patterson; but she was never to know this, for its owner went down the street to another window and relinquished it for a five-dollar bill.

The bill was adorned with a portrait of Benjamin Harrison smugly radiating prosperity from every hair in his beard. He was clearly one who had never gone hungry or betrayed the confidence of a society woman counting upon her room rent strictly in advance. The portrait of this successful man was borne swiftly to the cafeteria, where its present owner lavishly heaped a tray with excellent food and hastened with it to a table. He ate with but slight regard for his surroundings. Beulah Baxter herself might have occupied a neighboring table without coming to his notice at once. He was very hungry. The catchup-laden soup had proved to be little more than an appetizer.

In his first ardor he forgot his plight. It was not until later in the meal that the accusing face of Mrs. Patterson came between him and the last of his stew, which he secured with blotters of bread. Even then he ignored the woman. He had other things to think of. He had to think of where he should sleep that night. But for once he had eaten enough. His optimism was again enthroned.

Sleeping, after all, was not like eating. There were more ways to manage it. The law of sleep would in time enforce itself, while eating did nothing of the sort. You might sleep for nothing, but someone had to be paid if you ate. He cheerfully paid eighty cents for his repast. The catchup as an appetizer had been ruinous.

It was late afternoon when he left the cafeteria, and the cheerful activities of the lot were drawing to a close. Extra people from the various stages were hurrying to the big dressing room, whence they would presently stream, slips in hand, toward the cashier's window. Belated principals came in from their work to resume their choice street garments and be driven off in choice motor cars.

Merton Gill, in deep thought, traversed the street between the big stages and the dressing rooms. Still in deep thought, he retraced his steps, and at the front office turned off to the right on a road that led to the deserted street of the Western town. His head bowed in thought, he went down this silent thoroughfare, his footsteps echoing along the way lined by the closed shops. The Happy Days Saloon and Joe—Buy or Sell, the pool room and the restaurant alike slept for want of custom. He felt again the eeriness of this desertion, and hurried on past the silent places.

Emerging from the lower end of this street, he came upon a log cabin where activity still survived. He joined the group before its door. Inside two cameras were recording some drama of the rude frontier. Over glowing coals in the stone fireplace a beautiful young girl prepared food in a long-handled frying pan. At a table in the room's center two bearded miners seemed to be appraising a buckskin pouch of nuggets, pouring them from hand to hand. A candle stuck in a bottle flickered beside them.

They were honest, kindly faced miners, roughly dressed and heavily bearded; it could be seen that they had hearts of gold. The beautiful young girl, who wore a simple dress of blue calico, and whose hair hung about her fair face in curls of pure gold, now served them food and poured steaming coffee from a large pot.

The miners seemed loath to eat, being excited by the gold nuggets. They would have struck it rich that day, Merton Gill divined, and now with wealth untold they would be planning to send the girl East to school. They both patted her affectionately, keeping from her the great surprise they had in store.

The girl was arch with them, and prettily kissed each upon his bald head. Merton at once saw that she would be the daughter of neither; she would be their ward. And perhaps they weren't planning to send her to school. Perhaps they were going to send her to her fashionable relatives in the East, where she would unwittingly become the rival of her beautiful but cold-hearted cousin for the hand of a rich young stockbroker, and be ill-treated and long for the old miners, who would get word of it and buy some fine clothes from Joe—Buy or Sell, and go East to the consternation of the rich relatives and see that their little mountain flower was treated right.

As he identified this photo play he studied the interior of the cabin, the rough table at which the three now ate, the makeshift chairs, the rifle over the fireplace, the picks and shovels, the shelf along the wall with its crude dishes, the calico curtain screening off what would be the dressing room of the little mountain flower. It was a homelike room, for all its roughness. Along one wall were two bunks, one above the other, well supplied with blankets.

The director, after a final shot of one of the miners being scalded by his coffee, which he drank from a saucer, had said, "All right, boys! We'll have the fight first thing in the morning."

Merton Gill passed on. He didn't quite know what the fight would be about. Surely the two miners wouldn't fight. Perhaps another miner of loose character would come along and try to jump their claim, or attempt some dirty work with the little girl—something like that. He carried with him the picture of the homy little interior, the fireplace with its cooking utensils, the two bunks with their ample stock of blankets, the crude door closed with a wooden bar and a leather latchstring, which hung trustfully outside.

(Continued on Page 40)

FISK
TIRES

Compare

THE way to choose between any two similar articles is to put them side by side and look both over.

The way to buy tires is to compare them. Point for point, Fisk Tires show desirable contrasts.

Compare for size, for liveliness, for stamina, for looks, for price.

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All kinds of buildings are successfully heated by GASTEAM—offices, homes, factories, churches, schools, stores, theatres. Installations range from a single radiator to hundreds. Therein is one beauty of GASTEAM heating—units are readily added as required.

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If you are planning a new home, find out how GASTEAM eliminates the cost of basement, chimney, boiler and piping. And then compare its cost of operation with that of any other method. *The figures are available.*

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(Continued from Page 38)

In other circumstances—chiefly those in which Merton Gill had now been the prominent figure in the film world he meant one day to become—he would on this night have undoubtedly won public attention for his mysterious disappearance. The modest room in the Patterson home, to which for three months he had unfailingly come after the first picture show, on this night went untenanted. The guardian at the Holden gate would have testified that he had not passed out that way, and the way through the offices had been closed at five, subsequent to which hour several witnesses could have sworn to seeing him still on the lot. In the ensuing search even the tank at the lower end of the lot might have been dragged—without result.

Being little known to the public, however, and in the Patterson home it being supposed that you could never tell about motion-picture actors, his disappearance for the night caused absolutely no slightest ripple. Public attention, as regarded the young man, remained at a mirrorlike calm, unflawed by even the mildest curiosity. He had been seen, perhaps, though certainly not noted with any interest, to be one of the group watching a night scene in front of one of the Fifth Avenue mansions.

Lights shone from the draped windows of this mansion and from its portals issued none other than Muriel Mercer, who, as Vera Vanderpool, freed at last from the blight of Broadway, was leaving her palatial home to cast her lot finally with the ardent young tenement worker with the high forehead. She descended the brownstone steps, paused once to look back upon the old home where she had been taught to love pleasure above the worthwhile things of life, then came on to the waiting limousine, being greeted here by the young man with the earnest forehead who had won her to the better way.

The missing youth might later have been observed, but probably was not, walking briskly in the chill night toward the gate that led to the outer world. But he wheeled abruptly before reaching this gate, and walked again briskly, this time debouching from the main thoroughfare into the black silence of the Western village. Here his pace slackened, and halfway down the street he paused irresolutely. He was under the wooden porch of the Fashion Restaurant—Give Our Tamales a Trial. He lingered here but a moment, however; then lurked on down the still thoroughfare, keeping well within the shadow of the low buildings. Just beyond the street was the log cabin of the big-hearted miners. A moment later he could not have been observed even by the keenest eye.

Nothing marked his disappearance; at least nothing that would have been noted by the casual-minded. He had simply gone. He was now no more than the long-vanished cowboys and sheriffs and gamblers and petty tradesmen who had once peopled this street of silence and desolation.

A night watchman came walking presently, flashing an electric torch from side to side. He noticed nothing. He was, indeed, a rather imaginative man, and he hoped he would not notice anything. He did not like coming down this ghostly street, which his weak mind would persist in peopling with phantom crowds from long-played picture dramas. It gave him the creeps, as he had more than once confessed. He now hurried on, flashing his torch along the blind fronts of the shops in a highly perfunctory manner. He was especially nervous when he came to corners. And he was glad when he issued from the little street into the wider one that was well lighted.

How could he have been expected to notice a very trifling incongruous detail as he passed the log cabin? Indeed, many a keener-eyed and entirely valorous night watchman might have neglected to observe that the leathern latchstring of the cabin's closed door was no longer hanging outside.

VIII

Clifford Armytage, the Outlaw

DAWN brought the wide stretches of the Holden lot into gray relief. It lightened the big yellow stages and crept down the narrow street of the Western town, where only the ghosts of dead plays stalked. It burnished the rich fronts of the Fifth Avenue mansions, and in the next block illumined the rough sides of a miner's cabin.

With more difficulty it seeped through the blurred glass of the one window in this structure and lightened the shadows of its interior to a pale gray. The long-handled frying pan rested on the hearth where the little girl had left it. The dishes of the overnight meal were still on the table; the vacant chairs sprawled about it; the rifle was in its place above the rude mantel; the picks and shovels awaited the toil of a new day. All seemed as it had been when the director had closed the door upon it the previous night.

But then the blankets in the lower bunk were seen to heave and to be thrust back from the pale face of Merton Gill. An elbow came into play, and the head was raised. A gaze still vague with sleep traveled about the room with dull alarm. He was waking up in his little room at the Patterson house, and he couldn't make it look right. He rubbed his eyes vigorously and pushed himself farther up. His mind resumed its broken threads. He was where he had meant to be from the moment he had spied the blankets in those bunks.

In quicker alarm, now, he reached for his watch. Perhaps he had slept too late and would be discovered—arrested, jailed! He took the watch on the floor beside the bunk. Seven o'clock. He was safe. He could dress at leisure and presently be an early arriving actor on the Holden lot. He wondered how soon he could get food at the cafeteria. Sleeping in this mountain cabin had cursed him with a ravenous appetite, as if he had indeed been far off in the keen air of the North woods.

He crept from the warm blankets, and from under the straw mattress—in which one of the miners had hidden the pouch of nuggets—he took his newly pressed trousers. Upon a low bench across the room was a battered tin washbasin, a bucket of water brought by the little girl from the spring and a bar of yellow soap. He made a quick toilet and at 7:30, a good hour before the lot would wake up, he was dressed and at the door.

It might be chancy, opening that door; so he peered through a narrow crack at first, listening intently. He could hear nothing, and no one was in sight. He pushed the latchstring through its hole, then opened the door enough to emit his slender shape.

A moment later, ten feet from the closed door, he stood at ease, scanning the log cabin as one who, passing by, had been attracted by its quaint architecture. Then glancing in both directions to be again sure that he was unobserved, he walked away from his new home.

He did not slink furtively. He took the middle of the street, and there was a bit of swagger to his gait. He felt rather set up about this adventure. He reached what might have been called the lot's civic center and cast a patronizing eye along the ends of the big stages and the long, low dressing-room building across from them. Before the open door of the warehouse he paused to watch a truck being loaded with handsome furniture—a drawing-room was evidently to be set on one of the stages. Rare rugs and beautiful chairs and tables were carefully brought out. He had rather a superintending air as he watched this process. He might have been taken for the owner of these costly things, watching to see that no harm befell them. He strolled on when the truck had received its load. Such people as he had met were only artisans, carpenters, electricians, property men. He faced them all confidently, with glances of slightly amused tolerance. They were good men in their way, but they were not actors—not artists.

In the neatly landscaped little green place back of the office building a climbing rose grew on a trellis. He plucked a pink bud, fixed it in his lapel and strolled down the street past the dressing rooms. Across from these the doors of the big stages were slid back, and inside he could see that sets were being assembled. The truckload of furniture came to one of these doors, and he again watched it as the stuff was carried inside.

For all these workmen knew, he might presently be earning a princely salary as he acted amid these beautiful objects, perhaps attending a reception in a Fifth Avenue mansion, where the father of a beautiful New York society girl would tell him that he must first make good before he could aspire to her hand. And he would make good—out there in the great open spaces, where the girl would come to him after many adventures and where they would settle to an untroubled future in the West they both loved.

He had slept; he knew where—with luck—he could sleep again; and he had money in his pocket for several more ample meals. At this moment he felt equal to anything.

No more than pleasantly aware of his hunger, sharpened by the walk in this keen morning air, he made a nonchalant progress toward the cafeteria. Motor cars were now streaming through the gate, disgorging other actors—trim young men and beautiful young women who must hurry to the dressing rooms, while he could sit at ease in a first-class cafeteria and eat heavily of sustaining foods. Inside he chose from the restricted menu offered by the place at this early hour and ate in a leisurely, almost condescending manner. Half a dozen other early comers wolfed their food as if they feared to be late for work, but he suffered no such anxiety. He consumed the last morsel that his tray held, drained his cup of coffee and jingled the abundant silver coins in his pocket.

True, underneath it, as he plumed himself upon his adventure, was a certain pestering consciousness that all was not so well with him as observers might guess. But he resolutely put this away each time it threatened to overwhelm him. He could cross no bridge until he came to it. He even combated this undercurrent of sanity by wording part of an interview with him some day to appear in Photo Land:

"Clifford Armytage smiled that rare smile which his admirers have found so winning on the silver screen—a smile reminiscent, tender, eloquent of adversities happily surmounted. 'Yes,' he said frankly, in the mellow tones that are his, 'I guess there were times when I almost gave up the struggle. I recall one spell, not so many years ago, when I camped informally on the Holden lot, sleeping where I could find a bed and stinting myself in food to eke out my little savings. Yet I look back upon that time'—he mischievously pulled the ears of the magnificent great Dane that lolled at his feet—'as one of the happiest in my career, because I always knew that my day would come. I had done only a few little bits, but they had stood out, and the directors had noticed me. Not once did I permit myself to become discouraged, and so I say to your readers who may feel that they have in them the stuff for truly creative screen art ——'"

He said it, dreaming above the barren tray; said it as Harold Parmalee had said it in a late interview extorted from him by Agusta Blivens for the refreshment of his host of admirers who read Photo Land. He was still saying it as he paid his check at the counter, breaking off only to reflect that fifty-five cents was a good deal to be paying for food so early in the day. For of course he must eat again before seeking the shelter of the humble miner's cabin.

It occurred to him then that the blankets might be gone by nightfall. He hoped they would have trouble with the fight scene. He hoped there would be those annoying delays that so notoriously added to the cost of producing the screen drama—long waits, when no one seemed to know what was being waited for, and bored actors lounged about in apathy. He hoped the fight would be a long fight. You needed blankets even in sunny California.

He went out to pass an enlivening day, fairly free of misgiving. He found an abundance of entertainment. On one stage he overlooked for half an hour a fragment of the desert drama which he had assisted the previous day. A covered incline led duskily down to the deserted tomb in which the young man and the beautiful English girl were to take shelter for the night. They would have eluded the bad sheik for a little while, and in the tomb the young man would show himself to be a gentleman by laying not so much as a finger upon the defenseless girl.

But this soon palled upon the watching connoisseur. The actual shots were few, and separated by barren intervals of waiting for that mysterious something which photo plays in the production always seemed to need. Being no longer identified with this drama, he had lost much of his concern over the fate in store for the girl, though he knew she would emerge from the ordeal as pure as she was beautiful—a bit foolish at moments, perhaps, but good.

He found that he was especially interested in bedroom scenes. On Stage Four a sumptuous bedroom, vacant for the moment, enchained him for a long period of contemplation. The bed was of some

(Continued on Page 42)

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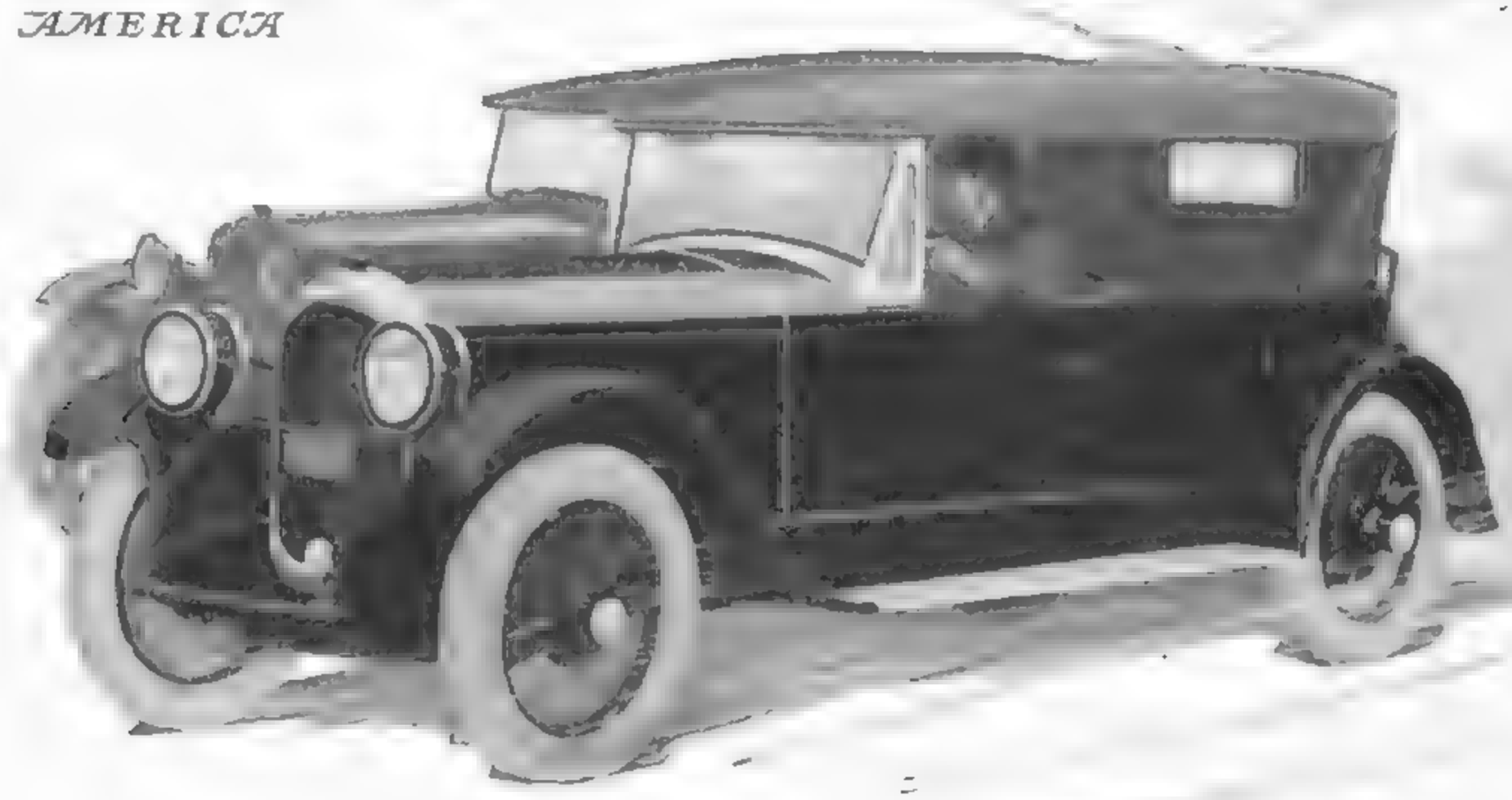

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 40

rare wood ornately carved, with a silken canopy, spread with finest linen and quilts of down, its pillows opulent in their embroidered cases. The hide of a polar bear, its head mounted with open jaws, spread over the rich rug beside the bed. He wondered about this interestingly. Probably the stage would be locked at night. Still, at a suitable hour he could discreetly find out.

On another stage a bedroom likewise intrigued him, though this was a squalid room in a tenement, and the bed was a cheap thing sparsely covered and in sad disorder. People were working on this set, and he presently identified the play, for Muriel Mercer in a neat black dress entered to bring comfort to the tenement dwellers. But this play, too, had ceased to interest him. He knew that Vera Vanderpool had escaped the blight of Broadway to choose the worthwhile, the true, the vital things of life, and that was about all he now cared to know of the actual play. This tenement bed had become for him its outstanding dramatic value. He saw himself in it for a good night's rest, waking refreshed in plenty of time to be dressed and out before the tenement people would need it. He must surely learn if the big sliding doors to these stages were locked overnight.

He loitered about the stages until late afternoon, with especial attention to sleeping apartments. In one gripping drama he felt cheated. The set showed the elaborately fitted establishment of a fashionable modiste. Manikins in wondrous gowns came through parted curtains to parade before the shop's clientele, mostly composed of society butterflies. One man hovered attentive about the most beautiful of these, and whispered entertainingly as she scanned the gowns submitted to her choice. He was a dissolute-looking man, although faultlessly arrayed. His hair was thin, his eyes were cruel and his face bespoke self-indulgence.

The expert Merton Gill at once detected that the beautiful young woman he whispered to would be one of those light-headed wives who care more for fashionable dress than for the good name of their husbands. He foresaw that the creature would be trapped into the power of this villain by her love of finery, though he was sure that the end would find her still a good woman. The manikins finished their parade and the throng of patrons broke up. The cameras were pushed to an adjoining room, where the French proprietor of the place figured at a desk. The dissolute pleasure seeker came back to question him. His errant fancy had been caught by one of the manikins—the most beautiful of them, a blonde with a flowerlike face and a figure whose perfection had been boldly attested by the gowns she had worn. The unprincipled proprietor at once demanded from a severe-faced forewoman that this girl be sent for, after which he discreetly withdrew. The waiting scoundrel sat and complacently pinched the ends of his small dark mustache. It could be seen that he was one of those who believe that money will buy anything.

The fair girl entered and was leeringly entreated to go out to dinner with him. It appeared that she never went out to dinner with anyone, but spent her evenings with her mother, who was very, very ill. Her unworthy admirer persisted. Then the telephone on the manager's desk called her. Her mother was getting worse. The beautiful face was now suffused with agony, but this did not deter the man from his loathsome advances. There was another telephone call. She must come at once if she were to see her mother alive. The man seized her. They struggled. All seemed lost, even the choice gown she still wore; but she broke away to be told over the telephone that her mother had died. Even this sad news made no impression upon the wretch. He seemed to be a man of one idea. Again he seized her, and the maddened girl stabbed him with a pair of long, gleaming shears that had lain on the manager's desk. He fell lifeless at her feet, while the girl stared in horror at the weapon she still grasped.

Merton Gill would not have lingered for this. There were tedious waits, and scenes must be rehearsed again and again. Even the agony of the girl as she learned of her mother's passing must be done over and over at the insistence of a director who seemed to know what a young girl should feel at these moments. But Merton had watched from his place back of the lights with fresh interest from the moment it was known that the girl's poor old mother was an invalid, for he had at first believed that the mother's bedroom would be near by. He left promptly when it became apparent that the mother's bedroom would not be seen in this drama. They would probably show the doctor at the other telephone urging the girl to hurry home, and show him again announcing that all was over; but the expense of mother and her deathbed had been saved. He cared little for the ending of this play. Already he was becoming a little callous to the plight of beautiful young girls threatened with the loss of that which they held most dear.

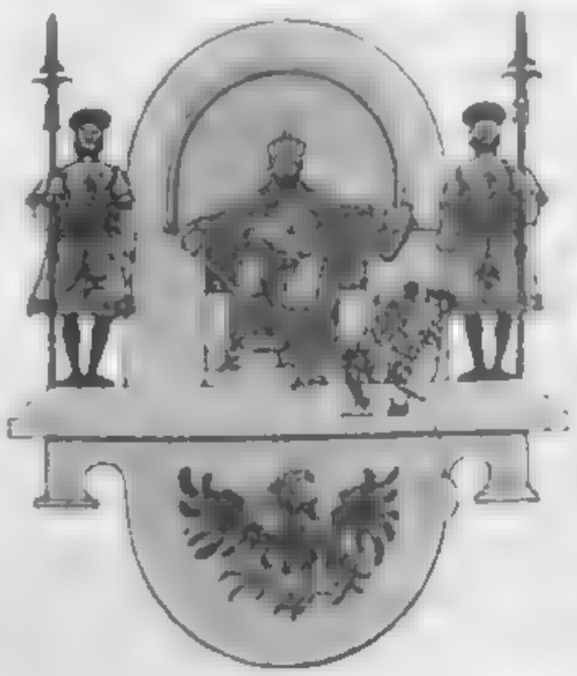
Purposely all day he had avoided the neighborhood of his humble miner's home. He thought it as well that he should not be seen much around there. He ate again at four o'clock, heartily and rather expensively, and loafed about the stages until six. Then he strolled leisurely down the village street and out the lower end to where he could view the cabin. Work for the day was plainly over. The director and his assistant lingered before the open door in consultation. A property man and an electrician were engaged inside, but a glance as he passed showed that the blankets were still in the bunks. He did not wait to see more, but passed on with all evidences of disinterest in this lowly abode.

He ascertained that night that the fight must have been had. The table was overturned, one of the chairs wrecked, and there were other signs of disorder. Probably it had been an excellent fight; probably these primitive men of the woods had battled desperately. But he gave little consideration to the combat, and again slept warmly under the blankets. Perhaps they would fight again to-morrow, or perhaps there would be less violent bits of the drama that would secure him another night of calm repose.

The following morning found him but slightly disturbed by two unforeseen needs arising from his novel situation. He looked carefully at his collar, wondering how many days he would be able to keep it looking like a fresh collar, and he regretted that he had not brought his safety razor to this new home. Still, the collar was in excellent shape as yet, and a scrutiny of his face in the cracked mirror hanging on the log wall determined that he could go at least another day without shaving. His beard was of a light growth, gentle in texture, and he was yet far from the plight of Mr. Montague. Eventually, to be sure, he would have to go to the barber shop on the lot and pay money to be shaved, which seemed a pity, because an actor could live indefinitely unshaven, but could live without food for the merest fragment of time.

He resolved to be on the lookout that day for a barber-shop set. He believed they were not common in the photo drama; still, one might be found.

He limited himself to the lightest of breakfasts. He had timidly refrained from counting his silver, but he knew he must be frugal. He rejoiced at this economy until late afternoon, when, because of it, he simply had to eat a heavier dinner than he had expected to need. There was something so implacable about this demand for food. If you skimped in the morning you must make amends at the next meal. He passed the time as on the previous day, a somewhat blasé actor, resting between pictures, and condescending to beguile the tedium by overlooking the efforts of his professional brethren. He could find no set that included a barber shop, although there



were beds on every hand. He hoped for another night in the cabin; but if that were not to be, there was a bed easy of access on Stage Three. When he had observed it, a ghastly old father was coughing out his life under its blankets, nursed only by his daughter; a beautiful young creature who sewed by his bedside, and who would doubtless be thrown upon the world in the very next reel, though—Merton was glad to note—probably not until the next day.

Yet there was no need for this couch of the tubercular father, for action in the little cabin was still on. After making the unhappy discovery in the cafeteria that his appetite could not be hoodwinked by the clumsy subterfuge of calling coffee and rolls a breakfast some six hours previously, he went boldly down to stand before his home. Both miners were at work inside. The room had been placed in order again, though the little mountain flower was gone. A letter, he gathered, had been received from her, and one of the miners was about to leave on a long journey.

Merton could not be sure, but he supposed that the letter from the little girl told that she was unhappy in her new surroundings; perhaps being ill-treated by the supercilious Eastern relatives. The miner who was to remain helped the other to pack his belongings in a quaint old carpet sack, and together they undid a bundle which proved to contain a splendid new suit. Not only this, but now came a scene of eloquent appeal to the watcher outside the door. The miner who was to remain expressed stern disapproval of the departing miner's beard. It would never do, he was seen to intimate, and when the other miner portrayed helplessness a new package was unwrapped and a safety razor revealed to his shocked gaze.

At this sight Merton Gill felt himself growing too emotional for a mere careless bystander, and withdrew to a distance where he could regain better control of himself. When he left, the miner to be shorn was betraying comic dismay while the other pantomimed the correct use of the implement his thoughtfulness had provided. When he returned after half an hour's rather nervous walk up another street, the departing miner was cleanshaven; and one might note the new razor glittering on the low bench beside the battered tin basin.

They worked late in his home that night; trifling scenes were taken and retaken. The departing miner had to dress in his splendid but ill-fitting new garments, and to bid an affectionate farewell to his partner; then had to dress in his old clothes again for some bit that had been forgotten, only to don the new suit for close-ups. At another time Merton Gill might have resented this tediously drawn-out affair which was keeping him from his rest, for he had come to look upon this structure as one having rights in it after a certain hour; but a sight of the razor which had not been touched allayed any possible feeling of irritation.

It was 9:30 before the big lights jarred finally off and the director said, "That's all, boys." Then he turned to call, "Jimmy! Hey, Jimmy! Where's that prop rustler gone to now?"

"Here, Mr. Burke—yes, sir."

"We've finished the shack stuff. Let's see"—he looked at the watch on his wrist—"that'll be all for to-night. Strike this first thing to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

The door was closed and the men walked away. Merton trailed them a bit, not remaining too pointedly near the cabin. He circled around through Fifth Avenue to regain the place.

Softly he let himself in and groped through the dark until his hand closed upon the abandoned razor. Satisfying himself that fresh blades had accompanied it, he made ready for bed. He knew it was to be his last night in this shelter. The director had told Jimmy to strike it first thing in the morning. The cabin would still be there, but it would contain no homely furniture, no chairs, no table, no washbasin, no safety razor, and most vital of lacks—it would be devoid of blankets.

Yet this knowledge did not dismay him. He slept peacefully, after praying that something good would happen to him. He put it that way, very simply. He had placed himself, it seemed, where things could only happen to him. He was beyond bringing them about, he felt.

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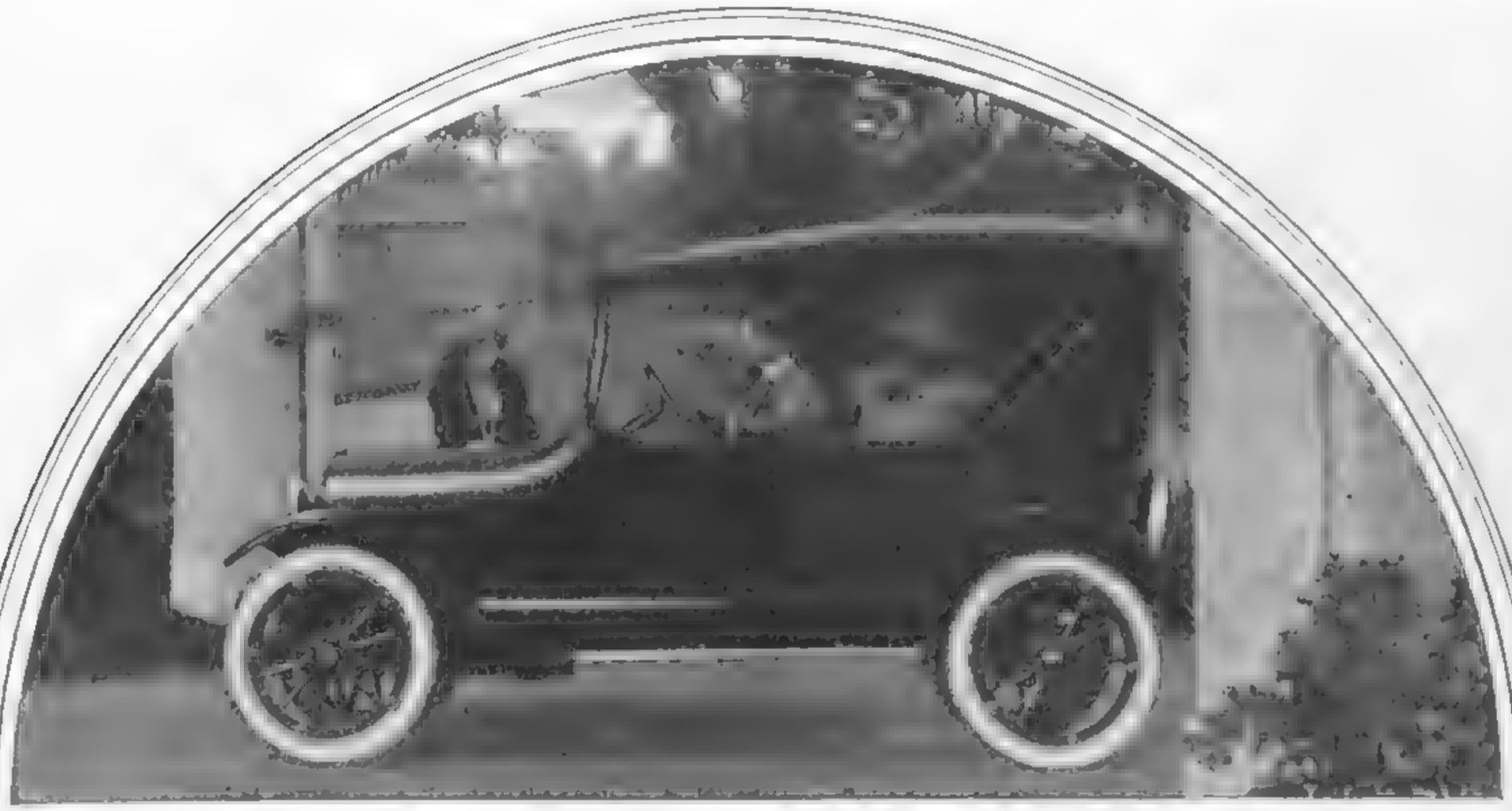

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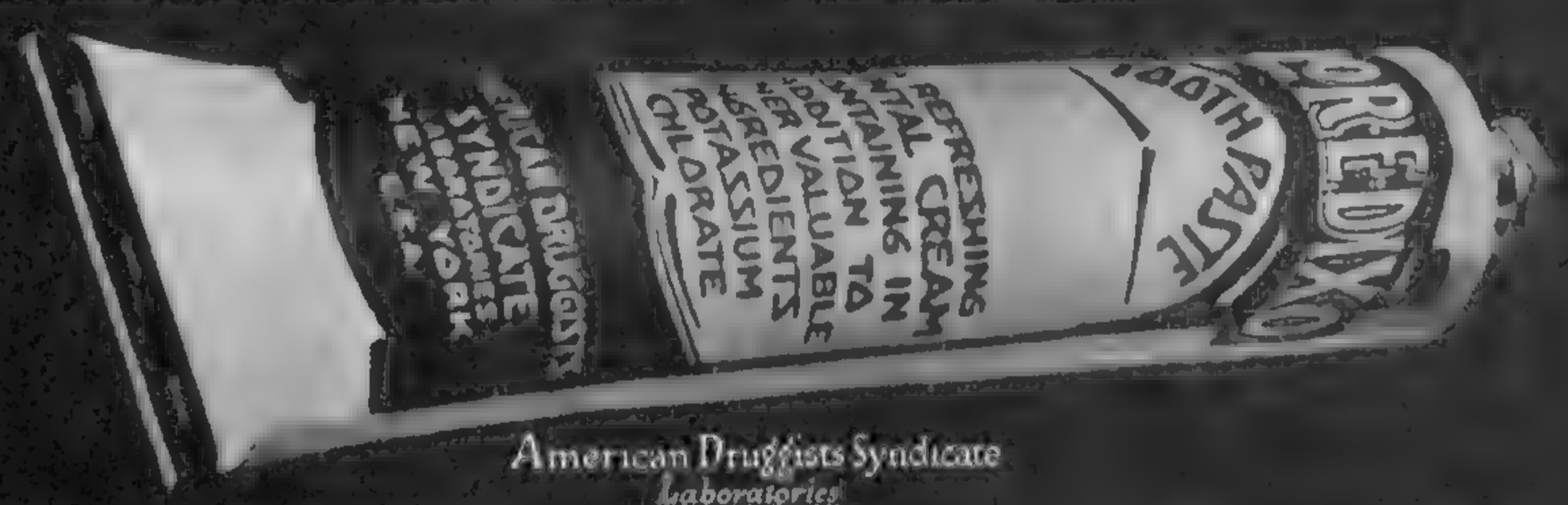
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BREATHING TIME

(Continued from Page 15)

toward the back door. "And be as quiet as you can. Your mother hasn't been so upset in years."

P. Heigham was appalled. The thing spelled disaster. Miserably he followed his father down the steps and across the back yard to the garage.

Mr. Green, without a word, stood aside, and P. Heigham strained his eyes in the darkness. What was the darkly huge object where the white doors of the garage ought to be? He stared excitedly. Why, the doors stood open! The huge object was sticking out beyond them, a foot or two into the yard. He felt his way in beside it, beside this polished car body that glistened—a very little, now that his eyes were becoming accustomed to it—in the dim light of the stars.

His father said, "Don't turn on the light!"

P. Heigham felt his way out again.

"It's too big for the garage," he whispered huskily. He thought his father's head inclined. "It means a new garage!"

They returned to the house. They were whispering in the front hall when mamma called shrilly, "Henry, what are you doing down there?"

Mr. Green looked as if the sound had struck him in the face.

"I'll hurry along," whispered P. Heigham, with a little uprush of unrestrainable eagerness.

He was glad he didn't have to live at home any more; wondered now how he'd ever endured it. You did endure things, of course, when you had to. Poor old pop, now, had to. Too bad. They could hardly come down on him to help meet this terrific new expense—not properly. Goldie, now, wasn't married. It was different with her.

He added hastily, "The little wife'll be worrying."

"I'd better get the revolver," said Mr. Green, and did so. "Perhaps I'd better put it in the table drawer here."

He was mumbling this. His son felt his purposelessness and winced miserably.

"Good night," added the father, and then as P. Heigham slipped out the front door he turned in a dazed way and went back up the stairs to explain as best he could. It would take a bit of explaining. Mamma would be certain that they were criticizing her, and she'd never let that stand.

V

MR. GRASTON stood before a mirror in his suite in the Beach Hotel, knotting his tie of black silk and then lingering to study the face that confronted him. It was unlike him to do such a thing. He had little vanity. But now the face, in a way not altogether reassuring, fascinated him. He thought of himself habitually as a young man. The papers now and again referred to him as such. He had never in his younger years felt so vigorous in either body or mind. At golf he could still break ninety any day. He even played tennis—as actively, he believed, as ever. The doctors told him that his blood pressure was normal. He could work night and day, when it seemed advisable, without exhaustion. And yet each of his forty-seven years had written its message on that face. There were lines about the eyes, and other deeper lines between the brows. The mouth had lines about it, as well, and was set maturely, firmly. His hair had been receding of late from the forehead, and was thinner. In figure he was nearly as wiry and slender as of old. He prided himself on that; yet there was a difference in the shoulders, a perceptible thickening. All these little personal items were the sort of thing he wouldn't have noticed, wouldn't even remotely have thought about, before Goldie came into his life. But he had to think about them now.

He drew on his dinner jacket and moved about the room. He wasn't given to moods—or hadn't been until lately. He had wholeheartedly meant what he said to her about carrying on as if nothing had happened. It was disconcerting now to discover that he mightn't make a success at that.

He switched off the light, all but a reading lamp in a corner, and dropped into a chair by a window and raised the blind. Out there was Lake Michigan; to-night a black lake with dim lines of white where the incessant short waves pounded the bar. Come to think of it, the roar of those waves had been in his ears all the evening. He listened now, trying to tell himself that he mustn't think of the girl; must put out of his mind the haunting pictures of her that rose and rose among his thoughts; pictures of a practical Goldie in businesslike little blue suit, slender and quick, amusingly serious, unaccountably sound in judgment. He asked himself if this curious ability of hers could be really a talent, or hardly more than the brisk energy of youth. Oh, it was more—yes. But her first hard fight was well over. Both theaters could be managed profitably without her now. Her uncanny judgment of programs would be missed. Still —— He sprang up, walked the floor. The mood was giving indications of being too much for him. There was no good in his idealizing her like a lovesick boy. You'd expect that from an emotional young artist like Somers.

The devil of it was that he felt her; his nerves were on edge. It wouldn't do. These mental pictures; an absurdly grave little figure at her desk, or soberly talking with the men in at the picture exchanges and with instinctive skill parrying their enthusiastically vulgar advances; handling that comic-supplement brother of hers; snapping up the girl ushers; dropping, in that prettily deep voice of hers, into the extraordinary slang vernacular that was peculiarly her own, as, thank God, she still did now and then; using words with a magnificently Elizabethan sense of fresh, free values; and now, in this charming little blue frock with the hint of silver, just a girl after all, a dangerously pretty girl who was sensitively full of alert youth and the gay color of life! Surely she couldn't hold out! Not a girl like that!

He wondered, with a surprising touch of bitterness, who her friends downstairs might be—or the friend. It would be a particular man. She had seemed a thought self-conscious when she dropped that phrase "Some old friends." It hadn't sounded so careless as she meant it to. He felt certain it wasn't Somers. She wouldn't mislead him. No, there'd be reaction. This drive of hers couldn't keep up forever. Of late it had seemed to have in it more and more of that feverish quality. It was possible enough that some man might catch her in a mood. If she married at all it would be in a mood. . . . He rushed out to the elevators, then, and went down. He seemed to be trampling through and over the wreck of his savoir-faire. Fairly hit—at last! After forty-seven years!

No, it wasn't Somers. That pale youth was hanging aimlessly about the news stand in the lounge and staring at the dining room entrance. They were dancing in there. The discreetly jazz orchestra whined rhythmically. And in there Graston went, a profoundly sobered man, and cut into a dance of Goldie's. He was past caring for the jealousy of his watchful sister; past, for the moment, thoughts of gossip. He was thinking that Goldie moved over the crowded floor with the lovely grace of a wood nymph, and with the freedom.

After the dance he said abruptly, "Come out here," and led her out to the veranda that overlooked the lake.

VI

"GOLDIE"—this in a friendly shadow—"it's no good. I can't carry it off."

And now, glancing uncertainly up at him, and then out beyond the booming surf at the vast blackness of the lake, she knew that he was, as we say, beside himself. It was the end of a fine comradeship. That he should desire her to the point of utter need was stirring, of course, as it was disheartening, and in a new and subtly attractive way disarming. For the first time the thought came to her that she might yield. That, then, was all mental decisions amounted to in this rather dreadful widening and deepening world of the emotions. You couldn't tell what you were going to do until you did it. Yes, she might give up. His strong mental atmosphere had from the earliest days of their companionship enveloped her mind. Now, it seemed, his emotional nature, in that same strong way, might envelop hers.

He was talking brokenly on. She hadn't supposed there could be such intensity in his voice. There was strength in that too. And then she found herself crying—lost herself—had to turn away and use her handkerchief.

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NON-BURN

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He asked her then point-blank; said, "Will you marry me, Goldie? That seems to be the only way out of this situation."

She shook her head. She couldn't look at him. He stopped then. She felt that he was as bewildered as she. It was dear of him to let her cry quietly. She must get it over with as quickly as possible. They might be coming out. Anyway, she had to go back—the next dance was taken. She could hear the music striking up, a clarinet wailing humorously and a saxophone weaving barbaric melodic embroidery.

"Who was the chap you were dancing with?" he asked abruptly.

She was grateful for the matter-of-fact quality in his voice. If only he could hold it!

"His name is Heming—from New York."

"Heming?" He knit his brows.

"John E. Heming."

It was odd that at such a time she could enjoy a faint thrill in pronouncing one of the most widely known names in the world.

"He must be the nephew."

She nodded.

"Friend of yours? You see, I'm enough of a madman to-night to be jealous."

"Oh, I've met him lately. He's good company."

"Goldie, we can't escape this thing now. We've got to talk it out. Suppose you drive with me to-morrow evening. Run in town about six and ——"

"I'm sorry—I just made an engagement ——"

"With this—Mr. Heming?"

She nodded and stared at the lake.

"Oh!" He said that again. "Oh, he's attentive then?"

She nodded.

"I seem to be making you more unhappy every minute."

"No." She rested her hand on his arm. He covered it with his own and she let it stay. There was relief in the contact. "It'll be a long time before I can show you how fond I am of you. I just couldn't tell you now."

"There's a 'but' in that, I take it, Goldie. You couldn't marry me."

Again, falteringly, she moved her head in the negative. He was gripping her hand so tightly it hurt. But she didn't mind.

"You'll be back at the theater before the evening's over?"

She nodded.

"I'll look for you there. We must talk this out. I know now—better than I knew three hours ago, or one hour ago—that I can't give you up to those other men, or even to the business. I want you for myself, dear. I want to give you everything that is mine. We'll go abroad, or out East. Then we'll come back and buy or build a house in town, and furnish it and have all the fun of planning. It's come down to this, child—I can't give you up! I can't go on alone! I've got to have you for myself!"

"I'll surely be out by ten," she found herself saying, and moved toward the door.

She mustn't let him see what a shaken girl she was—what a mere girl. She couldn't have spoken another word; not as she was now. Every vital thread in her busy life seemed to have slipped from her grasp. There was only this strong, admirable man; only he and something within herself, some deep instinct that was hinting even now at a resistance to his enveloping influence. Those phrases of his—"I want you for myself," and "I've got to have you for myself"—lingered on among her thoughts when the rest of it remained only as a blur of emotion. They were more than phrases. They were sparks struck out of the iron in him. For he was strong, and strongly possessive, as men were so certain to be. That was one of the puzzling facts. She didn't want to be possessed—not like that. Even in this hour of bewilderment, in a degree of defeat, she knew that the strong instinctive purpose in her own nature would fire up again. She couldn't belong to any man; not to be shut away and petted and kept from work and from every stirring contact with life, for what she loved most was life itself.

And then, capriciously, as she hurried back toward the huge gay dining room—nearly running, indeed; all nerves, fearful that she might be hurting him, fearful lest he speak again—she fell to wondering if this really charming new Mr. Heming would be the strongly possessive male too. Probably. They all were. That was one of the puzzling things.

She glanced up over her shoulder with a worried little smile for Walter Graston. It wouldn't quite do to let him know how surprisingly attentive Mr. Heming was proving himself to be. She couldn't dismiss the fact that his father was one of the richest men in America; nor could she fail to respond to the thought that he was conspicuously singling her out. The crowd in there about the table were joking them already. It flattered her self-respect. She'd worked hard these two years, and this sort of experience—rare enough of late—had a degree of joy in it. If only disturbing situations wouldn't keep coming up! If she could only forget Walter Graston, which of course she couldn't, and—oh, yes, Somers! At the thought of him she saw him—a pale figure, seeming very small and boyish, standing just within the dining-room door, peering across at her through those big spectacles of his. That was immediately before she rejoined the almost breathlessly waiting Mr. Heming. She wished he'd go away. Somers could seem at times a rather painful responsibility—almost as painful as the family.

VII

A BOY from Wilson's garage drove her home and then took the car back with him. He would call at nine in the morning. She had fallen into that arrangement when she bought the runabout. There was room for but one machine in the little portable box behind the house.

That her mother didn't call as she moved on tiptoe along the upper hall to her own room was an outstanding fact. She couldn't have talked. They'd surely have quarreled. It was disturbing to find herself quite unnerved. She didn't even sleep well—tossed and dreamed wildly. This, she told herself in a wakeful moment, was because there was really no hard work awaiting her at the office. Set down a big business fight in front of her and she'd sleep. She'd have to.

Another outstanding fact was that mamma's door was closed in the morning, when, at five minutes past nine, she hurried out without even stopping for breakfast. She had fallen into the habit of picking up a cup of coffee at the bakery that was just across from the theater. It saved conversation. On her way over town the thought arose that mamma might be ill, though that could hardly be. Papa had gone away as usual. She had heard him between late dozes. Mamma must be upset. Come to think of it, Perce had had something on his mind in the evening. Well, he wouldn't be able to hold it in. She'd have to hear the whole story before noon.

But she didn't have to. Perce kept to himself up to eleven, when he caught the train for Rockwell Park. By that hour she was thinking uncomfortably about Somers. It would be like him to run in with a sketch or a fresh scene model; but he didn't appear at all. And as she dictated the replies to the morning's letters and answered telephone calls and disposed of men who had cleaning fluids for sale and dictionaries and independent film masterpieces, she fell to thinking about him. He was the loneliest person she had ever known. He wasn't interested in money or football or automobiles or cheap little girls or machinery or business. There seemed to be nobody at all for him to talk with excepting herself. She felt that she was in some way that she didn't quite understand treating him unjustly, and then fell to resenting the thought. She even felt that she ought to go back stage and look him up. But she couldn't.

No, she couldn't. She was blue—abysmally. She didn't know what she could say to Walter Graston at ten in the evening. She mustn't give up her work. She'd die—that is how she mentally phrased it. Anyway, they had come to the end. There was bitterness in that thought, but it appeared to be the truth. They could never go on as friendly partners—not after last night; and marriage with him seemed to-day again impossible. She loathed the thought of working with the sort of men that she would most likely be thrown with were she to go on alone. Oh, it was a mess! No way out. She could just set her teeth and await the issue. But it meant losing her fine friend and the work that had been everything. It meant both.

She drove home for lunch, mainly because she couldn't face talking with any outsiders, even the casual acquaintances that lunched at the bakery. Certainly she couldn't go to the hotel. Mrs. Van Horne might be there; an implacable woman who perhaps by this time knew that both brother and son were in love with her.

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

She drove in around the house and then jammed on brakes that squealed protestingly, and sat, white and stiff, staring at the shining black sedan that protruded from the inadequate garage.

So that was why mamma hadn't called to her! Mamma was in wrong and knew it! Why, it was madness! On top of all the other expense!

The thing to do was to take instant hold of this crazy situation, or so said Goldie's keen business self. But she couldn't. She backed around and drove right out of the yard. She couldn't face mamma now—not now. She was running away. She knew that, and hated herself for it, but did it. She got no lunch. She returned to the theater and for a time sat moodily at her desk, doing next to nothing.

Then, in a reckless state of mind, all her native tact scattered on the winds of chance, she went back to Somers' room. Perhaps he would talk again about beauty.

VIII

HE TRIED to smile when she appeared. He was working on a sketch. She dropped on the only other chair in the room and watched him. She found herself feeling sensitively on the defensive; disturbingly and vaguely so. He was pale, and had about his eyes the weary look of one who has not been sleeping well; but the eyes themselves were bright. He had a small mirror leaning against a book, which he used sometimes in looking at a sketch, and she could now and again see his face in it.

"You didn't come around for a dance," said she moodily.

"I don't dance," he replied without emphasis or color, and painted on.

Finally she rose. She had never been so unhappy. The pleasant hard-working days were over. These partnerships didn't work out. The thought hurt. Because men would fall in love. Emotion had no place in business. None!

Wishing she could speak simply and naturally, she moved toward the door, hesitating and then moving again. She nearly reached it before he spoke; would have reached it had not that same Chinese stuff over its chair served as an aid to delay. She fingered it again. He stood the sketch against a scene model and considered it as he wiped his brush.

"A mountain or a cathedral," he said musingly. And then, "I know you think me queer, Goldie. Doubtless I am. I told you once, I think, that I don't belong in this civilization. I don't seem able to believe in money. That's the whole trouble, of course."

She moved the Chinese stuff aside and sank into the chair. By turning her head she could just see his eyes in the small mirror. There seemed to be a mystical shine in them.

"Goldie, have you ever come to a point in your life where the whole game stops dead?"

She nodded. Then, since he hadn't looked up, but was—absently now—still wiping off the camel's-hair brush, her lips framed the one word, "Yes." But it was doubtful if he heard. She had often noted in him a trick of complete self-absorption. It was amusing at times, if you wished to interest him in something outside of his own work; he would seem to sink into his picture, or the picture would seem to be an atmospheric presentment of some bright fire within him. That would be his creative gift, of course. He could, with his mind's eye, see the stage as he meant it to look; the shape of the scenery and the color and feeling of it under the lights. All that, when it was nothing but a thought, he could see, apparently as plainly as you could see the buildings on Simpson Street. Over and over again he had tried to make her see what he saw. But she never caught it; not until he set it up and turned the lights on. It occurred to her now as she studied so moodily his tousled blond head and the paint-daubed apron that she would oftenest think of him as a wild-eyed youth dashing in upon her with some wholly new idea for stage decorations. He always, on those occasions, seemed hopelessly a child. You felt that you mustn't let him run out on the streets until he should come to his senses, and you had to keep him away from people. He sometimes said difficult things.

He thought the big hotel vulgar. Everybody else in town was proud of it. History—periods of it—was vividly real to him. He talked the thirteenth century to Charley Wilson, and not unnaturally Charley thought him a nut. He never could understand the sense in treating courteously the queer men at the film exchange. The money they had made out of pictures impressed him not at all. He never could remember to have his shoes polished, and seldom to have his clothes pressed. He did seem to need a lot of taking care of; yet he wasn't at all a child, but a man who had fought for three years in the French and American armies, and later had studied architecture at that Beaux Arts place in Paris. And he had talked wonderfully to her, with that mystical light in his eyes, of Rheims Cathedral and of the building of another sacred monument called Chartres.

The silence weighed and weighed on her, but he was unaware of it. She wished he'd put that brush down and turn around, and she wished he'd ask how she felt. She'd tell him she was sunk. She tried to sense his thoughts. Some thought out of the common lay back of those nervous eyes.

"There's a possibility, Goldie, that I may do a thing you'll think queer—a serious thing. A few hundred years ago it would have been the most natural thing in the world to do, but it will look queer to these people around us."

Goldie was staring at him.

"What on earth are you planning?"

"I won't leave you in the lurch, of course."

"Leave me?"

"No, I'll help along for a little while until things are running smoothly with somebody else."

Goldie rose. She couldn't trust herself to speak. She was sunk in truth now. She knew she couldn't let him go. She could feel his big eyes on her as she rushed out. It was all a part of the same thing. She had let a little emotion creep into her heart, and then a little more, until as a result her spirited, healthy brain had failed her.

She rushed on out the front doors of the theater and drove off in her car; drove to Rockwell Park, with the unsettled and aimless thought of looking in at the Bijou. But she drove past it.

IX

HER little world was crumbling about her. And she was dining at seven with Mr. Heming in the city! She had admitted to that eligible and attractive young man that she liked orchids. He would surely have some for her. And as surely she would be a coward about wearing them after dinner for Walter Graston to see. She would wear them, of course—she wouldn't sneak; but the sight of them would hurt him, and then the sight of him would hurt and confuse her; and they would talk desperately about marriage.

Somers couldn't make her talk it—not until he learned to think about money. And he, too, in consequence, had touched desperation. But what queer thing was he planning? He mustn't go. There wasn't a man in Chicago who could equal his stage effects. His knowledge was amazing to her, and his taste a miracle. He even had, paradoxically, a degree of power that she couldn't find in him, only in his work.

They had come surprisingly to be her world, these two men, and her world was crumbling. They had come to be her escape in spirit from stupidity at home and unsettling influences abroad.

Surely marriage wasn't the answer to the riddle. She couldn't marry—not now. She wanted to work.

She parked her car on the North Side of the city and entered one of the picture theaters there; the Saturn, it was, one of the Zodiac circuit—a Sam Gerbig enterprise—of fourteen or fifteen theaters on the North, South and West Sides. It was a pretentious place, with a lot of marble about, and heavy red carpets, and semi-indirect lighting, and enormously comfortable loge *fauteuils*. That was what they were called in the price list over the ticket window—she wondered idly how the North Side folk pronounced it. But the music was noisy and cheap. The corner of the foyer that her keen eyes penetrated wasn't very clean, and the head usher who approached her, a pallid youth, was chewing gum; and, as well—or as badly—promptly hinted at exchanging her orchestra chair for one of the loge seats. She inclined her head, gave him a quarter and ignored the wise crack that he whispered in her ear as she settled back in the softly upholstered chair. It meant a grafting house crew, of course, and no end of trouble about unattended girls, and general demoralization; probably bootlegging too. That usher had an evil face. He'd do anything. It was not surprising to find the spacious auditorium not more than a third full.

She couldn't sit long alone with her thoughts. The thing to do, she told herself over and over, was to get started again. Some fine stirring idea. Perhaps if only she could bring something of her old enthusiasm back into the Parthenon they would all respond as they had responded before. But they had been fighting for life then, in the business sense. Now living was easy. All this emotional preoccupation had come with ease; the emotion had rushed in to fill a sort of vacuum. Goldie didn't phrase it in quite that way, but she saw far into it. What she wanted was a fight, a big fight, not orchids.

Everything came back to that. She had run miserably away from a crisis at home that only she could handle, and in that one hasty action she had symbolized what she thought of as her failure. She hadn't now, in that usually resourceful brain of hers—and the fun, the thrill had been in vigorously using it—even the groping beginnings of a plan for handling it. If she didn't look out she'd be crying again.

No, she couldn't sit with such thoughts as these. She got out of the luxurious chair and made her way slowly back up the dim aisle.

As she passed the lounging usher he murmured, "Leaving us so soon?"

For an instant she hesitated, playing with the idea of scorching him in one swift sentence. But her better judgment as quickly corrected the impulse. The trouble in this house would surely prove to be deep-seated, and the boy was unmistakably a bad one. She moved on. She thought he was following her; but if he was he stopped short, for a short fat man at the door eagerly spoke her name.

"Oh, Miss Green, this is a great surprise to see you here!"

It was Sam Gerbig himself. He was, of course, if judged by the spoken standards of suburban families and newspaper editorials, unspeakably low; low and successful, and densely and cheerfully frank about all of it. Goldie accepted all of it realistically as fact. Once you did accept it, Sam was even rather humorously likable. He could be generous; even, in a curiously, inconsistently subterranean way, loyal. Probably that head usher was a nephew of his, or the protégé of a nephew. Most of his associates were relatives, near and distant. You couldn't argue decent standards with Sam, because he honestly wouldn't know what you were talking about, and that was the whole trouble with the Zodiac circuit—tone.

"I've never been in here before," said she, as colorless as it was possible for Goldie to be in manner and voice. "It's a fine house."

"Cost three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars," said he, all smiles, all eager desire to please. "But you must come into my office."

She hesitated; then with a faint shrug followed him. Probably it would be safe enough. Sure enough, his stenographer was at a side desk in there. The office proved to be a monstrosity in Circassian walnut, with windows of stained glass, a painting of a fat nude in the biggest and most elaborate gilt frame she had ever seen, a battery of private telephones and an amusing electrical device for locking the door by pressing a button at his immense walnut desk. He was proud as a child about that.

But after a little he settled back in his chair, put up his feet, pressed the ends of his fingers together and grinned at her.

"I have got reports on your Parthenon for every week you've been in the business, Miss Green. And now on the Bijou in Rockwell Park. Tell me, how do you do it?"

"Oh, hard work, I suppose."

He shook his little flat head aggressively.

"No, it ain't hard work. It's brains. You got brains. Now take me. I work hard. We all work hard. Maybe we ain't got brains. I dunno. But we can't make a theater pay like you can."

Goldie smiled rather mournfully. What would he say when he learned, as he might within the week, that she couldn't hold her company together; that even the gifted Somers Van Horne was leaving her? It was at this moment that the thought shot into her brain, swift and painful as an arrow, that Somers might have been driven into an association with one of these big city exhibitors. They'd never buy him

(Continued on Page 51)

Every glass holds the answer to thirst –

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

THE new and improved O-Cedar Polish Mop means this to you: a bigger, stronger, and better mop than ever before. One with longer life, that will stand more rough use. One that will dust, clean and polish better.

An O-Cedar Polish Mop means this to you, too: cleaner, brighter and prettier floors and woodwork, without hard work, without bending and stooping, without pulling and tugging heavy furniture to clean beneath it. It means a saving of time, work, and money.

Sold On Trial

by all dealers with this distinct understanding—your money back if you are not delighted.

$1 and $1.50 Sizes

(Prices in Canada $1.50 and $2.00)

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., CHICAGO

Toronto London Paris Cape Town

O-Cedar Mop Polish Mop

(Continued from Page 48)

off—not with his sort of honesty; but his emotions might have deviled him into it. It would be because he believed it best for her and himself. Could it be that Sam Gerbig knew it already? Was that why he grinned?

But, on the other hand, that wouldn't square with his curious remark about doing a queer thing—something that would have seemed natural enough two or three hundred years ago. What did he mean by that? Once upon a time he had told her that he belonged in the thirteenth century. What was he up to anyway? Just then, while her thoughts ranged, Sam came at her with this:

"Why don't you come in with us, Miss Green? We need somebody like you. You can write your own contract with me."

Slowly she moved her head in the negative. He talked volubly on. But her brows were drawing down and her gaze narrowing. It has been said elsewhere of Goldie that she could pass through no deep experience without changing. She was changing now. The intuitive faculty that was her peculiar gift was coming sharply to life. He, all exuberant eagerness, had dropped his feet and leaned forward in his chair and was fairly pounding at her.

Very quietly—a cool, thoughtful girl—she broke in, "No, Mr. Gerbig, I couldn't consider coming into your organization."

"But why not? Why not? When I will offer you ——"

"I could make you a proposition, but I don't believe it would interest you."

"Just try me! I tell you, Miss Green, you got the kind of brains ——"

"It's this: I think the Parthenon Company would be willing to take over the management of your circuit. I wouldn't touch it, understand, unless I could start by cleaning out your whole organization; take your houses as they stand and put in our own staff; no divided authority; everybody in the house, from the box office to the stage—ushers, everybody—would be our people. You'd have to deposit a fixed sum every week to cover expenses and to pay us for the service we'd give you. Any time you failed to put up the money we'd stop the service and turn your houses back to you. Above that fixed charge we'd take our chances on the profit—oh, perhaps one-third to us, two-thirds to you. We'd select the programs, plan the music, supply scenery and light effects, direct the advertising, do everything. And I tell you right now there'd never be any such raw stuff as your head usher tried to pull on me just now! Seat grafting! And wise cracks at girls that come in without an escort!"

By only that drop into the vernacular of her teens did Goldie give expression to the thrill that was coursing through her nervous system. She was in action again, and knew it! In every tingling nerve she knew it!

He was on his feet now, altogether the excitable Oriental, and was shouting, "I'll call him in here this minute! I'll kick him straight out!"

"I don't care to be bothered with him myself. But you'll have to do more than kick him out. I'm afraid you'll find your whole organization honeycombed with that sort of thing."

"Look here, Miss Green, you got to come in here and be my partner: I need you. You can't say no. I'll show you some money that'll talk to you."

"There isn't enough money in the world, Mr. Gerbig, to make me go into partnership with you."

"Do you mean that personal?"

She nodded.

"It's an insult! You're insulting me!"

She didn't smile. Instead she remarked coolly but with a direct earnestness that reached him:

"I'm telling you what you ought to know. You and I could never get on in the world. You'd be butting into the details, going over my head—all that stuff. You couldn't help it. That's how you get your fun—running the thing, knowing everyone has to do as you say. No, I've told you what I'd consider doing—the only thing. I won't work for you—not one day. I'd be willing to sell you a complete service, but you'd never want that. It would spoil your fun."

She rose, smoothed down her suit, picked up her vanity case.

"What makes you say I don't want it? How do you know what I want? I tell you I do want it! I'll do it!"

"Oh, you will?"

"Of course I will! You sit right down there and we'll talk it over. You can submit your plan of management."

"Oh, no!"

"Why not?"

"You tell me you can't run a picture house. I couldn't submit ideas to you. How would you know if they were good?" Then she broke in: "You'd show them to your family and your friends. You'd have them running it just as they and you run it now. No, I'm not submitting anything. I told you what I'd be willing to advise our company to do. That'll have to stand without a change. I must go along now."

"Wait a minute, Miss Green! Wait a minute! We'll do it your way. Sit right down now and we'll draw up an exchange of letters."

"Oh, no, we won't! That contract would have to be pretty carefully drawn. You'll have to see Mr. Graston about that."

"Very well then! We'll have a meeting. I'll have my Mr. Stein here to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Let me see, that's ——"

"Sunday. Can you be here at twelve—two—three? When?"

"I'll call you up within an hour."

"Good! We're going to do it!"

"But how will you get any fun out of life when you can't run your own theaters?"

He smiled shrewdly.

"I tell you. I just thought. I'll buy the Palace, downtown."

And so she left him.

It was odd, finding herself so unexpectedly in Walter Graston's office. He received her at once, gravely; and with a surprisingly quiet manner she laid the plan before him, ending with this:

"We can't touch it, of course, excepting on an arrangement that insures us against loss. And Sam and his relatives must be kept absolutely out of it."

He asked a good many thoughtful questions. It was fine in him to pick up the threads again so quickly. Something personal would have to come, of course. It did come:

"I'll take it up with the other directors this afternoon and to-morrow morning. If you're sure you want to tackle such a big proposition ——"

She nodded, with lips compressed tightly. He smiled a little and studied her.

"You're back in your stride, Goldie." She nodded again. "It has to be this, doesn't it? Not the other." She was still nodding. "Well, I imagine you're right. I mustn't shut you out of it, of course. Goldie, let's do it!"

That was how he took it, and she left him in a warm glow of friendliness. The big fight was on again, harder than ever, and she was, in a way, happy. The thrill of power was hers, of opportunity and of the energy and decision and fine coördination to meet it successfully. He would stand by. Once again they would be working, breathlessly hard, side by side—she and this strong man.

■

THE other problems seemed almost trivial now. As for mother and all that silliness about the big car —— She drove straight to Wilson's garage in Sunbury. Charley Wilson came out. They knew each other pretty well, Charley and she. During one phase of her girlhood—it seemed now like an earlier incarnation—they had, as the saying went, gone together. It was Charley who had taught her to drive. Now she looked at him in crisp good humor.

"What have you been putting over on my mother, Charley?"

The garage man was on the defensive at once.

"She asked for it. There wasn't any stopping her. I'm beginning to wonder about the first payment."

Goldie was shaking her head in that slow way of hers.

"There isn't going to be any first payment, Charley."

"But she's bought the car!"

"Listen! Get your coat and hop into that flivver of ours. Then you can drive the new car right back."

Charley was inclined to resist somewhat.

"It's a sale, Goldie!"

"Did she sign anything?"

"Of course!"

"Better get it. We'll tear it up."

"But ——"

"I'm doing this to save you trouble, Charley. Mamma hasn't any money."

"She said she had a legacy."

"She's had word that there may be a legacy some day. Don't be an idiot."

"There's a dear little home in
Good Children Street—
My heart turneth fondly today
Where tinkle of tongues and
patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play."
Eugene Field

"Playing School"
in that "dear little home" needs a

STORY & CLARK
PLAYER PIANO

Eddie and Jane, Frankie and Marjory can learn to play it in a few minutes. It will enter into all their childhood "games" and have a fine influence on their lives

"Dad," too, will spend many happy evenings playing the pieces he loves so well. Men who love music love the "Story & Clark"

The superiority of the Story & Clark Player Piano is demonstrated in its ease of operation and beautiful expression — resulting from the Story & Clark Imperial Player Action — of which their Automatic Tracking and Transposing Device is a part —built in their own factories and installed only in their own instruments

We will gladly send booklet of designs and name of nearest dealer upon request

"Instruments of finest quality since 1857"
Priced within reach of every home

The Story & Clark Piano Company
Chicago
New York Brooklyn Philadelphia Pittsburgh Detroit

An Antiseptic Dressing

Accidents happen to everyone. But if neglected they may prove serious, no matter how trifling at the start.

When the skin is broken apply New-Skin promptly as directed. This will protect the wound against the entrance of germs. New-Skin forms a transparent, waterproof covering.

Antiseptic, sanitary and washable, New-Skin is flexible, too. A coating on a knuckle or joint does not interfere with the motion.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Be sure it is New-Skin, not an inferior substitute.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
New York Toronto London

Charley yielded, surrendered the document and drove his big sedan back.

Goldie then went straight up to her mother's room. At the top of the stairs her nostrils caught the odor of camphor, and she half smiled. That odor had meant, all her life, that mamma had a headache, or that she intended that the family should believe she had one. Goldie tapped at the closed door, then opened it.

Mamma lay propped against three pillows on the comfortable couch her daughter had bought for her when they furnished the new house; a fat woman, with a cloth that had been soaked in spirits of camphor across her forehead. On her lap lay a romance in the familiar red binding of the Sunbury Public Library. At her elbow on the window sill stood a rumpled paper sack that could contain only gumdrops—the kind with soft centers. As far back as Goldie could remember, when she was a little wild thing of pert manner and flying pigtail, she had been sent out to this or that drug store for the particular kind with the soft centers. Mamma was getting on in years now—indolent, too fat, querulously selfish, quite out of hand. She was glancing covertly at her daughter. Goldie closed the door behind her, and then mamma, without a word or a preliminary sign, began to cry.

Goldie considered her; then deliberately drew up the small rocker and sat comfortably in it, stretching out her slim legs, laying her turban on the foot of the couch and smoothing back her hair.

"Phew, but I'm having a day of it! Are you feeling pretty rotten, mamma?"

Mamma's tears flowed anew. She pressed her handkerchief to her nose and turned, winking rapidly, to the window.

"Too bad!" said Goldie gently.

"I hope you'll never have to suffer as I've suffered all these years. It's neuralgia, I'm sure. There's a package in your room. I think it's flowers."

"Oh!" mused Goldie in real surprise. "Oh, yes! I've got to change my clothes. Having dinner in town."

She awaited the question—"With a man?"—and certain familiar admonitions. But mamma merely wept on.

Goldie got up. Then she remarked:

"By the way, I had Charley Wilson take his car back. We tore up the agreement. It seemed the simplest way to manage it."

For a long moment the room was breathlessly still. Mamma didn't look up; just sat there, her handkerchief pressed to her face.

"I'll run along," said Goldie brightly.

But she wasn't to get off so easily. The tears were coming again.

"If you think I wasn't planning to pay you ——"

Goldie patted her shoulder.

"We'd better have a clear understanding, you and I, mamma, about this money business. You are extravagant as the dickens; no getting past that. We don't want to hurt papa's feelings, or Perce's, for that matter. Let's just keep it between ourselves. You simply mustn't start anything in the way of new expenses without talking it over with me first. We'll have a little conference every now and then. I suppose we've got to put Andy through college, if there's a college he can get into, and the girls' school's going to cost like the mischief, and all our living expenses here. Gosh!" She meditated; then bent lightly down and kissed a wet, unresisting cheek. "I'll skip along now."

As she picked up her turban and moved slowly toward the door she decided to give mamma another car; not a huge sedan, but something small and sensible, something rather snappy; a blue one, or a bottle green. That was what mamma was really out for. But not now; not until the little lesson had time to sink in; for Christmas, say.

She was humming, as she went briskly, happily, to her own room, the Something-or-Other Blues. She was, surely, as Walter Graston had said, back in her stride. She had caught him right up again and was sweeping him along as in the old days. There wouldn't be time for emotion now. This was the life!

The parcel did contain flowers. Orchids! And she had all but forgotten Mr. Heming! He was attractive, but there wouldn't be time for him now. She'd have to make that plain as decently as she could.

Only one misgiving lingered on in her new mood. She still had Somers to straighten out, but it shouldn't be difficult. There was going to be such a fascinating lot of work for him; work that might easily make him famous, put him over with a bang. And even Somers couldn't object to success right in his own line. How could he? Even with what he called his thirteenth-century mind. He had told her they made beautiful things in that queer forgotten time—tapestry and sculpture and stained glass and cathedrals. Well, why not make beautiful things in the twentieth century? Why not? The orchids might disturb him. She fingered them. They were very lovely. But, after all, you had to have a little sense about things.

She drove over to the Parthenon. It was six o'clock now, and dark; but he'd be back there in his workroom. He had no sense of time; seldom knew enough to stop for meals; often worked all night. It wouldn't hurt to organize him a little; get him to join a class at the Y. M. C. A. gym. Above all things he must be kept well.

She knocked at his door. Then knocked again. It was possible that he had slipped out. But—no; she heard a low "Come in!"

He was sunk down in his chair, looking up. He must have been pillowing his head on his arm. The table was a littered heap of books and sketches and drawing implements.

XI

AS SHE stood, just within the door, looking at the gentle, pale face she sensed an atmosphere that oddly chilled her exuberant, positive spirit. It might not be, after all, so easy to bring him back into line. She knew that there was strength in him, even though it might be not quite the sort of strength that could be understood by a twentieth-century sales manager. Certainly there was enough of it, definitely enough of it, to weaken her now, fairly to throw her back a little. She found herself almost breathless as she looked at him, looked at the somber eyes behind the big spectacles, and it was bewildering, in this strange moment, to have to fight back unaccountable tears.

"Goldie," he said with a surprising ring in his voice, "I think I can tell you now what I'm going to do. There's no good in giving all the reasons. I've been fighting it out. But I know myself, and I know well enough what I've got to do. People—these active people—will say that I'm licked. Perhaps I am. But that isn't how it feels to me."

Goldie found it impossible to break in. He went on:

"I'm going into a monastery."

She dropped into the other chair and stared at him.

"As I've told you, I don't belong in this kind of a civilization. I know well enough what the spirit of our time is, and I know it isn't for me. That would be all right, I suppose—in a way. I'd get along as so many other misfits do—if I hadn't had the bad luck to fall in love. Nowadays if you don't believe in money you've got no business falling in love, for it comes bang down to money in the end."

Goldie found her voice now:

"I know. It's true enough. At least it's what the Green family comes bang down to."

"It's simply tearing me to pieces, Goldie. I hate to say that to you, but I've got to explain it as well as I can. It's the oldest and the best reason for giving up this world, after all. Love! And all the other worldly things!"

Plainly her hardest battle yet lay right here before her. She leaned forward and spoke with intense eagerness:

"Wait a minute, Somers! Just listen! I've been out of tune myself, but I've straightened it out. You can't guess what we're going to do! We're taking over the entire Zodiac circuit—fourteen theaters. You're to have as big a staff as you need—pick your own people and train them in your own way—and plenty of backing. It's a marvelous chance. It'll make you famous. I can't go on without you. We've got to show all Chicago your kind of beauty. I'm absolutely counting on you. I've just found myself again—just to-day. But I'd be no good without you."

He was listening intently, but without the slightest response to her mood. For the first time since midafternoon the thought arose that she might actually fail to sweep him along into the great new opportunity. She might even fail in presenting her case, in handling him. That splendid sure sense of herself was slipping away. She caught him looking at the orchids, and, surprisingly to herself, unpinned them and tossed them on the table.

"I haven't time for that sort of thing," she said in a voice that was as somber as were his eyes.

"I've supposed," he remarked gloomily, "that you were going to marry Uncle Walter."

"I haven't time."

"I've loved our companionship, Goldie. Failing you is the thing that hurts most. But ——" He was unable to go on.

Staring at him, she found his great sad eyes full on hers. She tried to look away; lowered hers, but they came slowly up again. A new wild thought seemed to transmit itself from those strange eyes to hers, and then slowly, amazingly, to her brain. She held her breath. They looked and looked. She was changing again, in a wholly new way. Her mind was racing, taking in with uncanny swiftness the immensely complicated problem in organization that lay directly ahead. Life was moving at such speed now that she didn't know what she might say or do from moment to moment. The most upsetting thing of all was the thrill of utter physical attraction that was seizing upon her. She hadn't supposed it could come to her like this—in a measure without warning. She almost resented it, resented having her life taken right out of her own hands.

It was like Goldie to seem most matter of fact when she was most deeply stirred. She heard this sentence coming from her own trembling lips:

"Perhaps we'd just better go on together."

And he was actually arguing, "But you know, Goldie, I'm not in a position to ——"

They didn't need words. She smiled, then reached for the telephone. Walter Graston might still be at his office. She'd try that first. She put in the call, then pressing the transmitter against her shoulder turned to Somers and said almost brusquely at first, then interrupting herself with an excited little giggle, "We'd better just run off for a day or two—Michigan or Wisconsin. We can't bother to wait for a license here, and we'll be too busy next week."

Graston was at his office.

"I was just thinking"—she was speaking into the telephone—"you're not going to be able to work out that plan by to-morrow."

"I was thinking the same thing," he replied. "It'll take a few days. I've already got in touch with Gerbig's man. We've agreed on Wednesday. I was going to tell you."

"That works out first rate," said Goldie. "You see"—in spite of herself she had to pause here; it was going to hurt him, but she couldn't help that—"you see, Somers and I are going to be—well, married. And this looks like the only chance we'll have for quite a while."

The silence had to come. But he broke it at last.

"Well!" was what he said. Then again, "Well!" And, "Things are happening pretty fast out there."

"Very!"

"Goldie, I'm—you know all about my feelings. Yes, I'm glad. It settles things, and I'm not sure it isn't the best way. You'll keep on working?"

"Of course. Both of us." She reached out an impulsive hand. Somers gripped it. His eyes were wet and he was smiling.

"Good! I'm with you, Goldie! Yes, it'll free all our minds. Now we can close down on the big job. Just put that young devil on the wire, will you?"

It was not until she chanced to look at the orchids that Goldie remembered to call up Mr. Heming at the restaurant. They had to page him.

"You'll go in just the same, won't you?" remarked Somers.

Goldie shook her head with emphasis.

"We've only got over Sunday. My car's outside with plenty of gas in it."

"But clothes?"

"We can buy a few things somewhere—get along somehow. I couldn't face the family to-night."

He looked about the room.

"I can't exactly leave things like this, Goldie."

"Neither can I. So let's go."

"It'll be wonderful," said he. "I—I haven't quite got my mind around to it yet. I wasn't exactly set for happiness."

Solemnly, exchanging sober, almost furtive glances, they walked out through the foyer. Goldie told the girl at the switchboard that she wouldn't be back. He stood aside while she stepped into the runabout and slid along the seat behind the wheel. Then he got in and shut the door and they rode away.

The Michelin Tire Man has appeared in Michelin advertising for many years, but strange to say he has no really suitable name!

$1000.00 in cash

and 65 other Prizes for naming the

MICHELIN TIRE MAN

The Michelin Tire Man is used in a great many different attitudes, of which the above are only a few.

THE Michelin Tire Co. will award $1,000 in cash and 65 other prizes for the best names suggested for the Michelin tire man, each name to be accompanied by a slogan of not more than ten words suitable for use in Michelin advertising. For example:—"Old Rubber Ribs—Father of them all." The first prize will be $1,000 in cash. All prizes will be paid even though none of the suggestions are considered suitable. In the event of a tie for any prize the full prize will be paid to each tying contestant.

All suggestions must be mailed on or before March 25, 1922. Prize winners will be notified as soon thereafter as possible and prizes awarded.

Preference will be given to names that are short and to the point, suggesting, if possible, the products of the House of Michelin.

The Following Facts Should Be Considered:

1. Michelin is the oldest pneumatic tire maker, having introduced the first pneumatic automobile tire away back in 1895.
2. Many of the most important developments in the tire world are Michelin inventions. Notable examples are the first non-skid tire, the original demountable rim and the ring-shaped tube.
3. Michelin Tires enjoy the widest distribution. They are made in extensive factories in France, Italy, England and in the United States, and are recognized all over the world for their superior quality.

The Rules Governing This Contest:

A. Anyone may compete except Michelin employees here or abroad.

B. No special form is required to participate in this contest.

C. Those who call on Michelin Dealers or write to the Michelin Tire Company in any of the cities listed below will receive circulars giving many interesting facts about the Michelin tire man helpful in suggesting names and slogans.

D. The contest will close on March 25, 1922. All answers postmarked after that date will be disregarded.

All names submitted in this contest must be mailed to the Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey, on or before March 25, 1922.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Atlanta, Ga.	Denver, Colo.	Los Angeles, Cal.	New York City	Salt Lake City, Utah
Boston, Mass.	Des Moines, Iowa	Louisville, Ky.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	San Antonio, Texas
Charlotte, N. C.	Detroit, Mich.	Lynchburg, Va.	Omaha, Nebr.	St. Louis, Mo.
Chicago, Ill.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Memphis, Tenn.	Philadelphia, Pa.	San Francisco, Cal.
Cleveland, Ohio	Jacksonville, Fla.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.
Dallas, Texas	Kansas City, Mo.	New Orleans, La.	Portland, Ore.	Syracuse, N. Y.

This is the only time this advertisement will appear in this publication. Contest closes March 25th. Act now!

What Makes Cut Glass So Heavy?

BEAUTIFUL, sparkling like a diamond, cut glass is always a joy.

But why is it so heavy?

None but the informed would ever know. Cut glass is more than one-third lead. Thus lead plumbing, white-lead paint, and cut glass are in a sense all of one family.

The lead for cut glass (and for other fine glass, such as that for optical use, electric light bulbs, etc.) is first changed into lead oxide by burning it in a furnace. This oxide is known as red-lead. It is a reddish powder.

This powder, mixed with silica (fine white sand) and potash, becomes clear glass when melted in a furnace. At a lower temperature, the molten glass is blown into various shapes.

This is only a minor use of lead in making modern life pleasant and comfortable, yet hundreds of pounds of red-lead are used in this way every year.

Lead is also an important factor in the manufacture of rubber, and this means that there is lead in your overshoes, your automobile tires, fountain pen, pipe stem, and in dozens of other familiar articles containing rubber.

Civilization has found almost countless uses for lead, during centuries of experiment and progress, but it would be hard to find any other that is so important as the conversion of pure metallic lead into white-lead—the principal factor in good paint.

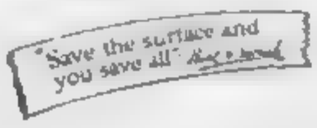
People are using paint more intelligently and more liberally today than ever before. They are recognizing the importance of the advice given in the terse maxim, "Save the surface and you save all."

The quality of a paint depends on the quantity of white-lead it contains. Some paint manufacturers use more white-lead, some less, in the paint they make. Most painters know that the most durable paint they can apply to a building is pure white-lead, thinned with pure linseed oil.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York	Boston	Cincinnati	San Francisco
Cleveland	Buffalo	Chicago	St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia — NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Hardening Lead
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Flake White
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Lead Tubing
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Wire
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Litharge
Dutch Boy Solders	Type Metal
Glassmakers' Red-Lead	

TEA HOUSES

(Continued from Page 9)

cries of delight. He had no interest in things that were just old, but the lowboy, yes; he could see the beauty of that. Gillat was very fond of it. And what an appropriate setting Emmie had arranged! What taste! He wondered momentarily what the plumber's bill was. He liked to have his affairs, where money was concerned, in order.

This finally he accomplished, though it was made difficult by the appearance of various unmentioned accounts; a man who, it developed, had painted the walls of the Dusen house with true colonial effect collected two hundred and fifty dollars. Soon after that a paper-hanging concern charged him over three hundred dollars for hand-blocked pictorial paper. Those disposed of, Miss Mason, in no conspicuously good temper, informed him shortly that the tea house, so far as they were concerned, had cost a shade under four thousand dollars.

"That is about all, Miss Mason," he replied cheerfully. "Tea houses make a great deal of money, the profit is so high; soon it will all be back on your books." Miss Mason said nothing, but her expression was incredulous. "You must come out and see it," he went on. "It's finished now, and, I'm sure, very fine. I haven't been there yet myself. Mrs. Gillat insisted on my waiting until she was ready. On Saturday the doors will be open."

She didn't really see when she'd have the time, with this new business to keep straight, if possible. He reminded her that he had often urged her to have an office assistant; but Miss Mason didn't want any shiftless girls tangling up her columns. She'd have to leave soon, as it was. Thomas Gillat hoped not. There was the raise he had mentioned too. But she didn't want a raise, and said so in a strangely indirect manner.

"You pay me more than I'm worth now; I want to give something for value received, since I'm burdened with a conscience."

What the devil had she meant by that?

In the company of his wife he was approaching the Dusen house, ready tomorrow to begin its changed career.

"Marthe has been too wonderful," Emmie proclaimed again. "She really makes me feel as though I had done nothing."

"That's ridiculous," he protested stoutly on her behalf. "Marthe Attlebury couldn't have taken a step, opened a shutter, without your help."

"You say 'my,'" Emmie returned, "but what you really mean is 'your.' The money once more, I suppose. You are a certain kind of person and you'll never be anything else. But I do hope you won't speak of expenses to Marthe. She is very sensitive and proud. You don't half like her no men do—because she sees through you; she has no illusions about masculine superiority, and her wit is so cutting."

The narrow yellow-brick façade, with the addition of brightly blue exterior woodwork and the clipped bay trees by the scrubbed stone steps—he remembered the item of the bay trees, fifty-five dollars—was, Thomas Gillat gladly agreed, irresistibly attractive. The interior was, if possible, even better. The front room, with its wide oak boards, the immaculate white paint and pastoral wall paper; the small black tables, with wreaths of painted flowers; the dotted ruffled curtains and window boxes; the hammered brass of candlesticks, brass and pewter and old blue china, was a model of colonial excellence. There was a new commodious gas stove in the model kitchen, and an electric refrigerator. Try as he might, Gillat could not, in the terms of a bill due, remember either of these. Perhaps Marthe Attlebury had supplied them.

She was standing negligently beside him, with her slightly prominent pale-blue eyes veiled in a remote speculation.

"You have done everything splendidly," Thomas assured her.

"Do you think so?"

Her voice, like her person, was drooping, languid. She had on a simple dress, simply belted at the waist, decorated with a few simple hand-painted poppies.

"I do!" he asserted.

Her gaze was slowly turned upon him.

"We were limited," was what she said. "The ceiling should have been torn out and put in with heavy beams, and the fireplace, as it is, jars frightfully. But then, I dare say, like you, most people won't notice. Most people don't. It's discouraging, except for oneself; there, one always knows, one is always rewarded or wretched. I tried to accomplish something at once definite and vague; but, of course, the vague was the definite all the while. It would be, wouldn't it?" She stopped, swam away in a mental far sea and returned, speaking with more energy. "A spirit of place, absolute, like a personality. If German were allowed I'd call it *stimmung*. There is really no other word. A harpsichord, heard faint and distinct, the odors of the past."

Thomas Gillat nodded with a pretended wisdom; Marthe Attlebury was intelligent; she was away over his head; but for the sake of Emmie he hid this. Emmie was listening intently to her partner.

"A harpsichord," she repeated in low tones—"that is too marvelous. Just as though, above, it were being played by some long-lost lady with panniers and powdered hair."

"You mustn't attempt to give your visions body," Marthe told her. "They should be held at arm's length, illusions; a hint, a sigh, no more; a breath of melancholy."

"Come, come!" Thomas exclaimed robustly. "We can't be melancholy with so much done and so much more to follow. We ought to have a kind of housewarming with toasts and singing."

Marthe Attlebury shuddered; and, going home, Emmie spoke to him about giving expression to such commonplace, such common sentiments.

"I don't want you to be taken for a Philistine," she ended.

He was sorry to have appeared in that unflattering light, and promised to restrain himself in the future.

"I guess I am pretty ignorant, Emmie," he agreed, "and when I'm too far from shore I'd better keep still. But you make up for what I lack. You're just as smart as Marthe Attlebury, and a thousand times better looking."

"You say that because you don't know," she asserted. "Looks are nothing, only style counts; and Marthe's style is marvelously right. Flat like a boy, no horrid indecent curves."

"I like 'em," he maintained.

"The majority of men do," she retorted; "men are like that, with minds not a speck above a comic-opera chorus. It makes me sick. That accounts for the exaggerated hips in the past. It was no better than life in a Turkish harem."

"Marthe's couldn't be called exaggerated," he commented. "She would go, without damage, through a wringer. You can't scare me off your shape."

"Thomas Gillat"—she was actually frozen with resentment—"if I ever—if I ever hear you so much as use that word again I'll—I don't know what I'll do. I could cry right here on the street."

She was trembling even more palpably than Marthe had shuddered. Thomas clumsily patted her shoulder. What nice soft stuff that was in her suit! Why, it must be new! He didn't remember that rough yellow effect with a cape. She had picked it up earlier in the month. It would be immensely useful going to and from the tea house if it were cool—in the evening specially.

"I like you better in white and ruffled dresses," he replied.

"Ah!" That single syllable she packed with significance. "The harem again," she smiled at him with a bright wisdom. "The old order changeth."

This dealing in short cryptic phrases was new to her. They were, he discovered, very difficult to answer. An answer, in reality, was impossible; they weren't planned for it; none was permitted.

But this didn't disturb Thomas Gillat. On the contrary it seemed to him a fresh evidence of his wife's activity of mind. There was nothing old-fashioned about her except the furniture. The manner of this thought pleased him, and he repeated it for Emmie's benefit.

"There is nothing old-fashioned about you, Emmie, but the furniture."

She managed a brief nod, indicating that she had heard him. After all, it wasn't such a damned clever remark. Emmie was

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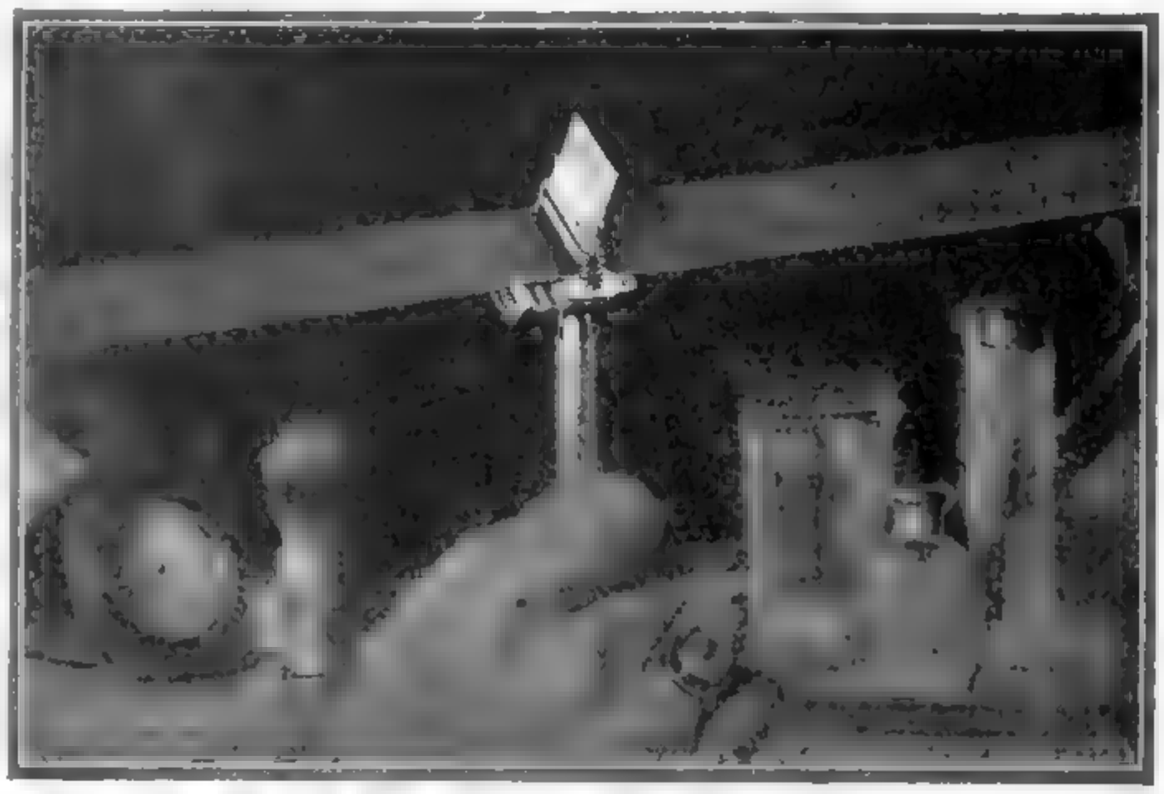
THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES



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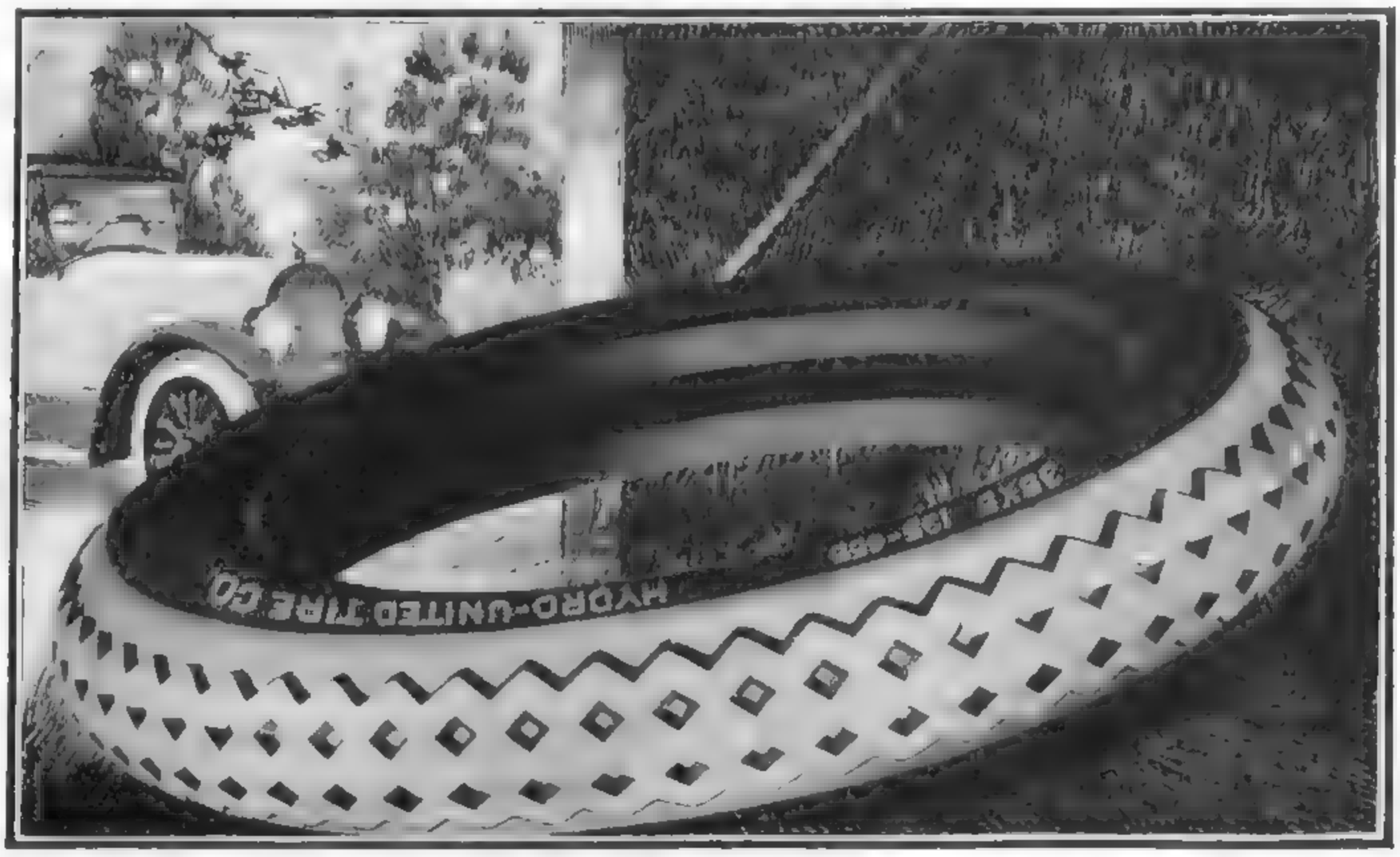

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(Continued from Page 55)

used to cleverness. Everyone said that Marthe Attlebury had a remarkable mind; no avenue of accomplishment she might choose was closed to her. How fortunate Emmie was with her, to be able to listen to her day after day; but Marthe was equally fortunate in having Emmie; he insisted, to himself, on that.

On the evening of the Saturday that saw the opening of the tea house Thomas Gillat waited at home, with a degree of anxiety, for his wife. Against his seriously expressed wish she had directed him not to come for her; she couldn't tell when she'd be ready to leave; and, anyhow, having him accompany her was entirely out of keeping with her present activity. She was, Emmie had told him, a working woman; she was no longer merely one of those who wasted the resources of life—now she was constructive. It was, therefore, perfectly all right for her to go quickly and unnoticed—in the severely tailored yellow cape—through the streets at night, and in recognition of the peace of Eastlake's evenings he had more or less readily agreed with her. His anxiety had to do with his hopes for her success; he didn't want Emmie to be disappointed or ill treated. He was in reality vaguely upset by the thought of her in a public capacity. Somehow, try as he might, he couldn't quite visualize his wife as a servant of the public.

When, however, she reached home and stood before him in an intense if not an actually rapt manner he gathered that he had had nothing to fear.

"Thomas," she proclaimed, "it is a gorgeous success! It is better than our highest aspirations." When a shade of her excitement had subsided she sat and graciously informed him of the scope of their triumph. "We served sixty-eight plates of ice cream—or that is what we should have sold if it hadn't run out. By skimping we managed forty-two orders. Of course, we could not have foreseen —— And the suppers! One party alone of eight—they registered from Watertown—filled two of the tables, and there were others. The creamed chicken was heavenly. Some of the waffles got burned, but everybody was in a jolly humor and didn't think of complaining. Only one thing was rather embarrassing—the swinging sign fell on a boy's shoulder, though it didn't hurt him nearly so much as his mother pretended. She was one of those stupid, sentimental parents from the past. It seems that a hand-wrought nail gave way. Marthe, you know, painted the sign.

"We had quite a discussion about the name for the tea house. Anything Chinese is so fashionable, and that, because of the tea, I thought appropriate. I wanted to call it The Oolong Dragon, but Marthe found that too obvious. She preferred another set of reactions altogether, and naturally when she had explained I agreed with her; and so we chose The Pied Hessian."

Thomas Gillat wondered if he might chance a light reference to a pi-eyed Hessian, but in view of Emmie's gravity gave that up.

He was immensely relieved, delighted, by her success, and mentioned it to Miss Mason when she appeared on Monday. Time, Miss Mason replied, assisted by a balance sheet, would tell.

Monday, allowing for the difference between the end and the beginning of a week, was equally favorable. They had again run out of ice cream; but, Emmie explained to him, a double order of devil's-food cake had more than made up any deficiencies. She was radiant, absent-minded and weary; almost at once she went to bed, and Thomas automatically brought out his brier pipe.

In the morning he, too, was in excellent spirits. His breakfast he found ready on the table; but the arrangement of the toast and—more particularly—the odor of the coffee were strange. After one taste of the latter he put down the cup with a wry expression and rang for Rosa. It was the first time in his memory that Rosa had sent him in a concoction like that. The door from the pantry swung sharply open. In place of Rosa's ample dictatorial bulk, her frankly black face, a thin mulatto girl with untidy hair appeared. Where, he asked, under the impression that this was a relative of their cook's, was Rosa? She had left, he was told; Mrs. Gillat had moved her over to the tea house.

"I'm here now," the mulatto ended.

How he could get along without Rosa, Thomas did not see. She efficiently managed a hundred details of his comfort; she ironed his shirts with soft collars; she was the only woman in the world who could cook prunes; her coffee —— He said nothing, and the diminished changeling vanished into the region of the kitchen. He made another effort to drink the—the —— Thomas Gillat could think of no name for it. Well, at any rate it was hot, and he could taste the sugar. Rosa certainly had only gone to the tea house, to The Pied Hessian, for a day or so, just to help them out.

"I am glad," he later told his wife, "that you had Rosa to fall back on. I suppose the servant problem is difficult for you. When'll she be back?"

"Rosa is a fool!" Emmie asserted. "Indeed, she was all but downright impertinent. When I told her that she was to go to the tea house she almost refused; she said she had never aimed to cook in a restaurant. The idea! And, do you know, it was all I could do to persuade her? I had to raise her to twenty-five dollars a week. Imagine that! We simply had to have a reliable woman, though. The girl I have here will do very nicely, I'm sure. I'll be out so much, and—and, I have it, Thomas! Since you are so ridiculously partial to Rosa's cooking, you can come to The Pied Hessian for dinner. That is a splendid idea. You can't think what it will save me in bother and planning. I'll tell the maid to keep a place for you to-night."

Rosa, he gathered, was not returning to their house; she was to stay at the tea house, raised to twenty-five dollars a week. He couldn't say that he blamed Rosa. It would doubtless be pleasant there for him too; it would offer him a change, something to see. Thomas Gillat had tremendously enjoyed the quiet, the dinners lifted out of the ordinary by Emmie's fastidiousness, in his home. However, this saved his wife from the stress of a double ordering. He was not only willing but eager to give her all the assistance possible. She was, he thought, a little too tired now.

He reached Eastlake through the week at 6:40, and in place of going home he walked directly to the tea house. Marthe Attlebury was in the hall, where the register, a blank book, rested on a small table with its pen and ink. Marthe gazed at him through half-closed eyes, precisely, he thought, as though she had never seen him or anything like him before.

Then "Oh, yes," she remarked, "you are dining here! Aren't you rather too courageous, trusting yourself to the economic feminine?"

Thomas Gillat congratulated her on their impending if not arrived success; but as he spoke she receded from him in attention and interest. Where Marthe Attlebury was concerned he simply wasn't there. In the supper room he found a place at a table with a painted oilcloth centerpiece and some crumpled napkins of crêpe paper. For a long while he sat unattended, and then a waitress in an elaborate cap brought him some silver, an empty glass and a plate with a small butter ball. After another delay she filled the glass. There was a third period of suspense broken by her hurried demand—would he have iced coffee or chocolate? Two rolls appeared; a plate; coffee arrived, coffee with cream, but if it was in an exaggerated dinner cup or a miniature breakfast cup he couldn't tell. At last the creamed chicken was brought. Thomas Gillat saw the cream sliding treacherously toward the edge of the bowl; he saw bright strips and checks of scarlet peppers; and after a little, with a skill tempered with patience, he found the chicken. His wife stood for an instant, with a bright nod, in a doorway.

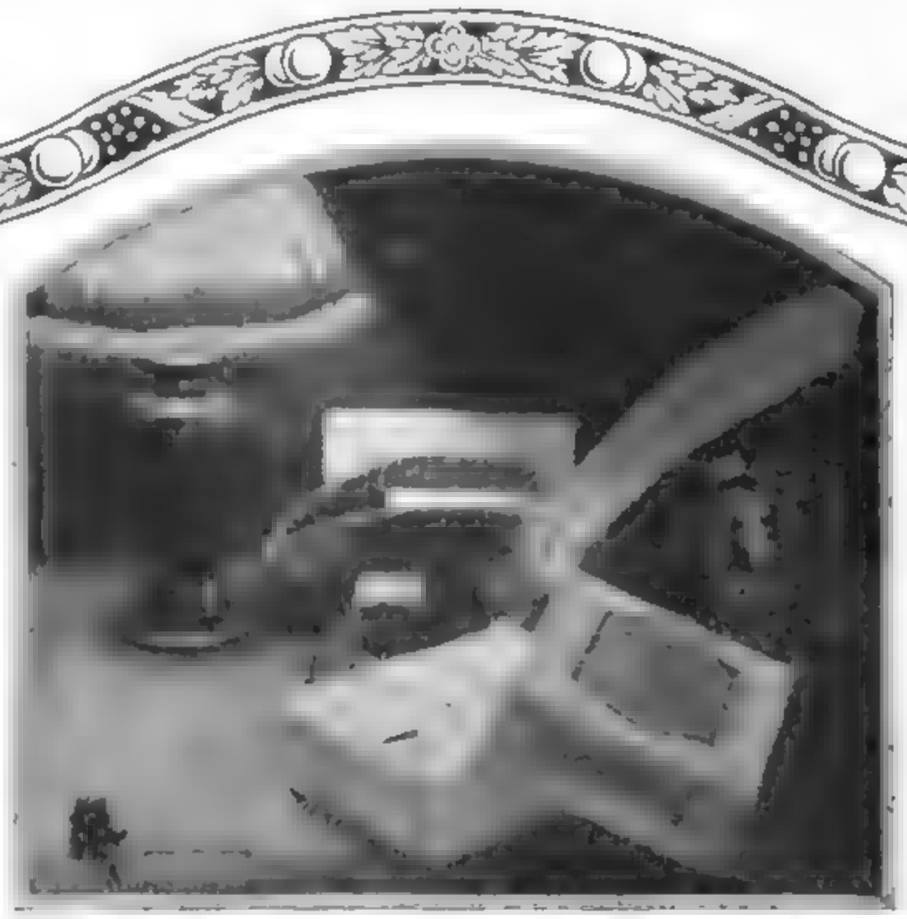
"The waffles will be coolish," she told him. "But if you are late that can't be helped."

They hadn't, though, to-night run out of ice cream, and the devil's food was satisfactorily cloying. When he had finished the waitress gave him a scrap of paper that bore the numerals one point sixty.

"What's this?" he demanded, temporarily at a loss. She scrutinized the paper.

"Why, it's plain enough—a dollar and sixty cents!"

He paid for his supper, tipped the girl, with an inward smile at Emmie. It had, he was forced privately to admit, a little astonished him to pay at The Pied Hessian. But Emmie was quite right; this was a business affair. He was, in the sequel, tremendously pleased at her acumen, and he



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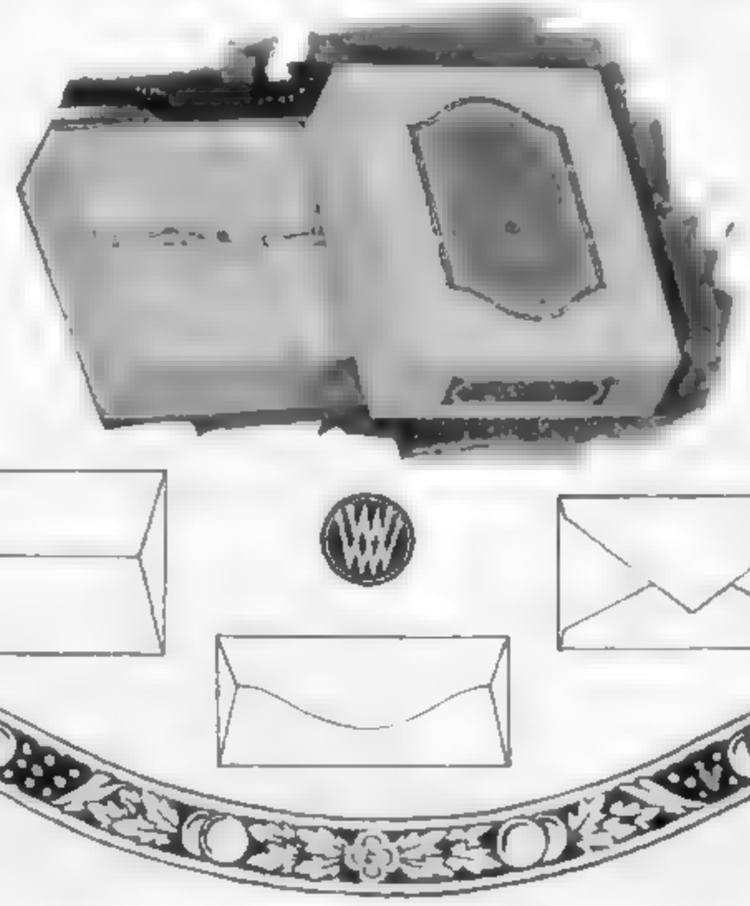

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told this as well to Miss Mason. Other than a shrill and shocked variety of snort, she made no reply. He repeated this—how his wife had charged him for supper at her own tea house—to the men he commonly met at lunch, and they were far more appreciative than Miss Mason, whose disposition showed a tendency to sharpen. Gardener Lammot, from the Third National Bank, asked him how much he had sunk in the tea house; but Thomas muttered an unintelligible reply, conscious that the humor had taken an unnecessary turn. Emmie would pay it all back.

As he left his office for the day an assertive hail at his shoulder brought him up facing James Millray. He was unmarried, a man with an income as large as his girth, and a dogmatically crimson face. Thomas Gillat had made a closed body for a small imported car of Millray's. It had been sent home a month ago, but he had had no comment on it besides a check in its payment.

"That body you put on the Isotta," Millray told him explosively, "is one of the smartest-looking jobs in this part of the country. It would have sold the car a dozen times. And people who know automobiles —— Let me tell you, Jensen Thorblen is staying with me right now—I guess he doesn't need any introductory phrases—and he says it's as pretty as a Follies girl. He said he'd be glad to know the man who worked it out. Now stop, look here—you come to my place in town to-morrow night—a small party, see?—poker, not too high, and a little whisky as high proof as possible."

Thomas Gillat was instinctively framing his excuse—he could not stay in town at night and desert Emmie—when he was stopped by the thought of talking with Jensen Thorblen. He practically owned one of America's most famous and stable cars, and just to meet him might be immeasurably valuable. Then, too, Emmie would be out through a part of the evening; she hardly ever got home from The Pied Hessian before ten o'clock. A little thrill invaded him, too, at the thought of poker; he hadn't played since—heaven alone knew when he had played. Poker and a highball and the company, the conversation, of men!

"I'd like to, Millray; but you know that already. It would be a pleasure and a privilege; principally, though, I'm delighted the Isotta was liked. But I am afraid—well, could I telephone you in the morning?—some arrangements to be made."

He most assuredly could, James Millray declared; but he ought to come—he must come; it would be an opportunity. Think of the whisky, like the sun in an October woods, alone!

"Emmie," he said, still a little doubtfully, later, "a Mr. Millray—I made a body that pleased him—wants me to stay in town for some cards to-morrow night. Jensen Thorblen will be there, and that might be very advantageous for me. But, of course, if it doesn't suit you, if you have other plans or get lonely—I should be quite late—we'll say nothing more about it."

Emmie was half intent on a sheaf of gray-white slips from a grocer, and admitted that she hadn't quite heard him.

"You want to stay in town to-morrow night? Why not? Please don't interrupt me for a minute; I have to work this out." Then, "I wish to goodness you would go out more; it can't be right for you to stay home so much. It looks as though you had no initiative, or were growing old. Perhaps it's just laziness. By all means, if you can, overcome it."

Thomas Gillat therefore announced himself at Millray's apartment a little past the hour arranged. A man in a white house coat welcomed him with a restrained and sympathetic smile, and immediately Jensen Thorblen was congratulating him on his handsome coach work.

"It is at once sporting and dignified," he declared. "I believe you are the only builder in this country who has accomplished that."

The owner of the Zenith car clearly showed his Scandinavian origin. He was a tall man with an abundance of colorless hair, and—past sixty—the blue gaze and mobile mouth of youth. At poker, however, his mouth betrayed literally nothing. The game, as Millray had promised, was not impossibly high—the limit was a dollar and the method of procedure simple and absorbing. The dealer put a dollar in the pot, the player at his left put up a dollar, at which the pot was automatically open. Who else elected could come in or stay out. The dealer needed another dollar for the privilege of drawing cards, and the original opener could raise. Millray at first had mixed old-fashioned whisky cocktails, grinding the sugar in the bottom of the glasses with a small pestle. The bitters had a pungent, irresistible smell; the strip of lemon skin blended the whole; the block of ice chilled it all to perfection. This was followed by tall glasses, darkly sparkling decanters and the greenish bottles of club soda.

"I'm not in," Gillat decided, throwing aside his cards. "Another dollar to play." Thorblen was the edge. Three drew cards, and Jensen Thorblen, who was called, looked in an affected surprise at his hand.

"Well, I declare," he said, "I thought that was a spade!"

Yes, he did, they all delightedly chorused. He certainly did take that for a spade. They had noticed what trouble he had with his eyes. And that last pot, when he had drawn two and bet the limit and the rest had dropped! If Tom Gillat, with his single pair of tens, had called —— Gillat was neither losing nor a winner; the chips he had started with were pretty much before him. Thorblen, though, had tripled, maybe quadrupled his stake. Thorblen was dealing now, and, without seeing his cards, Gillat, on his left, mechanically put up the dollar required. Then edging his hand slowly apart he saw the two of hearts. The three was next; then miraculously the five, the four—all hearts. He hesitated before looking at the remaining card. A sense of inevitable disappointment invaded him. It was the six of clubs. Still that gave him a straight, pat, and he raised the ante to the limit. Two others stayed, and Jensen Thorblen raised Thomas again. Thomas, now stubborn, raised back. The others merely saw these tippings of the pot, but Thorblen raised again. So did Thomas Gillat.

When this performance, with the others dropped out, was repeated he knew that his hand was no good. He had been badly caught. He saw Thorblen's last raise and caught a glimpse of the anticipation in the steady, frosty eyes at his side.

"How many?" the dealer asked.

In a gesture to fate, an act of small desperation, Thomas Gillat discarded the club.

"One," he replied; and then he added, "Check."

The owner of the Zenith car promptly laid out a dollar chip. Gillat, with a quick glance at his hand, laid out two dollar chips. Thorblen came back, and so did Gillat. That seesaw performance became monotonous; the tension grew tighter and tighter. Neither, it became apparent, would call or drop. Thorblen even grew impatient; and when, in a voice which he managed to keep even, Thomas asked the banker for an additional stack, Jensen Thorblen threw down his hand.

"That's not so bad!" The not so bad was four kings.

"Very good," Thomas agreed. "Splendid; but it'll get you nothing."

He had drawn the ace of hearts. When his discard was discovered the acclaim was deafening. They had never seen it fall like that. Gillat had the nerve of an Arctic explorer; he was one of the greatest poker players alive; one of the best fellows, the squarest sports, it had been their good fortune to know.

Many times in the weeks that followed he recalled, lived over, this evening with pleasure. Its memory gave him a glow of peculiar satisfaction, a sense of youthfulness of which he had long lost track. He had really forgotten the happiness to be had with men, the enjoyment of filling a hand at the inimitably right moment. He had continued to go to the tea house for dinner—it relieved Emmie of so much—and the food there never greatly varied from that of his first experience. Sometimes the waffles were coolish, sometimes hot and what, optimistically, he called crisp. Then one day when he was later than usual at the office it occurred to him that he might have dinner in town. He telephoned Emmie so that she wouldn't worry, and shortly she agreed with his proposal. Her voice, he thought, sounded hot and tired. Perhaps she was working too hard, overtaxing herself. Thomas Gillat had never considered this before, and its possibility, the attending worry, partly spoiled what would otherwise have been a successful occasion. He went to the Ritz-Carlton and afterward to the theater, where for the best part of three hours he gazed upon a spectacle of girls both beautiful and amiable.

He reached home late, but found Emmie no further than preparations for bed. When she discovered where he had been she was, he thought, almost sarcastic. His whole affair—the gorging in the Ritz at criminal prices and the following low entertainment—she characterized unsparingly. It emerged that the refrigerator at The Pied Hessian had, at a crucial time, stopped refrigerating; and the result, the unavoidable strain upon Emmie's temper, had been unfortunate. To all her comments he opposed a fixed good humor; and that, in addition, seemed to upset her. At any rate, she took the position that he, with other men, belonged to a singularly low level of both intelligence and feeling.

"You have no idea of me at all," she said. "After all these years I am still a stranger to you. It's downright humiliating. Oh, I am not blaming you—not specially; you can't help it. But I think you might try to—to appreciate my difficulty. I want to do the right thing"—she sat frowning at her hair brush—"I want to comprehend. Above all, I must be just to you and myself. It is very hard."

"What is?" he asked cheerfully.

"Actually, you don't know the forces playing like lightning around your head."

"Have you got another fellow?"

She was so disgusted with this attempted jocularity that he hastily explained it had not been seriously meant. There was still another thing, she told him, after a little.

"For many reasons, but principally for the world of business, it might be excellent for me to take my own name. I don't much like the Mrs. Thomas Gillat. At once it robs me of my personality, of my person. As Mrs. Thomas Gillat I am nothing but a valise tagged with your name. On the other hand, as Emmie Meistleman I am an individual; I stand for an entity; I am solely responsible for what occurs."

He didn't like that idea, but he was silent from his dislike of standing in her way; he didn't want, through his slower intelligence, to be in any manner a handicap, a drag to her. Thomas Gillat tried to meet this, too, lightly.

"Don't make a mistake and sign Meistleman to a check," he advised her.

If he thought that it was funny to insinuate that her father was a failure, to dwell on the fact of her early troubles, she didn't. Neither had he—neither had he, he was forced to add.

Emmie said, "The whole institution of marriage ——" She stopped, again concentrated on inner worlds. "Barbaric! The woman gets almost nothing; she gets nothing, because the only thing worth having, liberty, the man keeps away from her; the man is afraid of giving women liberty."

"You're right there, too," Thomas Gillat proclaimed.

He stayed in town an evening soon again, and again had a reprehensible and happy time. He missed the last train to Eastlake, didn't telephone for fear of waking Emmie, returned to the Ritz-Carlton for the night; and, full of a refreshed energy the next day accomplished an exceptional amount of work.

The body he had designed for James Millray's Italian car had brought him an astonishing amount of favorable comment and publicity. Other expensive cars were sent to his shops, and in general and special places his bodies were called by his name. They were becoming famous. He saw Millray on more than one occasion, and the bond of a friendly spirit grew up in them. Jensen Thorblen, it seemed, had never forgotten about the straight flush Gillat had held against him. The Thorblen factories were in St. Louis, and from there the owner of the Zenith car sent word East that he was not finished with Thomas.

He had repeated the details of this fortunate chance to Emmie, providing her with a dissertation on gambling viewed in the light of the horrible poverty now devastating Prague. But she had dropped that almost immediately to let him know that Marthe Attlebury's scheme of selling colonial furniture was maturing rapidly. They already had some very nice pieces; a four-posted bed in curly maple procured cheap as dirt from two ignorant old women in Birdsville, three Dutch tables got here and there, a banjo clock that when it was restored couldn't be told from old—Marthe painted clock glasses too cunningly—with courthouse lawns and ships laboring on stormy seas, and flower notes.

(Continued on Page 63)

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Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream.

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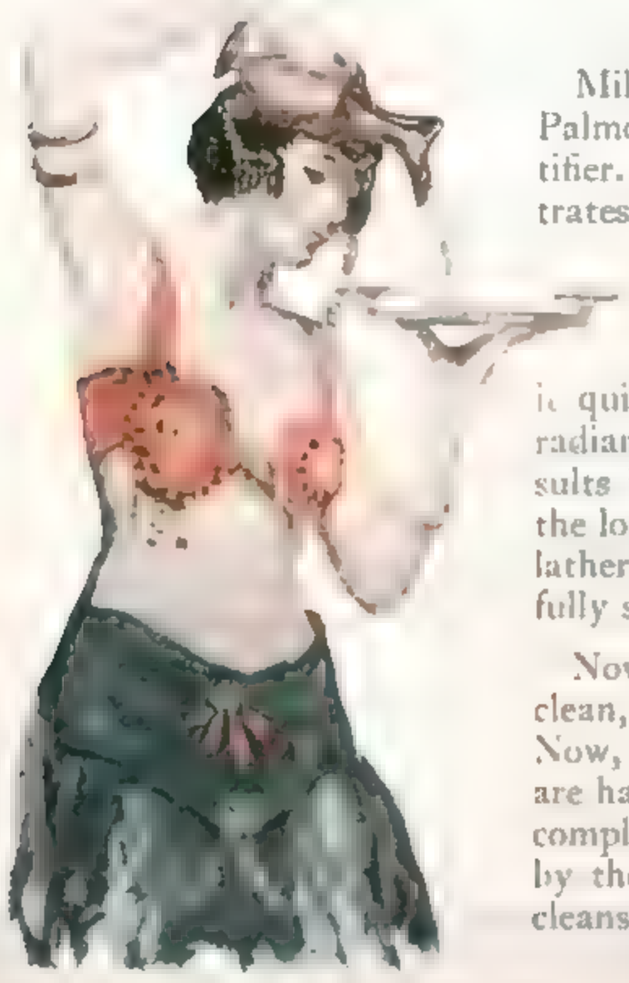
Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging accumulations. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.



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Palm and olive oils were the cleansers used—the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive. The lotion-like qualities which made them the most highly prized of all old world beautifiers are imparted to Palmolive.

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Extravagant? Not at all, for Palmolive isn't a high-priced soap. The modest cost is as much an achievement as the wonderful quality.

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The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers cost. If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for 10 cents.

Thus you can afford to share Cleopatra's favorite luxury. Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

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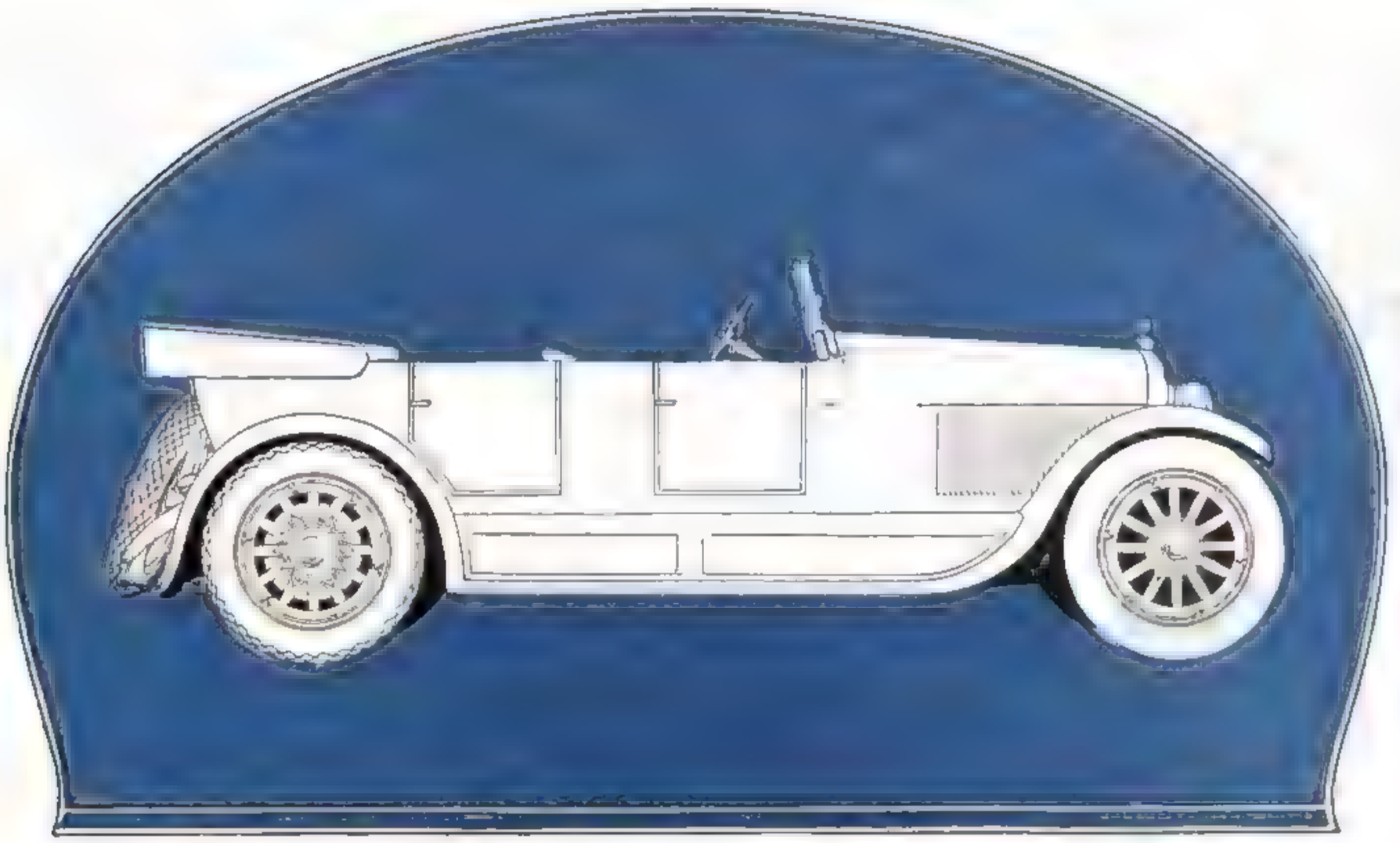

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That quality of lasting value which is built into the Jordan is enhanced by a charm of personality and style that is distinctly its own.

That mental and physical comfort, due to exceptional balance and ease of handling in crowded traffic, so pleasing to women, explains its dominance in the field of quality light cars.

The records of economy, including low gasoline consumption and high tire mileage, have won favor with people who pride themselves upon an appreciation of economy as well as good taste.

Since motor cars will henceforth be bought on the basis of real value, it is only necessary to examine the Jordan in detail and compare it with any other car.

You will discover many important features which contribute to the comfort, convenience and economy of the owner.

It's the best balanced car on the road—lighter than any of its wheel base.

It is fitted with a new and exclusive Jordan motor.

The body styles are in advance of the times, and the colors optional.

These things create a pride of possession which only Jordan owners know.

A piece of old America living now. An opal the ages left on the red mesa. Tom-toms beating for the holy dances. The round kiva open to the eye of heaven—the ancient people on their rose-white roofs at sundown, standing with covered heads, faces toward the desert.

Sun-gilded adobes! Sun-gilded sands! And sapphire trails leading far.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 58)

"See here," he asked abruptly, "I've been a little bothered about you. Does this Marthe do her part of the work, or are all the heavy jobs left for you? It seems to me painting clock faces isn't a whole lot."

It was Saturday, and directly after lunch Emmie was leaving for the tea house.

"Marthe Attlebury," she replied coldly, "is the brains of The Pied Hessian. Her mind is so active, her sensibilities so alert that she is exhausted most of the time. After she has made the devil's food she is done—she has to lie down. But, of course, as I have so often told you before—yet really I don't object to explaining so much to you; it's necessary."

Smoking his pipe, he supposed it was. Emmie had gone; the house, open to the early summer warmth, was still. Evidently he had fallen into a short slumber, for he was startled to his feet by the grinding stop of a motor truck outside the main door. The bell rang, and directly afterward the slouched figure of the servant appeared, followed by two men in overalls.

"Yes?" he asked.

"We've come to get a lowboy—a sort of table, she says," one of the men explained.

"It must be a mistake," Thomas assured him.

"This is your house, ain't it?" he was asked. "You're setting right at home in it. Well, Mrs. Gillat ordered us to come here after a lowboy." Thomas Gillat pointed out what, it had every appearance, they had come for. "Don't scratch it," he warned them. "It has been a long while in my family. I am very fond of it." Emmie, proud of its possession, had of course sent in order to exhibit the lowboy to some connoisseur. He couldn't just see why, in place of the expense of a truck, they hadn't all come to the house. However, the tea house undoubtedly was a better setting. She came home that evening for dinner.

"Thomas," she cried, "such good luck! You'd never guess! Carleton Wayne, the collector, bought the lowboy! He gave us six hundred dollars for it. He had had no idea that such a magnificent piece had escaped the museums. He had never laid eyes on anything approaching its correctness of design and perfect condition."

"He gave us!" Thomas repeated blankly, at random.

"Yes, us—Marthe and me."

Thomas Gillat was at last unable to avoid the fact that an acute annoyance possessed him. He was ashamed of this, but it was so. He must be careful how he spoke to Emmie.

"Do you think that was just right?" he asked. "Are you sure we wanted to sell the lowboy, since it was so good? You see, Emmie, it had been with us, with me, for so long that—that I'll miss it."

"Thomas!" she exclaimed, genuinely surprised, palpably hurt. "I never! The—the—I don't know what—of that. It was deliberate ingratitude. And to remind me that it was yours, when it was in our house, our married house! If it hadn't been for me it would have been in the attic yet too. You talk as though our marriage stood for nothing, as though it gave me no privileges, no part in what we had. I should think you'd been glad to have us sell it and give the tea house such a reputation. I can't see into you at all; you have changed, hardened so.

"And, since we're on that, I want to speak to you about the way you are living now—so reckless and extravagant. I haven't said anything, but I have noticed and it has worried me sick. I should have thought, with me at the tea house, that you would have stayed home and tended things, made me feel comfortable about it; but not you. There's hardly an evening but you are out—eating in hotels, going to vulgar shows, and gambling and drinking rum. Positively your business must be falling to pieces!"

"Don't worry," he interrupted her anxiously. "It has never been better." This she ignored.

"I can't imagine what has brought all that up in you. You seemed to me to be above temptation—and at your age! Remember, please, that you are no longer young. You are as gray as a mouse, and practically bald. Don't be the worst of all the kinds of fools."

"Why, Emmie! Why, Emmie!" he protested, "it can't be as bad as that! I often stayed in town to save you; and if I did go to a couple of shows, that didn't hurt anything. As for the gambling and rum—well, I did play poker twice, and made a hundred and three dollars—and had some drinks. But we've often, in the past, had whisky right here. Don't you think you are exaggerating the situation a little?"

"I have eyes and I see," she observed solemnly. "It was hid inside me. I had decided not to speak, but your injustice about the lowboy broke down my reserve. Perhaps it destroyed even more. I can't say now; I don't know yet."

"Emmie," he acknowledged, "I'm so downright dull I can't understand what you're driving at."

"Time will tell," she replied.

"You know that I set more by you than by anything else in the world."

"What is love?" she demanded.

"Why," Thomas floundered, "it's—it's love!"

"Ah!" No inflection could have been richer in both implication and restraint.

"I can stay home," he continued; "I always have. It was you who asked me to come to the tea house for my dinners."

"Yes"—now she was melancholy—"it was I; go on. I am responsible for everything. But having spoken, I will say no more. Wild animals couldn't drag another syllable from me."

"I suppose," he reflected, "what upset me was that Marthe and me ——"

"That I should have suspected. Poor Marthe! How she has been made, by men, to pay for her clear sight, for her sensitive being!"

"Marthe Attlebury ought to be married," he declared; "with a house of her own to fix out."

Emmie laughed, a triumph of skepticism.

"Where," she cried, "is the man who wants superiority, a companion, a brain, to share his life? He prefers a painted doll, an odalisque."

Thomas Gillat whistled.

"Lord, Emmie, that was a hot one! It fanned me!"

"It might be useful," she pointed out, "if you would show me exactly what rights I have in what I thought was my own house."

"Sell the roof," he told her; "sell the furnace, sell the front stairs. You'll never have another word from me. You did it all in the first place. And, see here, let's eat home! Get another servant at the tea house, if necessary, so's Marthe Attlebury can lie down; get two more, and bring Rosa back with you."

"Rosa won't come," Emmie admitted; "the twenty-five dollars has gone to her head. She told me only yesterday she'd never return to private life. She's talking about a little restaurant of her own."

"You let me see her. Nobody could get on with Rosa like me. There's still one thing more, Emmie," he said reluctantly. "I don't know if you remember, but I told you about meeting Jensen Thorblen at Millray's. He owns the Zenith, one of the greatest cars in America, and it's a privilege to come in contact with him. You see, I beat him a little with a straight flush, and it hurt him—he's like that. Thorblen is after a second chance. I know it's a long way ahead, but that's the way these parties are arranged with busy men. The fact is, he wants me to go to Florida fishing in his yacht late in the winter. He has asked James Millray and a millionaire or so. That's nice, isn't it? You can't tell what might come out of it."

That James Millray was a bachelor was positively the only response he could get from Emmie in connection with his proposed trip. Indeed, absorbed in immediate affairs, he put Florida out of his mind. The tea house, The Pied Hessian, continued, to his private wonder, to succeed. The prices charged there in relation to what they bought staggered him. It gave him a low opinion of the general intelligence of the motoring public. The tea house was so busy that, contrary to the custom of tea houses, it was decided to keep it open through the winter. Thomas himself suggested the connection of the Dusen house with the town heat of a people's service corporation, and he cheerfully paid for the pipes and steam fitting. He didn't want Emmie to catch cold.

Past the first of the year Millray spoke to him again about the Southern fishing. All the details, he proceeded, had been perfected. If Thomas Gillat hadn't the necessary rod and reel for tarpon he would find them on the Albacore, Thorblen's yacht. Millray, it developed, had the tackle necessary; that, he insinuated, was the only satisfactory way to fish; and Thomas agreed with him. He didn't like to borrow. Emmie, certainly, in view of his company, couldn't object to the trip; and he made some purchases without further consulting her. When, in its leather case, his reel arrived, he spun the handle a great many times, fascinated by its smooth action.

"What's that?" Emmie asked.

"Let me show it to you," he replied eagerly. "It's a Garfer, the greatest reel on earth. It was this that made it possible to catch broad-billed swordfish and tuna. Wait, I'll put a piece of line on. Now you take hold of the end. Do you see this star under the handle? Well, keep your eye on that. That's the dicky bird. Watch close! Pull out the line, and, notice, I haven't let go of the handle. It comes off as easy as anything. Now it's a little harder. Pull, pull! Do you see? You can't move it, and all the while I'm reeling in." But Emmie was annoyed.

"You just told me to hold it so you could work that trick on me. You knew I couldn't budge it all the while." Not at all chagrined, he attempted to explain.

"Won't you understand it's a Garfer star reel?"

Garfer and his star meant less than nothing to Emmie. She invited Thomas to put it out of her sight.

"I suppose you are going to Florida?"

"Why, yes; I thought I would. My sister will be glad to stay with you, or you could have any of your family. Then the tea house will keep you busy. I shouldn't have gone but for that."

Sitting under the diffused brightness of the snowy awning aft on the Albacore, Thomas Gillat wished that his wife were present to share his extreme pleasure. He wished that she were there, and then, unbidden, a qualifying feeling modified his silent desire. Perhaps Emmie wouldn't enjoy it, and perhaps again it was good for a man to get away occasionally from his family—clear away. It was such a subversive, graceless thought that, ashamed of himself, he rejected it at once. He rejected it and reflected that he would soon be home. Meanwhile, though, it was very pleasant on the Albacore, a high-powered cruiser done in expensive woods and gleaming brass. The sailors—there were three of them—wore dark-blue jumpers with the name Albacore in white letters across their breasts. In addition to these—fully as smart as any Thomas had seen on the stage—there were an engineer, a sailing master, a cook in a tall white cap and an Oriental individual who spent his waking hours in shaking up and passing pale iced drinks. Before dinner he varied this slightly with a preliminary silver tray of small, circular and very potent bits of elaborated toast. However, immediately after, he resumed his natural duty. There was a circular table covered in green cloth with a receptacle on its circumference, a large significant inlaid box; and on the deck rested a sheaf of rods. Thomas Gillat's tackle, subjected to a severe overhauling, was pronounced a model of fitness.

The fishing was to begin to-morrow, and a preliminary conversation—the arrangement of a pool—was in progress. Jensen Thorblen, with—Thomas was sure—an eye specially on him, was talking.

"As I see it," he went on—"and there is no doubt about the weather here and now—we'll have six days of fishing. My idea is this—for each man to post a hundred dollars to go to the biggest fish, with an additional hundred as a royalty if it should weigh more than a hundred and a half pounds."

A hundred dollars for a fish! Yes, and the possibility of a hundred more! This, Thomas Gillat thought, was steep. With two hundred dollars Emmie could —— But he couldn't think of Emmie now. There was a general enthusiastic agreement with Thorblen's plan; with, indeed, a side bet or so of five hundred. It wouldn't do for Thomas to appear cheap. Emmie wouldn't approve of that.

The sparkling light, the utter blue of the surrounding water, faded into a swift night. Dinner, cigars like marlin spikes—he told himself nautically—were consumed, and a cascade of mother-of-pearl poker chips poured over the green cloth. But this was only a side issue; the game was soon stopped for bed; and early the following day Thomas was sitting facing the stern of a local power boat, while at the end of his line a seductive mullet skittered through the water. Nothing, for hours, happened; and then, as though he had hooked a rock,

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

his line flashed out. He feverishly gave the celebrated star on his reel a quick twist; there was a drag on the rod and the line broke.

"I hit a stump," he explained to the dark, exasperated visage of his guide.

"A stump!" the other sarcastically answered. "That was the heaviest tarpon strike I've seen this season. You stopped him too quick."

At this the guide, making no secret of his opinion of Thomas Gillat and his chances, trolled indifferently away the remainder of the morning. There were no other strikes. When they had again assembled aft on the Albacore Thomas discovered that three tarpon had been taken. The largest, a shade under a hundred pounds, belonged to James Millray. His triumph was so noisy as to be almost objectionable.

"See here," Thomas addressed his guide the following day, "perhaps you've guessed that I don't know a lot about this! You're right. I don't. But there's a pool for the biggest fish—a hundred, and another hundred if it's over a hundred and fifty pounds. If I get it I don't—I don't, but you do!"

The other instantaneously stopped the boat.

"Bring your line in," he commanded. "It could be baited better. And you hark to me ——"

The guide's quickened interest, though, bore no results. They stayed out longer than the others; and when, tired and brushed with discouragement, Thomas Gillat climbed up on the deck of the Albacore he faced a silent company. A wave of the hand directed his attention to what at first he thought was a small silver submarine. It was a tarpon! It weighed a hundred and seventy-nine pounds, and Jensen Thorblen had caught it.

"A very good fish," he told Gillat casually. He could see that, Gillat replied.

The next day Thomas landed a tarpon. That was the most satisfactory moment of his life: the fish weighed sixty-nine pounds. Another that same morning was slightly better; a third the following day a little lighter. The guide again grew sullen. Thomas Gillat, he pronounced, wasn't lucky; and nothing could be done for a fisherman who wasn't lucky. He gave up all hope of any generosity of reward.

The last day they were to be in the pass Jensen Thorblen's boat was incapacitated; he had had enough tarpon, anyhow, he explained; and if Tom Gillat didn't mind he'd take a turn with him.

"There is a large element of chance in fishing," he admitted pleasantly, beside Gillat in the boat, sweeping over the darker water of the inlet. "Now that fellow I caught ——"

The shrilling of Gillat's reel stopped whatever he was about to say. Fifty yards back of the launch there was apparently a crashing silver mine in explosion. The engine abruptly choked and stopped, the boat swung about. "Don't give me any advice!" Thomas Gillat shouted.

Neither of them had attempted to, neither did. In reality he had barely time to think; he was playing the tarpon very successfully. His wrists began to burn and then sickeningly to ache. How long had it been? It seemed interminable. The guide drew a deep, audible breath.

"That fish is stopped!" he declared.

Gillat drew his rod more sharply up; there was a yielding in the water and a ringing fall in the boat—his reel had come off the rod!

The guide cursed; Gillat heard Thorblen sincerely exclaim that it was too damned bad.

"Well," he yelled, still holding the rod, "what are you sitting around for? Put it back!"

He could see the broad back of the tarpon, a slowly waving, immense tail. The fish came lazily, wearily, in a little, and Thomas was conscious of hands—a hundred hands—about the butt of his rod.

"I never saw that before," the guide admitted. Neither had Jensen Thorblen.

Thomas Gillat's tarpon was on the deck of the Albacore, and it weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds. Thorblen had reason to be certain of that, for he had weighed it repeatedly.

"Gillat," he said, "I want to see you in my cabin. It's this," he went on below: "I never, if it can be helped, drag business into these trips; but I can recognize the inevitable. Still, now, I'll only ask you to come out to St. Louis and look us over. It ought to be as soon as we get North. And, let me tell you, it'll be worth your while! It will keep on being worth your while. I have been all over a number of your jobs—worked them out and torn them down: and they're good, as good as any. But that's not entirely it; I'll have to admit to you that, reasonable as I am, I'm superstitious about your luck. It has got on my nerves. I—I—damn it, Gillat, you ought to be in with us! I've given you an advantage, saying so much, but I can't help it; you've got me stopped worse than you had that tarpon."

He would, of course, he assured Jensen Thorblen, proceed immediately to St. Louis—after he had returned to Eastlake and Emmie. On the way home he procured his reservation for the following day, and, after Emmie had given him a signally languid greeting, he informed her that he'd have to leave again, at once, for a week.

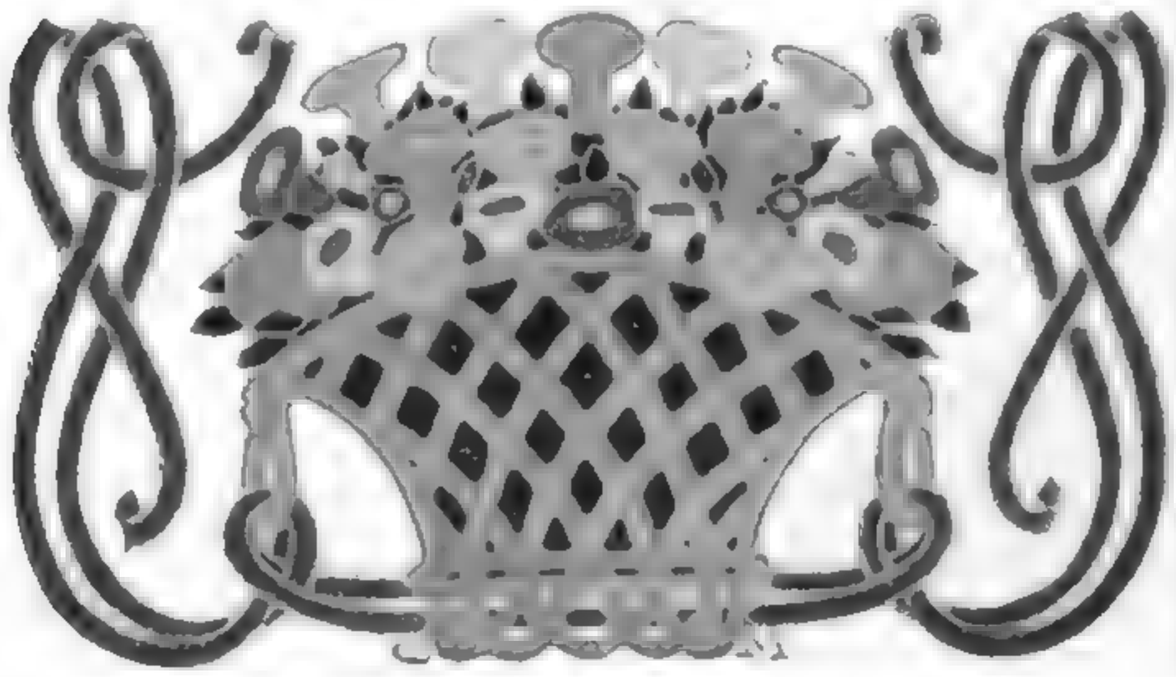
"Why, that's outrageous!" she exploded. "It's—it's inhuman!" She was rigid with indignation. Tears streamed over her face. "If you think I am going to live like this—live like a slave while you go to Florida on yachts, and to St. Louis without lifting an eyebrow, you're insane! Nothing else! I don't have to stand such ill treatment and neglect. And I can't think where your love has gone to!

"But I won't just crumble into nothing! I won't be dropped like a—like a waffle! Thomas Gillat, I shall go to St. Louis with you!"

"But," he protested, amazed at the storm of emotion he had innocently created, "how can you go—on such short notice? I'm afraid there will be no space on the train; and the tea house ——"

"I can see," she returned vigorously, "that all along you have been using the tea house only to gain your own ends. Very well, I'll give it up. I am going to St. Louis!"

With the most complicated feeling of his existence, made of admiration and doubt and annoyance, a sense of impotence and resentment, he realized that Emmie would accompany him. It was extremely inconvenient; he'd have to devote himself—in the midst of a most important negotiation—to her fancies, humor her and see that at every turn she was minutely considered. He contemplated the wreckage of his evenings. Then, stronger than everything else, he was invaded by a flood of shame. How could he have regarded Emmie, his darling wife, so brutally? He wanted her with him every hour, always; she was his luck.



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See page 71

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COURT LIFE IN OLD RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 17)

I saw them in this frame, that in spite of broadcloth and firearms, in spite of modern discipline and military rank, the instincts and feelings which underlay our life and held us most together were those which a thousand years ago had held together the members of nomad tribes in patriarchal Russia. Fatherly interest and responsibility on the one hand, filial confidence and attachment on the other, were marked traits. This made a good atmosphere for daily intercourse, and the women assumed much the same excellent comradeship and sympathetic understanding which existed among the officers. Some were richer and some poorer, some gave parties, others could offer none, but simplicity was recognized as proper, and no matter what one's capacities were for spending or entertaining, no one of us gained officially or socially extra recognition by doing either. Our husbands' military rank decided the first and our own qualities the other, by proving to what extent each individual was a desirable addition to parties.

Soon the court was settled on the coast for the season and our friends there began inviting us to their villas or to their apartments in the palaces along the Baltic shore. We motored off to dine or sup or drink a dish of tea and to gossip a little, at Strelna or at Peterhof.

The Illustrious Orloffs

There were gay gatherings at the Grand Duke Constantine's at Strelna Palace, where beautiful terraced gardens imitated those of Peterhof and where the large yellow building stood up nobly, high above the water's edge. The Orloffs near by threw open their great villa, too, with its wonderful old gardens in the English style. A pretty, quiet lake in their park mirrored the finest oak trees I have ever seen, while in the house many treasures recalled the favorite of Catharine, founder of the Orloff family fortunes. Among the jewels of the hostess some were gifts of royal lovers; one, a carved emerald of fine size, bore in intaglio the great empress' portrait. Painted panels in the ballroom showed the victory of Tcheame, where the first Orloff won naval renown, routing the Turks. The palace itself at Strelna was a gift of a grateful sovereign, Nicholas I, to the present Orloff's grandfather, and it overflowed with souvenirs outlining the triumphs of the latter's son, who as ambassador to the court of Napoleon III and to Leopold of Belgium had most successfully represented the greatness of his czar.

The present Prince Wladimir Orloff was the friend and confidant of our late Emperor. Nicholas II, little given to intimacy as he was, leaned on this strong man, trusted to his integrity, his loyalty and his capacity for handling men and work. His Majesty kept this friend always near him. So when the imperial family went to Peterhof, Strelna's halls were thrown wide open, too, and were always full of a crowd of merrymakers, who gathered about the hostess. Her charm and distinction and Orloff's brains and character drew everyone; and many tried to reach the ear of His Majesty by fairest and most tactful means, telling Orloff what it was they had in mind.

One drove three-quarters of an hour from Strelna to Peterhof, and on the road passed, first, the large palace of the Grand Duke Peter. Beyond this Mihailovka, the palace of the old Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, last surviving son of Nicholas I, and a grand old patriarch, splendid in looks in spite of his advanced age. Michael Nicolaievitch had been a brilliant personage always—as a youth in the Crimean and later in the Turkish war; then as viceroy in the Caucasus, where he had held the allegiance of the temperamental mountaineers and rival tribesmen by his dominating tact and talents. With the passing years he had returned to the imperial capital to spend the autumn of his days in usefulness there.

His fine palace, where during his absences his wife, the Grand Duchess Olga Féodorowna, had presided over many an entertainment, continued a center for society always. Her wit and beauty equaled her husband's and they gathered a clever crowd of friends about them and brought up a large family, a daughter and five sons, several of whom were distinguished for their personal qualities or achievements. The daughter, married in Germany, made a Continental reputation for her successes, her intelligence and good looks. Of the sons, Nicholas, the eldest, was a historian crowned by the French Academy, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Russia, a leader and an authority in all questions of art, a connoisseur, a collector and an able critic of French and Russian art especially. Incidentally he was one of the best shots in Russia, a most agreeable conversationalist, an adroit diplomat and a very capable adviser to the young Emperor Nicholas II; unheeded, alas, by the latter, and unfortunately hated by the Empress Alexandra.

After the murder of Rasputin, Nicholas Mihailovitch was banished from court, and handed his resignation from the army to the Emperor. It was he who was the leader in several efforts the grand dukes made just before the revolution to down the intriguing plotters who were leading Their Majesties to ruin. With the outbreak of the March revolution Nicholas Mihailovitch appeared at the duma and in the general confusion saved the lives of many of the better elements of the old régime. Later, always hopeful, and faithful to his revolutionary ideals, he would not leave the capital or even hide within its walls, and the Bolsheviki finally imprisoned him. After several months they condemned him to die by the firing squads of the terrorists. The Grand Duke stood proudly eying his executioners, and three days running these soldiers, who were Russians, refused to fire on the extraordinarily courageous man who spoke to them so calmly. On the fourth morning the executioners were Chinese mercenaries, and the Grand Duke fell at last, a victim to his courage and convictions.

Of his younger brothers, Alexander married our Emperor's sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia; George married a daughter of the King of Greece; and Serge remained single. All these, like the eldest, were in the Russian imperial service—Alexander in the navy; George after a short army career became head of some of the imperial museums and was counted among the best numismatists of Europe; Serge was in the artillery and knew his business thoroughly. One more brother, the Grand Duke Michael, still lives. He had spent most of his life out of Russia and had married a German princess. Nicholas, Serge and George have all been murdered by the Bolsheviki, having refused to leave their home country for exile.

Peterhof's Magnificence

Peterhof was an ideal spot. The soft gray waters of the Finnish Gulf lapped the lowest terrace of a formal garden in the grand French style; bosquets of clipped formal trees made backgrounds or niches for statues of the period, some in white marble, some in lovely dull gilt, slightly faded by time and weather; arcades cut through the trees offered vistas of the sea or of some particularly perfect architectural effect, a corner of the palace or of some pleasure building shown thus at its best; a trellis or vine-covered shelter concealed a bench or statue and gave a quiet place to sit and look out to the horizon or at the play of fountains which in all Europe were not surpassed in splendor. Peter the Great saw Versailles and dreamed Peterhof afterwards, and little by little the czar's dream came true in the marvel of these palaces and fountains created by his whim. First there was a tiny simple house, built for his use, reflecting—as everything about him did—his desire for obliteration of the Oriental luxury and splendor he had abandoned with the Kremlin, and his effort to replace these with Western civilization. The simplicity of habit so typical with him after he returned from his travels showed everywhere too. Dutch tiles and utensils for the kitchen, dishes and conveniences from England, heavy furniture unpainted and untrimmed, low-raftered ceilings instead of arches, shining brasses, pipes and beer mugs everywhere, bore witness to this. An interesting, quaint place it was, where the big man lived and worked and thought, struggled to set his people an example of the European life he had seen and chosen for them. This first house of the emperor is long since abandoned. As a museum only it attracts the casual visitor, and it stands low, down near the water's edge.

The hill of Peterhof rises abruptly from the shore and the artist who designed the place adroitly put the lonely gem of its rococo palace on the top edge. The coloring, in old red and creamy white, the graceful twists and turns of its decorative stucco, its ideal proportions and lovely forms, were all completely satisfying to the eye. It was a fit palace for a fairy princess, and as one gazed on the scene one was dazzled by its splendor at the sunset hour or its mystery and charm on a moonlit night. In front of the palace a broad graveled space and a balustrade spread, and from there down the steep hillside the fountains leaped, sparkling in their architectural basins, terrace on terrace of them. Spray flew up from statues in the center of these basins and from invisible openings at their sides, while farther afield to right and left there were more fountains, tributary ones, each rivaling the main row in rich beauty. Two of these were such as would be of great importance in any other garden, representing a golden Adam and a golden Eve standing seemingly entranced, each surrounded by a crystal trellis of fine sprays of water. The rush and music of Peterhof's fountains were quite exciting, while the real splendor of this display confirmed the impression it was a fairy palace which stood there above and dominated these gardens.

The Sovereigns' Farm

Versailles is imposing by its space and grandeur, but it is a cold picture of a king's power, while at Peterhof one gazed at a living, throbbing toy, created by an autocratic czar for his lighter moments, with the color, warmth, intimacy and charm which somehow creep into the creations of any Russian and grip one's heart. There was nothing one could change to make it more attractive; and whether, from the palace windows, one looked down over leaping, liquid steps with their foam and spray, the golden statues and the splendid trees, then out over that wide spread of bay past Kronstadt to the sunset far beyond, or whether from below one looked up toward the palace, pink and flashing through the spray and outlined against the sky, one loved it all.

On certain days and evenings there was music in the olden days before the war quenched Russia's gayety, and as the fountains played then thousands of people, natives and strangers, courtiers and peasants, came to walk, to listen and to feast their eyes. Nowhere did one better realize the democracy of the Russian people than here, where the classes met and mingled with a common joy in this most charming corner of the world. One could wander far and still remain under the spell of Peterhof, for the park spread out for several miles, with a lake and numerous pavilions, bridle paths and graveled shady walks. In part it was laid out in English fashion, with rustic summer houses, ancient trees and shrubs, growing as Nature might inspire. Mon Plaisir, a tiny and romantic house, built for an emperor's favorite, stood hidden in one corner; another little place, in the style of Louis XVI, had been used by the great Catharine for some of her capricious hours; and finally, off in the least attractive and most quiet corner down near the water's edge, far from the crowd, the fountains and music, existed what was called the farm. There in simple, small and rather crowded buildings in the English-cottage style our late Emperor and Empress, with their five children, lived a modest existence behind three rows of sentinels.

The members of their court complained of the discomfort and wondered why the sovereigns chose this queer corner of their vast empire to occupy when they had so much that was better to enjoy. The spot was low, the houses damp, the trees so thick no sun could dry them out, and the crowding up of the immediate suite, and even of the members of the imperial family themselves, was a source of annoyance. But there was no change ever made, and this curious choice was laid at the door of the Empress' desire for solitude and the Emperor's shyness, or their wish to keep their children to a simple mode of life. It was all of a piece with the habits and program of the young grand duchesses' days, which seemed very empty and pathetic to us who looked on at them.

(Continued on Page 69

The Gas Range that Bakes with Fresh Air!

Before you buy a gas range, have a good look at the oven. For the oven is the heart of a gas range—the vital point in its construction. You can boil water and fry eggs over any ordinary gas jet, but you cannot expect to turn out good baking in an oven which is not properly designed.

The oven of the Estate Gas Range differs from all others in that there are no openings in the sides of the oven—no chance for the products of combustion to enter the oven. The construction of this oven insures better, sweeter, more wholesome baking and roasting and absolute uniformity of heat in every part of the oven.

Another big advantage of this construction is the additional baking capacity it affords. In the ordinary oven, which has openings in either side, there is at least one inch of space at each side which cannot be utilized. In the Estate Oven baking can be placed flush up against the walls. This means that an 18-inch Estate Oven has the baking capacity of an ordinary 20-inch oven.

Estate Gas Ranges are made in a wide variety of styles, sizes and finishes, to suit all requirements. Several models are enameled throughout and some of the cabinet ranges can be had with or without an oven heat control.

The Fresh Air Bake Oven is only one of many reasons for giving preference to the Estate Gas Ranges. They are noted for their durability, economy of operation and handsome design.

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added to cleaning water kills germs

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Ordinary soap-and-water cleaning removes the visible dust and dirt from your floors, but it is not strong enough to rid your floors of the unseen germ life that lurks there. Continual indifference to this fact invites sickness.

Before starting to clean, add a little Lysol Disinfectant to the cleaning water. Lysol Disinfectant is a soapy liquid that kills germs. It mixes readily with water, and aids in cleaning as it disinfects.

Disease germs also breed in sinks, toilet bowls, garbage cans, drains, wash-tubs, hard-to-get-at corners, and dark closets. Sprinkle a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant, mixed with water, into all such places—at least twice a week.

A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

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Send for free samples of other Lysol products

You can purchase a 25c bottle of Lysol Disinfectant for trial purposes at any drug store. We shall be glad to mail you free samples of the other Lysol products.

Shall we send a sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of Lysol Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin.

Send name and address on a postcard.

(Continued from Page 66)

The Empress was devoted to her children, but was very severe, and their days were divided into arbitrary sections for work and play. The grand duchesses were all treated as if they were very small still, and were dressed always alike, though the elder ones had long passed the age to make their appearance in society. They were fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed, attractive girls with shy manners. People who went for an audience to the sovereigns often saw the girls peeping at them and then disappearing around a corner of some corridor, full of curiosity doubtless about the great world outside their narrow walls. Of those who met them by chance they asked the most naïve questions, and their days were spent together in monotonous routine. It was rather a pathetic, empty life they led, and most of their attendants seemed very sorry for them.

Rasputin and Madame Wiroboff they hated, and this was a great difficulty in their lives, since these two people were about the only ones the Empress tolerated near her. The Czarevitch was ill so often, and his mother was in such terror of his chronic trouble that she kept him more shut up even than his ailment required. Of him also the attendants spoke with pity, for both his sufferings and his lonesomeness. It was a curious existence this small group led, who could dispose of all of Russia's riches and choose for themselves an ideal frame and companions of the best. Somehow when I saw them or heard of them they roused my pity, and there were many others who felt as I did about the life of the imperial family. Shut up in these close quarters they never saw anyone worth while.

The Emperor worked a lot with his ministers and secretaries, and they all spoke of his very intelligent interest in any subject reported to him. Some very amusing little tales were told, which proved his simplicity and modesty amidst all his power and possibility for extravagance. One especially lingers in my memory as very typical. A self-made man, who was a minister of very liberal tendencies, was often detained by His Majesty for a little chat after reports were finished. He told me he was talking one day of the possibility of introducing some new industries or fortifying the older industries of our country, and he mentioned that of soap manufacturing.

"Sire," he said, "you and we all use French soaps because they are agreeable, yet we have the material to make as good ourselves. I confess even I always use a rose soap from a certain Paris firm, though I should doubtless be more patriotic if our own brands were better."

"Yes," said the Emperor, "I also use that same soap, but only for my hands and face, because it is so expensive; for my bath I use a cheaper variety."

The minister gasped at this careful economy on the part of the ruler of all the Russias, and when I heard this anecdote I wondered how many people, whether fellow sovereigns or their subjects, would make such a modest economy in their personal habits or would have the simple good faith to tell of it.

Distinguished Visitors

Late in the summer the court always moved for a few days to Kracnoe camp, where everyone squeezed into small cabins called tents. These stood in a small but attractive park on the hillside overlooking Great Peter's mill and lake. The sovereigns inspected the camps of all regiments, which had come from distant parts of the empire. They attended two or three performances in the pretty camp theater and watched the maneuvers or drills from the top of the small mound built in the middle of the parade ground for that purpose.

Generally some important personages came to visit at our court each year and were brought to see Kracnoe camp for a day or two of military honors. In this way the Italian king, Loubet and Poincaré as presidents of France, Joffre, the young Duke of Connaught, the King of Denmark and a number of others came among us—and all liked it very much I think.

Usually they had had a series of court and social functions at Peterhof first when they arrived in Russia: gala dinners, illuminations, and so on. They had lived in the emperor's palaces, and to come to a military camp seemed to promise rough experiences. Yet I never saw anyone who could face our military power and glory spread out without being thrilled by it, and visitors were left amazed by these vast hordes of soldiers and the precision with which they worked. The imperial guard as it lay there on the hillsides was some seventy thousand strong, and as one traveled about in the camp for many miles one had an idea of the weight of such a czar for good or ill among the peoples of the world. The master of great armies of which this enormous imperial guard represented but the cream was the idealist who in 1898 had called on the nations of the world to meet and discuss disarmament, who later, though he fought so many bloody wars, dreamed and hoped for peace and tried to bring peace about.

His Majesty made a fine military figure as he rode out on the parade ground to the strains of the imperial anthem and the drilled and regular hurrahing of the troops. I remember in particular one parade for Loubet, and just before the war another day when the Emperor rode into camp at the hour of evening prayer, with Poincaré by his side. On this last-mentioned occasion around the sovereign were all the grand dukes on horseback and the allied president had by his side the fiery, eloquent Viviani, then prime minister of France. These republicans were black-coated, while all others shone in the bright colors of imperial uniforms and in gold lace and glittering arms.

Military Pageantry

For days the regimental bands of the whole camp had been practicing The Marseillaise. As one rode across country or sat in one's garden the strains floated and echoed over the wide plains. That night thirty or forty complete bands were massed together and made the largest number of musicians I've ever seen together. They played The Marseillaise and also the imperial anthem, with its grave inspiring splendor and dignified tempo brought out by the lighter song of France.

The women of the camp—officers' wives and their visitors—had seats and standing space roped off for them among the trees and on the grass, while a grand stand was built for the ladies of the imperial family with their attendant ladies in waiting, and small tents offered tea and other light refreshments for us all.

Waiting under these circumstances was quite an easy matter, for, besides material comfort, gay courtiers and various officers off duty were gathered there, free to make themselves agreeable. Near the sunset hour one heard the hurrahing and the anthem being played in the distance, which always heralded the arrival of the Czar. He and his staff with his allied guests had nearly finished their tour of inspection in the vast camp. We dropped our tea and left our beaux and rushed forward to our inclosure. The last slanting rays of the setting sun, the brilliant summer sky of mauve and pink and blue, a golden halo of dust rising behind the main figures in the approaching group, the hurrahing, the music and singing, the splendor of the horses, the multicolored uniforms and their picturesque background of lake, forest and fields, tents and massed troops, were all impressed on my mind permanently and distinctly. In a carriage the president, our ally, sat with Viviani, and the president bowed to right and left. The silver-tongued, rising statesman was young and dark, a type of Southern France, fiery of expression and of temper, doubtless full of talent, simple of manner, brusque of speech. These foreigners stood out in high relief against the semi-Oriental splendor of our autocracy, with its tranquillity of traditions slowly formed, and in the gay and highly colored crowd all eyes turned on them.

As always, I watched the two principal Russians of the procession with some curiosity. Our Emperor, who was a first-class horseman, sat his quiet parade steed well. As he passed along the lines of his faithful and enthusiastic subjects he saluted periodically as the protocol dictated. He carried through each detail of his part in this day's functions with calm and dignity, but his action was mechanical and his eyes were far away, the patient sad expression so characteristic with him being especially marked on such occasions. Near him the commander of the imperial guards moved—the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch. Still in his prime physically, though over fifty, slender and supple of figure, supremely alive and intelligent of face, he was the perfection of breeding. His alert eyes saw

(Continued on Page 71)

Snapping winds cannot harm Brenlin

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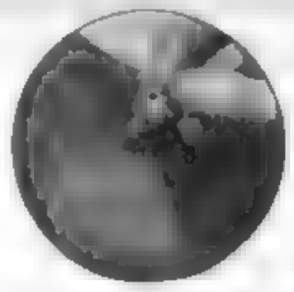

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I came away from the Prihoda recital with that feeling that I had been taken out of the moil and toil of life into the spiritual --which only the works of the masters rendered by a genius can produce.
When the recital was over, I was present at a tone-test in which Prihoda's actual playing was compared with its Re-Creation by the Edison Phonograph. I was astounded to find that I could not tell when Prihoda was playing or when your phonograph was playing.
As one who has watched the gradual evolution of the reproduction of music, vocal and instrumental, let me compliment you on the progress you have made, and add the hope that you may be inspired to still greater accomplishment in a work which means so much for the happiness of mankind.
Very truly yours,
John C. Freund
JCF.CS

From actual photograph. Mr. Freund seated right, Mr. Flechter left, Mr. Volpe standing. The instrument an Official Laboratory Model, Chippendale.

VASA PRIHODA'S New York Recital, given October 16th, in Aeolian Hall, before a crowded auditorium of music devotees and music critics, enthroned this youth as one of the superlative violinists of the century.

John C. Freund, who wrote this heartfelt tribute to Mr. Edison for perpetuating Prihoda's genius, is editor of "Musical America" and president of the Musical Alliance of America,—one of the grandest figures in American music.

His colleagues are Victor S. Flechter, the recognized authority, in America, on violins and violin-tone; and Arnold Volpe, one of the best-known violinist-conductors. These two experts substantiated all that Mr. Freund said.

Men, who have devoted their lives to the cause of good music, acknowledge there is no difference between the original performance of the artist and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

VISIT your Edison dealer, and compare Prihoda, on the New Edison, with *any* violinist who records for other phonographs or talking-machines.

WHO WON MR. EDISON'S $10,000 ?
FOLDER ANNOUNCING PRIZE WINNERS AT YOUR EDISON DEALER

The NEW EDISON

(Continued from Page 69)

everything, his capable brain took in the wonderful scene in every detail. It was all of his planning, and as he looked about he must have been quite satisfied with the effect. He rode a horse which was as patrician as himself and he controlled the animal's curvetting without apparent effort. Equally the eyes of soldiers and those of many women lingered with pleasure on this unpretentious man who attended strictly to his duties, quite unconscious of any attention given him.

The visitors from France alighted and joined the ladies of the court; the emperor, the commander of the camp and the other grand dukes with the imperial suite and all officials on duty took their places in the hollow square which the spectators formed and the ceremonies of the Czaria began. A short report of each unit in the camp was made to His Majesty, then the evening prayer or hymn, most impressive incident of the program, was played by the bands just as the sun went down. It was to me one of the yearly occurrences which by sheer weight of traditional meaning, by magnificence and the touching tribute paid the Great White Czar put a lump in my throat and made me feel to the utmost the apparent stability of our Emperor's power. Yet it was the last Czaria we were ever to see.

Usually this ceremony was followed with the opening of the camp's theater and then for some six weeks two or three performances weekly became our chief distraction. Ballet, operettas or a good play now and again from the capital's best theaters alternated to amuse us; and all were done to perfection. Gay parties at the restaurant near by often followed the performances, when young officers and gay artists supped together. The *entr'actes* brought the whole audience to the delightful piazzas, where gossip was exchanged and tea and ices were always served by servants of the court.

Inside the theater the imperial family followed the custom of the officers in camp, for the empress and grand duchesses used the boxes with the ladies of their suites, while His Majesty and the grand dukes used the first row of orchestra seats. The Czar of all the Russias seemed to enjoy immensely the democracy of this habit. To be for once in a position similar to his subjects would naturally suit one of his simple tastes. I often watched him as he sat thus with the Grand Duke Nicholas by his side, and I thought he seemed gayer than on any other occasions. Even sometimes he laughed, and always he looked animated and entertained, instead of wearing the expression between sadness and boredom which was usual when he appeared among his courtiers at social functions.

Cheering to Order

Now and again Their Majesties held great parades at Kracnoe; always one was arranged for visiting sovereigns or for a visiting French president. There was a grand stand erected on these occasions near the imperial mound, on which a small pavilion in canvas was set up. We women who were honored by invitations reached the grand stand early and watched the troops line up in the formation required by the protocol. When all was ready the cheering and the imperial anthem as usual fell on our ears, and then a heavy bay horse carrying the emperor appeared by the side of a wonderful daumont carriage. The latter was drawn by four fine, large, cream-white horses harnessed with black harness which was studded with highly polished metal. Two of these four horses were ridden by men dressed completely in white livery to match their mounts. Ahead of this elegant equipage rode an elderly man, a sort of master of the horse, also in white from head to foot, with top hat and powdered hair, his long-tailed coat, like his other garments, of white broadcloth or buckskin. He made a great effect and rode as if the eyes of the world were on him.

The empress, in the daumont, made a very lovely figure on these occasions, always dressed in snowy clothes of soft white, with a large and fluffy hat. Loubet or Poincaré, if it was either president, sat beside his hostess, while the Italian king and the other military men preferred to ride horseback with the emperor. Following the sovereigns came the emperor's suite, and a brave show they made. Their tour of inspection over, their little procession halted at the imperial mound. Loubet descended, aided Her Majesty to do likewise, and offering her his arm they climbed the flight of steps to the mound's top, where the usual tent contained refreshments and seats. The emperor, still on horseback, took his stand at the bottom of the mound and remained as immobile as a statue while he watched seventy thousand men of the imperial guards go by. No country in Europe or elsewhere could make such a tremendous showing, and every unit in the parade was composed of picked men perfectly clothed, equipped and trained.

No one thought in those brave days of the misery ahead. On the contrary, the power of the Czar was always at its zenith. Sometimes it seemed to me the cheering was not so spontaneous as it should be. I noticed a regular and directed roar produced at a given moment. I mentioned this to someone, but was told that of course this was so, and that any demonstration made out of time would be regarded as not according to the protocol! This was one of my first puzzles in Russian psychology, for it seemed to indicate more desire for order than for real enthusiasm. The Russians never seemed to cheer spontaneously.

Wartime Enthusiasm

I always kept this impression till the day war against Germany was declared. That day after the religious service held in the Winter Palace to pray for our armies going to war a really wonderful demonstration was made by the Czar's subjects. Instead of cheers their expression of enthusiasm took another form, however. The great crowd in the Palace Square fell on their knees and sang the imperial anthem with intense expression and devotion. Later, in war days, I heard our troops roaring wildly to honor their commander in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas. They demonstrated enthusiasm then not only by the quality of their yelling, which was louder and deeper than the stereotyped peace cheers, but by beginning before time and carrying on lengthily and like mad. This happened also to the grand old man, whom we all adored, whenever he went on a tour of inspection along the firing lines. Especially was it noticeable when the sovereign and the grand duke made their journey to the conquered provinces of Galicia. More remarkable still was the marvelous demonstration of the waiting crowds at every station, when after the emperor's abdication the grand duke traveled from the staff at Moghileff to his villa on the Crimean shore. Men and women, old and young, yelled and yelled at every station, having stood for hours waiting for the train, which was frightfully behind schedule. When it came the grand duke did not even show himself. The members of the duma who accompanied His Imperial Highness feared a movement which would make this great figure its standard bearer, and he was asked not to encourage the enthusiasm of the crowds by responding to their demand for a glimpse of him.

I have to admit the Russians never went mad with admiration for any old-régime official to my knowledge, save on the occasions above mentioned. One had but to be at the opera or a concert when some really good actor, singer or ballerine was performing to see what the Slav temperament gave, however, in the way of worship to their favorites. The wildest shouting and handclapping I have ever witnessed took place; unconscious, irresistible, frenzied applause. In this hero worship, artistic judgment and sensitive natures combined to pay tribute to Chaliapine or some other national idol of the moment. Positively our people knew how to express themselves when occasion offered.

Among our guard regiments there were many soldiers mustered in who were completely ignorant; but they were soon taught to read and write. The regimental schools did much good, developed their soldiers rapidly, and the latter returned home after their years of service possessing besides knowledge of drill, and so on, the rudiments of ordinary education. It was amusing and rather thrilling to watch the rapid development of these wholesome peasant lads who were the raw recruits. They came into the regiment fresh of face, supple of limb, broad of shoulder, though they had no notion of military discipline, of drilling and gymnastics, nor had they been fed on anything save the Kasha and black bread, which with occasional lard and vegetables were the staple foods of our old villagers. In the hands of their sergeants they got regular and sufficient exercise, with

(Continued on Page 73)

The New Shoe for Women

IMAGINE : : a shoe with moccasin comfort and metropolitan smartness.

IMAGINE : : a shoe with all the beauty which fashion demands and every requirement which the most exacting medical and surgical authority can suggest.

IMAGINE : : a shoe which satisfies your pride and makes your feet and ankles slender and shapely.

IMAGINE : : a shoe worn all day long, which leaves your feet rested and ready for dainty and elegant evening slippers—such as *Sorosis*.

There you have
THE A.E.LITTLE SHOE
The New Shoe for Women

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a shoe was introduced that found immediate favor in this country and in Europe. It was the first shoe to be branded with the manufacturer's trade-mark, as proof of his confidence in his product. Because of its popularity, imitations appeared. The courts soon decided that the name *Sorosis* on a shoe was for the protection of the public, and any name resembling it could not be used.

Because the A. E. Little Company — makers of *Sorosis* Shoes — were the only shoe manufacturers who maintained an experimental laboratory and made their own lasts, America's most eminent surgeons requested this company to collaborate with them in designing a shoe for suffering feet. Their united efforts resulted in the development of the *Sorosis Orthopedic*. Twenty-two thousand prescriptions for this shoe were written by New York physicians and filled at the New York store, alone, in a period of less than two years.

The orthopedic *Sorosis* is not beautiful, as are the other *Sorosis* shoes and slippers. It has taken the manufacturers ten years to create a work-and-play shoe — beautiful, and at the same time one that the most conscientious surgeon would prescribe.

With the purpose of bestowing the greatest good among the greatest number, the sale of the A. E. Little Shoe will not be limited to *Sorosis* stores or departments, but will be opened to all shoe merchants who will carry a full range of sizes and widths to insure proper fitting; and the price is only $12.50. Consult your dealer or send for information direct to us.

NOTE ONE: : Although A. E. Little Shoes are made from all kinds of leathers, we recommend for many reasons our carefully selected and specially tanned and finished thoroughbred calf for the upper. Its soft velvety texture takes a wonderful polish and always looks well.

NOTE TWO: : Look in your local newspaper for the advertisements of merchants who carry the A. E. Little Shoe.

Catalog upon request

A. E. LITTLE CO.

Makers of
Sorosis Shoes for Men, Women and Children
Lynn, Mass.
449 *Fifth Avenue, New York*

There's more cream in a pint of Pet Milk than in a quart of ordinary milk

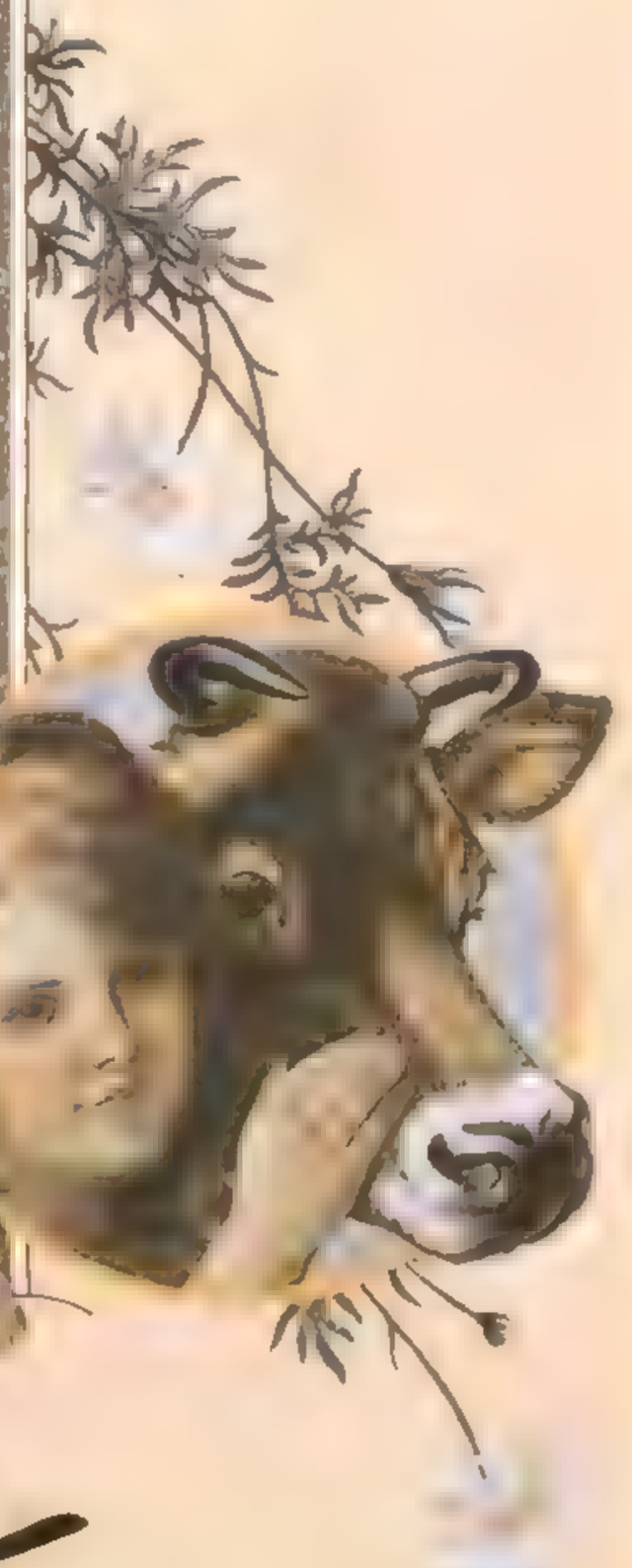
Its double richness makes Pet fine for use in coffee. With an equal part of water added, it is better than ordinary milk for cooking.

Pet is pure, rich, full-cream cow's milk with part of the natural water removed—that's all. It is sterilized and comes to you pure and sweet. It is Milk at its Best.

Try Pet and be convinced of its superiority. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes—tall and small. For a free book of Pet Recipes, write The Helvetia Company, General Offices, St. Louis—Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry.

Try this recipe

BANANA ICE CREAM. 4 large bananas; 2 cups Pet Milk; 2 cups water; 1½ cups sugar; 1 lemon. Boil and cool water and add to Pet Milk; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Peel, then mash and beat bananas into smooth paste; add juice of lemon; mix with milk and sugar, and freeze.



Milk at its Best

(Continued from Page 71)

habits of quick thought, while comfortable clothes and strengthening nourishment made them rapidly straighter, broader and harder physically. Very soon their sluggish minds woke up. Till then they had slept through long winters, and lost themselves in semidreaming through the summers under their vast sky of blue; but in service their minds were shaken into receptivity and they were for the first time wide-awake and active, keen over life with its work and its play. Amiable, grateful for small kindnesses, childishly dependent on their officers here, as in the home conditions they had been dependent on their landowners, anxious to enjoy the pleasures which came their way, they were ready always to do a favor to anyone who asked it. The Russian soldier gave care and protection, love and charity, as well as courage and patience, to those about him or above him, and he was a very simple fellow to understand or influence.

I watched our men with interest and compared them with the volunteer American soldiers. I found a few traits in common, but also many differences. The tinge of the Orient was felt in the Russian, in his fatalism, readiness for quiet, unprotesting sacrifice, mysticism, and the moral grandeur of the very simple man, the quick turn of the primitive and young from sorrow and suffering to the enjoyment of life, with an uneven reliability—that is, a deep sense of duty in some matters and complete relaxing at the point where his responsibility ended.

On the whole it would be hard to find a finer lot of men than were those who made up the heavy cavalry regiments of His Majesty's guards in olden days. It was touching to see them, squadron by squadron, doing their devotions in Lent, through a whole week of fasting, long church services, which ended with confession and communion.

Never did I see a sign of disrespect or an indication of wandering attention. When the war came their religion seemed to be of vast help to them, and they would turn to the church for comfort and for strength quite simply. Fun they took whenever it offered, and in whatever form. Healthy young creatures as they were, they were given much less leave than the armies of other nations. All through the first winter no one had vacations save for some good reason, and through the retreat of 1915 there was still less freedom. Later, if I remember rightly, each man was given ten days once in four months, and often these ten days were too short for our soldiers to reach their homes. Siberians, Caucasians or other inhabitants of Eastern Russia as long as the war lasted could not reach their villages, and so they necessarily must amuse themselves with what came easily. Yet from beginning to end I was thrilled by our soldiers' qualities. It took courage to make the first raid in East Prussia, where fighting was such that eighty thousand men were lost there on the plains. Still at that time there was the excitement of a beginning, there were glory and success and plenty of food, living as our troopers did on the enemy's country.

The Captured Enemy Baby

But the next year they were weary, starving, bleeding, without arms or ammunition, retreating with the added load of misery which demoralization and untrustworthiness in high quarters must create. Yet our armies fought on, the officers and soldiers were killed off, straining every nerve to hold their ground if only long enough to allow a safe and calm withdrawal of the refugees behind them and to make complete destruction of all property or material which if taken could have aided the Germans following them. This retreat over, the armies re-formed and hurled themselves forward again on all our fronts, capturing many places. All this with artillery against them, with much suffering and treachery in their rear. Some regiments were renewed entirely, both officers and men, more than three times over; yet no complaints were made.

In the hospitals it was the same. There was no chloroform, and little of those medicines most needed, yet I never heard a murmur. Only faith and hope and gratitude were given to the doctors and nurses as, all overtaxed and weary, these did great work too. Finally after the revolution it was quite eight or ten months before the Russian army had been brought low, and this in spite of devilishly clever propaganda, deliberate efforts to poison the mind and body of each soldier by false promises, false idealism, as well as constant indulgences offered in all that was bad for their victims by the propagandists in charge. This deliberately planned and carried-out debauchery of millions of our nation's youths and men seemed to us the greatest crime in history, at least until the Bolsheviki later showed us their hideous practices in the full tide of power.

Those foreigners who lived among our armies were always talking of the streak of gentleness, the simple faith, the love of beauty and the quaint expression of these sentiments they encountered. An officer told me that early in the war one of his troopers during a skirmish appeared before him with a baby—a German baby, aged two or three, held in his arms. "Your Highness, may I keep him? I found him sleeping, abandoned, in a stable, the house burned, and its occupants, save this one, fled. I will feed and wash and care for the mite. It is such a small child, one can't leave it here to starve, and it won't take much room. Please, Highness, let me keep this baby; I will carry him with me on the march!" That was a protecting spirit and love of childhood very different from the German's mentality in Belgium!

Risking Life for a Shrub

Later, on the Dvinsk front, at a point where the wounded were brought in in vast numbers for first aid and further forwarding when possible, there stood in the camp a great cathedral, not built of stone, but cut in the live forest by convalescent soldiers' hands. In gratitude to God for their recovery these men had trimmed the branches of some trees and cut down other trees completely, till they had a space formed like a Gothic church made high and wide, with softened green daylight shining through its leafy walls and roof. On the ground white sand was scattered thickly and beaten smooth to make a floor. Often sand was added to cover bloodstains. An altar was constructed and kept trimmed; and mass was celebrated there and communion given to all who came. Always the rustic cathedral was crowded to overflowing. But it was most wonderful of all to see fresh wounded just come to the camp, who would hobble or crawl or ask to be carried into the cathedral, to cross themselves and say a silent prayer in courage and thanksgiving.

They then would go off to the agony of operations and the suffering of hospitals with tranquil hearts and calm faces. Such was our soldiers' faith, and such their patient courage!

Finally, the prettiest tale of all, and extremely typical as well, was told me by an American, who late in the spring in the war year 1916 was on our firing line, observing. To his surprise he saw a trench dug a certain distance and then broken by a space a yard or more long, then the trench beginning again. In the closed space stood a lilac bush in full bloom.

Shocked, the American visitor stopped and, turning to the Russian officer in charge, he asked in blank surprise: "What is this break in the trench? It must be very dangerous for your men to climb out here and then go down again into the continuation on the other side of your flower garden. What does it mean?"

And the Russian answered: "It is a foolish thing, but argument would not prevail, and I hadn't the heart to order. Our soldiers have nothing pleasant in their lives out here; we haven't even the necessities of existence. Though I explained they risked their lives, they begged to keep the lilac bush and watch it bloom. So they climb out of one trench and down into the other, crossing this danger spot on all fours constantly, and I do the same. They said they liked the bush because it reminded them of their home villages, where the lilacs are blooming now and fragrant!"

That story gave our soldiers' mentality in a nutshell. Who shall say they were not very great?

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Mirror Lake, in the Mt. Rainier National Park

Come to the Mountains—Come to the Sea

Come to Seattle

Center of the Charmed Land

ENJOY ONE GOLDEN SUMMER in the greatest out-door vacation land. See Seattle and her charming sister cities, but above all plan that this is to be an out-of-doors vacation—motoring through stately forests carpeted with lovely woodsy things, along sparkling streams and tumbling water falls, picnicking by the wayside, climbing mountains, and wandering over mountain trails; floating over shimmering lakes amidst snow-capped peaks; taking a pack outfit to the innermost heart of nature's majesty and beauty; skiing in July; sailing over the most perfect yacht courses in the world amid a thousand islands, even to the wonder waters and beauties of Alaska; boating, canoeing, hiking, swimming.

BRING YOUR FLY ROD, your salmon rod and your bass tackle, your 16 or 20 gauge gun, your trusty rifle, your tennis racket, your camera and your bathing suit. Bring your golf clubs and your golfing togs—golf every day in the year. Spend a good long time in Mount Rainier National Park, America's supreme and peerless beauty spot. Take the ten days of travel de luxe over Inland Seas to Alaska with a panorama of inspiring scenery passing in review.

BREATHE THE WONDERFUL AIR of Puget Sound, rest your nerves and feast your soul. You'll sleep under blankets—no heat, cyclones, earthquakes or poisonous reptiles—nothing but a good time.

YOU'LL STORE UP HEALTH and strength for your work-a-day world. Seattle is the healthiest city in the world—the children's paradise.

IF YOU LOVE NATURE and clean sport—come. Good motor roads and special summer railroad rates.

COME DIRECT to the Seattle Chamber of Commerce Tourist Bureau, 702 Third Avenue, Seattle.

Write for Booklet "The Charmed Land"
Seattle Chamber of Commerce,
910 Arctic Building, Seattle

Maximum temperature Seattle, 1921—80 degrees

Photo by J. A. McCormick

"Down Among the Islands."

Seattle—Center of America's Summer Playground

TWO CAN PLAY

(Continued from Page 21)

was the third robbery going to be? No use trying to guess; he hadn't started the second yet. He looked at his watch. Three-forty-five! Well, he'd better be moseying along.

Suddenly he wheeled off the Avenue into a side street. The thought had just struck him, and struck him forcibly, that of all places on earth where he was most likely to bump into Dorothy Hammis, Fifth Avenue was the most perilous. Why, this was almost where she lived! Yet as he left the throbbing thoroughfare of fashion behind him he felt unutterably lonely. By golly, he had actually been wanting to meet her! Yet he knew instantly—or so he told himself he knew—that if ever he did meet her he would die, dead, on the spot. He found himself wondering what she looked like on the street, what kind of clothes she wore; and two or three girls he passed in the next hundred yards made him catch his breath, until he realized sensibly that they were just girls.

"I'm a damn fool," he then told himself.

At four o'clock to the minute Jimmy MacForth sauntered easily into the glass-and-marble hallway of the apartment house to which he had been directed. He walked straight into the elevator.

"Mr. Radgleigh," he said to the African who finally appeared. "He's expecting me."

"Why, now," the guardian of the cageway scratched his head, "seems like Mr. Radgerley's not in. Joe!" he yelled to some unseen presence, "is Mr. Radgerley in?"

"Who? Him? No. He jess telephoned and said to tell the young lady he'd be late."

"Now that's very annoying," Jimmy was spluttering. "Mr. Radgleigh was to meet me here at quarter to four sharp. It's after four now." There was no time to ask about the reference to the young lady. "It's most annoying, I'm sure," he repeated. "What am I to do?"

"Don' know, boss," the Ethiopian volunteered.

"Let's see." Jimmy pretended to consult his watch. "I think—no, I'll wait for him here. Take me up to his rooms, please."

"Can't do that, boss. Against rules."

"But you don't expect me to wait in this elevator, do you; or on one of those marble benches against the wall? I never in my life! You'll hear from Mr. Radgleigh about this. Jimmy turned sharply to the attendant. "You've a pass key, haven't you?"

"Yassuh, but ——"

Jimmy pressed something crisp into the boy's hand.

"I think Mr. Radgleigh would prefer to have me wait for him in his own rooms. Don't you think so, boy?"

With a dubious "Yassuh, I guess so," the negro slammed the gate and started his chariot on its upward course. As he fumbled for his keys and opened Radgleigh's door he informed Jimmy again that this was against all rules.

"We don' genully do this, boss," he said.

"You don't generally get five dollars a ride for a trip in that taxi of yours either, do you?" said Jimmy genially. He could still hear the boy laughing and chuckling as the elevator snuffed itself from sight and went humming down, floor after floor.

"Score one," Jimmy observed.

XIII

CROSSING the threshold Jimmy found himself in a rather small but comfortably furnished room, apparently a lounging room and obviously a man's. At his left, two windows, a not too tidy bookcase between them, overlooked the street far below. A mantel with its concomitant coal grate took up most of one of the side walls, a heavy couch took up all of the other, while under a hanging electric lamp in the center of the apartment bulked a large, flat-topped mahogany desk flanked by an armchair of wine-colored leather. On the desk, turned squarely toward the door, a framed photograph faced the intruder Jimmy seized it and shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

"Score two," he grimly announced.

Turning hurriedly he stepped through the door at his right, glanced into what proved to be a bathroom, and then passed through another doorway into a good-sized bedroom. The one door at the far side of this room led merely into a closet filled with clothes. Jimmy brushed his hand through these garments by way of careless exploration, mostly to see how deep the closet might be, then abruptly stopped as his fingertips came into contact with an unfamiliar softness somewhere back there in the dark.

"That's funny," he observed, and brought out into the light a long, trailing silken garment of pinkish tinge edged and bedecked with ribbon. "Looks like a kimono," he laughed guilelessly. "Wonder if he wears it in his bath or something. If I only wanted to prove something on him now ——" He cocked his head and puffed out his lips into what his mother had long ago called his goblin face. "Aw, that doesn't prove a thing," he amended directly, and hung the garment back with a grin. It might have come there in any one of a dozen ways.

Another picture of Dorothy Hammis rewarded him in this room. It was a small photograph of the girl in riding togs, her lips opened as if in banter, her eyes dancing with pure love of living. Jimmy's heart turned one complete somersault inside him. At least something did; he could feel it. Then the picture joined its fellow in his pocket.

"Score three," Jimmy proclaimed.

He began going through Radgleigh's dresser, trying to make as little mess as possible, and except for the bottom drawer, which was locked but which, he muttered, wouldn't stay locked long, he made a thorough job of it.

"Nothing there," he finally reported to himself. Then a silver cigarette box on the dresser top caught his eye. Inside the cover were the initials "J. C. R.," and under them a simple "D. H." with the further legend, "Christmas, 1919." With a whoop of glee Jimmy dumped out the cigarettes and slid the silver box into his other pocket.

"Score four," he triumphed. "Now for the front room."

In the jumbled middle drawer of the desk he found four or five letters in the handwriting he had vicariously come to know so well. Now Satan stood close at his elbow, and Jimmy was only human. So he squeezed the edges of one of the envelopes together so that the missive bulged, then peeked inside. It was only a little peek. The letter began, "Dear Cyril." Nonplused he turned the envelope over and looked at the postmark.

"Hell," he exulted, "that's only a week ago!" Then: "See here, MacForth, you mind your own business," he said. "What's it to you, anyway!"

A check book and some miscellaneous papers Jimmy threw back. Then one by one he went through the remaining drawers, pulling out papers and stuffing them back, discovering letters by the score—and most of them, he thought, in feminine hands—but only eight or ten more of the sought-for chirography. These apparently had been tossed into the desk with a splendid carelessness.

"Seems to me," Jimmy growled, "I'd at least keep 'em together." He found himself at this moment disapproving pretty thoroughly of this individual whom he had been sent to despoil. "I don't know what the old man's idea is," he observed, "but I'm with him."

He pocketed the letters. The bookcase yielded nothing, and there seemed no other place to search. Jimmy glanced at his watch, saw that he had consumed twenty minutes, then raised his arms leisurely and yawned.

"This job's a cinch," he announced to the room in general.

The telephone answered him sharply. Jimmy looked at the desk where the instrument stood. It rang again. Jimmy stared at it. He started for the door, then thought better of it, retraced his steps to the desk and lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Radgleigh?" a softly modulated feminine voice demanded.

"No," said Jimmy, "this is not."

"Oh, I'm very sorry," said the voice, and suddenly the boy was gripped with the knowledge that he had heard this voice before.

"This is Mr. Radgleigh's apartment," Jimmy blurted out, an incomprehensible panic seizing him, "but Mr. Radgleigh isn't here. I'm—I'm just a friend of his."

"Oh!" Then a pause. "Perhaps I misunderstood," the voice presently suggested. "I received a message to call him up. Do you know anything about it?"

"No. I'm sorry, I don't."

"Well, when he comes in will you tell him, please, that Miss Hammis called up?"

Jimmy's heart was pounding so that he could hardly speak, but he managed to stammer the word "Certainly," and jammed the receiver back between the jaws of its hook. Then, shaking all over, he slowly turned—and opened his mouth.

In the open doorway, a latchkey in her hand, a smile on her lips, a polite inquiry in her lifted brows, stood a young woman, a totally strange young woman, a young woman smartly black-hatted and veiled, effectively tinted as to cheeks and lips, luxuriously furred, trigly incased in a short-skirted suit of smoky tan, resplendently stockinged, ultramodishly shod in that cramping French fashion of stubby toes, stiltlike heels and binding velvet straps which the shoe manufacturers were at that moment so unselfishly trying to popularize. All this Jimmy took in as she stood there eying him with civilly cool appraisal. Then she advanced, closing the door behind her.

"How do you do?" she said pleasantly and with entire poise. "Somebody want

(Continued on Page 78)

First the Chief Himself Would Fire a Round of Questions, Then the Brisk Little Operative Would Carry the Attack

SARAH BERNHARDT
who starred ten years ago in "Queen Elizabeth," the first Paramount Picture

More than 10,000 theatres and twenty million picture-goers are joining this month in the celebration of

PARAMOUNT'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

TEN years ago Adolph Zukor saw in the motion picture a thing of amazing possibilities. It was only a toy then, but he realized that if it were properly developed it could become a world factor, an international language, a medium of entertainment and education such as the world had never known!

He felt that the public would be satisfied with nothing less than the greatest artists, and he was fortunate enough to secure Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, whose name is a legend of the ultimate in drama, for his first five-reel picture. She starred in "Queen Elizabeth," the first Paramount Picture and the first modern feature picture!

"Queen Elizabeth" was quickly followed by that wonderful photoplay of Jesse L. Lasky's and Cecil B. DeMille's, "The Squaw Man." These were the auspicious beginnings of Paramount.

The history of Paramount is the history of the screen

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, whose trade-marked product is Paramount Pictures, have, in ten years, changed the screen from a one- and two-reel flickering stunt to the nation's entertainment and a great modern art.

Look about you everywhere and you see the changes for the better that Paramount Pictures have wrought. A steady supply of better pictures has enabled better theatres to be built, more comfortable and more appropriate temples.

This year Famous Players-Lasky Corporation presents in Paramount Pictures the greatest entertainment schedule ever prepared. The first seven months of 1922 see 62 great new Paramount Pictures being released.

Every month brings renewed proof of the soundness of the vision and the judgment of Adolph Zukor, who stands today as the leader of the screen industry, an industry that stands on as solid a foundation as steel, or food, or transportation, based on a need as old as man, the craving for entertainment.

The name Paramount stands for whatever is best in motion pictures

Paramount has gathered every kind of talent necessary to make better pictures, whether they be talents of Direction, of Drama, of Literature, of Acting, of Photography, of Mechanical Inventiveness, or the talent of Organizing all these on a great scale and regularly Delivering the Results to more than 11,200 theatres.

That's why this tenth birthday is worth celebrating. You are going to enjoy it if the Paramount Showmen in your town and every town have their way!

There will be something happening all the time in the way of stimulating Paramount entertainment. Something to see, something to feel, something to intoxicate you with the joy of life—the sharpest shocks of drama, the honeyed sweets of love, the ringing laughter of the spirit of Comedy!

That's Paramount and that's Paramount's anniversary! And that is the story in brief of Paramount, the leader in the fourth industry in the world today.

FAMOUS PLAYERS LASKY CORPORATION

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

This month marks the tenth birthday for Paramount

PARAMOUNT'S history is the history of motion pictures.

Ten years ago a motion picture was a crude, flickering thing of one or two reels shown in an old store.

Today it is the national entertainment!

What is it that has lifted the screen to such a high plane? Paramount's tremendous organization, which has created an endless chain of great shows for every theatre whose audiences want the best.

Paramount has lifted screen art a little higher every season for ten years, until today you may see such superb triumphs of Paramount's art as Cecil B. De Mille's "Fool's Paradise," Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion," and Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark."

This anniversary is being celebrated this month by more theatres showing more Paramount Pictures than ever before. See the newspapers for your theatre's program.

Your theatre manager wants to give you what you want to see. Go to him and say:

"Whenever you are going to show a Paramount Picture let me know. I'll be there." He will be glad to do it.

Releases for Tenth Anniversary Month

Wallace Reid in
"The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden
A great Broadway success made into the best Wallace Reid comedy-drama you ever saw.

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger
A gorgeously gowned drama with Gloria Swanson in the most thrilling rôle of her glorious career.

William S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
By George Du Maurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production.

Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production.

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walkers"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Betty Compson in a
William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

"The Mistress of the World"
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures
Featuring Mia May
Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Figdor

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Cecil B. De MILLE'S "FOOL'S

A FALSE French love leads a brave young American a strange trail in this new masterpiece of Cecil De Mille's.

The plot is as amazing as anything ever schemed by Balzac or De Foe, and yet the whole glittering, thrilling drama seems a real, a possible happening.

Figure a blind young man marrying the girl he hates, thinking she is the idol of his dreams!

Imagine her great love forcing her to have him operated on—and then, *seeing*, he spurns her and leaves on his fanatic search of the globe for the fair, false dancer!

At one point you see him in competition with the Prince of Siam. The French siren tries to play with them both: throws her glove into the pit of famished crocodiles and says she will award herself as prize to the man who gets it.

The next five minutes are more thrilling than three-quarters of all the photoplays ever released.

The settings surpass all the previous gorgeous De Mille productions. See the marvelous ice ballet—the snow queen's palace—the riotous temple dances of Siam! Beauty of women—beauty of sets—beauty of gowns.

Like all Cecil De Mille's Productions "Fool's Paradise" is a treasure house of daring photography—"shots" of unexampled dramatic power, and a richness of "putting on" which is to ordinary work as a sunrise is to a cheap lithograph.

You can sit back in your seat and simply thrill and revel in "Fool's Paradise."

It is *there* with a million dollar impact, and it lifts the great reputation of Paramount Pictures just one notch higher.

"Fool's Paradise" was pre-released in New York City at the Criterion Theatre at $1.50 and $2.00 a seat. The sign "Standing Room Only" was busy most of the time.

What the Newspapers said:

"Fool's Paradise" will keep you on the edge of your seat at least three-fourths of the time."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"One of the big films of the season."—*Phila. Bulletin*

"Gorgeous scenic effects, superb photography, splendid acting, originality of theme and treatment."—*N. Y. Evening Mail*

"The Criterion is still at B'way & 44th Street and the film is really worth the trip."—*N. Y. Evening World.*

"Absorbing play in pictures."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Contains practically everything De Mille has given evidence of loving to put on the screen."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The picture is staged with all the grandeur that is De Mille and the cast is excellent."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Paramount

If it's a Paramount Picture

The story of a blind man tricked into marriage with the woman he hated!

PARADISE"

By Beulah Marie Dix and Sada Cowan
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"

"He's blind and I'm to blame!"

Poll. "If he stays blind he's mine. If he's cured he's hers"

Pictures
it's the best show in town

FIRST SHOWING
at more than 250 leading theatres
NEXT WEEK

© 1922 N. H. CO.

NOTASEME HOSIERY

NOTASEME hose not only fits your feet trimly—it fits your purse as well. MEN! You can get well-made, snug fitting Notaseme socks for 25-35-50 55 and 75 cents; also $1.00-1.25-1.50 —in silk, lisle and cotton.

For men, women and children in silk, lisle and mercerized.

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from Page 74)

Cyril on the phone? I suppose you're waiting for him. How'd you get in?"

"Yes," countered Jimmy, thinking rapidly, "he said he'd meet me here at four. The boy let me in after a little argument. I couldn't see waiting down in the hall."

"That boy has orders——" the young woman broke in, then checked herself. "That's funny," she began again. "Cyril left a message for me that he'd be late. Didn't they tell you?" She peered at him with smiling curiosity. "Who are you, anyway? Where do you fit in this set?"

"My name's Martin," Jimmy lied. He had already determined to use his own initials, in case somebody should look inside his hat. "I'm Jack Martin. Cyril must have spoken of me. We're looking over some ponies together."

"Cyril and his ponies!" laughed the newcomer. "He's been trying to get me to try it out—he says I could ride as well as he can—but the little old car for me every time!"

Jimmy, stabbing in the blackness of his mind for an excuse to make a graceful exit, laughed too.

"Well," the young woman was saying, "I suppose we might as well make ourselves comfortable while we're getting acquainted. I'll be with you in a second." She turned unconcernedly toward the bedroom, her hands fumbling for the veil pin at the back of her hat.

"Some queen!" declared Jimmy to his own ears. "I wonder—h'm!" He paused, scowling. "I guess I'll wait a minute." He began pacing up and down the room. "She's certainly at home here," he thought, and scowled the more fiercely.

"Oh, Mr. Martin," came the young woman's voice from the other room, "you might be shaking up a Bronx. You'll find the makings and the ice in the bathroom. You don't have to chain yourself in there, you know. I'm just tidying up a bit."

Jimmy MacForth sauntered obediently to the connecting doorway and coolly looked in. But behind the nonchalance in his eyes there flickered a gleam of purpose.

The young woman was standing in front of Radgleigh's dresser, her hat and coat laid aside, deftly coaxing and patting her carefully waved chestnut hair. The bottom drawer, the one that had been locked, was now pulled open, and even as Jimmy watched she stooped and took from it an ivory-backed hand mirror and a comb. Jimmy raised himself upon his toes, for the contents of that drawer were becoming more and more worth cataloguing. He could see a suggestion of pink-and-white fluffiness; that was all, but it was enough. Then the young woman bent down again, fumbled a little and presently brought out a tiny handkerchief, which she tucked into the neck of her blouse, all with the utmost unconcern as to his presence.

Suddenly she froze, rigid, staring at the dresser.

"Well, he's done that at last!" she exclaimed, half to herself, half to her listener. "I told him he'd have to put that kid's picture away unless he wanted to have me put it away for him. What's he think I am!" She swung fiercely to Jimmy, indignation blazing from her eyes. "I've had to put up with enough!" she snapped.

So, now, had Jimmy.

"Did you say those makings were in the bathroom?" he said evenly, while his face grew red. At her nod he withdrew from the doorway, gave his two pockets an assuring tap, tiptoed out into the main room, opened the front door softly, closed it gingerly, and then bolted, leaping three steps at a time down the dark stairs that encircled the elevator shaft. As he approached the ground floor he eased into a dignified walk, nodded cheerfully to the hallboy, mumbled something about not being able to wait, and strode out into the street.

A familiar figure was lounging against the stoop of the house across the way. This time Jimmy recognized him and wanted to laugh. But suddenly he did not want to laugh at all. He spat savagely at the pavement, all thought of the detective burned from his mind.

"The cootie!" he snarled. "The dirty cootie! Why, she even had a latchkey. I'd wring his damn neck! Aach—the cootie!"

At the corner he stepped into a telephone booth, slammed the door on himself and breathlessly called the office number of John A. Hammis, only to find that the banker had left for the day. He demanded Miss Matthews, got her, explained to her that he must see Mr. Hammis at once, and was rewarded with the suggestion that he try the older man's home. Jimmy wasted no further time telephoning. It was only a dozen blocks.

In four minutes, thanks to a roaming taxicab, he was squeezing the doorbell of the severe brownstone house which for so many years had proved itself impregnable to newspaper men, notoriety seekers, fortune hunters, get-rich-quick specialists and social climbers alike. Here John A. Hammis had lived for three decades alone.

A butler, even whiter of head than his master, opened the great door and blinked patiently at Jimmy's excited inquiry.

"Your name, please?" he blandly asked.

"Mr. James MacForth."

The aged servant smiled, yet without seeming to move a muscle of his face. "Won't you come in, sir?" said he. "Mr. Hammis mentioned that you might be here."

He ushered Jimmy silently into an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged reception room and disappeared, leaving the boy once more gripped with that whirling confusion he had felt before at coming into contact with the benevolent machinations of the master of this house. Every least thing seemed to be anticipated, prepared for. Well, this time there would be something that wasn't! If he, James MacForth, were merely a pawn being moved from square to square in a game which as a pawn he did not understand—but which, he reflected with a smile, he nevertheless liked—he was fast coming to the point where, notwithstanding his ignorance of the rules, he was soon going to make a move in the play himself. Exactly what that move was to be he had not quite decided, but it was going to be a move, and it was going to have something to do with the queen.

Jimmy felt all this rather than thought it. His breath was still coming too fast for him to think.

"The cootie!" he heard himself growling again.

Then the old manservant was standing in the doorway once more.

"Mr. Hammis will see you in the library, sir," he announced, and led the way up the long straight stairs.

JOHN A. HAMMIS, white-haired, ruddy-faced, clean-chiseled and erect as any West Pointer of half his years, was standing before a small log fire, his back to the blaze, as Jimmy entered the room. It was a long room, paneled throughout in brown walnut, its two shelved sides piled high with books, their gay bindings giving the color which a dark-paneled room always needs. At one end, brightly lit, stood a massive table of carved walnut strewn with a miscellany of books and magazines, while at the other end, balancing the table in the architectural composition of the apartment, bulked a heavy desk, also elaborately carved. Framed between these two pieces of furniture was the hearth itself, the fireplace of smoke-blackened white marble, its mantel face of dark wood tapering upward to the ceiling. The whole room radiated the same substantiality, the same stability, the same elemental simplicity that Jimmy had always somehow felt in the person of its owner. This room belonged to John A. Hammis, and he to it. It said so definitely, even as one entered the door.

Jimmy hesitated as the banker came forward, smiling.

"I—I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Hammis," he stammered, "but I want—I've got to see you."

The older man peered keenly for a second at the boy, then: "Sit down," he said.

Jimmy sat down.

"Take your time," advised the banker. "I have nothing to do but listen to you from now till to-morrow morning. Here—have a cigar—or do you prefer a cigarette? That's right." He selected a cigar himself and lit it. "Now what is it, my boy? I can see by your looks that it's something. You haven't run into any trouble yourself, have you?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy, "I haven't—and then again I have. I haven't been arrested or anything, but I'm in sort of a snarl. Oh, I've been to Radgleigh's place all right, and I've got everything I found there with me, but——" He stopped.

"Let's see what you brought back," suggested the older man.

Jimmy emptied his pockets.

"I think that's all there was," he explained.

(Continued on Page 81)

This label means pure Virgin Wool—

Do you know the meaning of virgin wool? It is soft, new wool from the sheep's back, never used or worked before. "All wool" is often misleading—it may mean reworked wool from material worn before.

Jacobs Oregon City products are pure virgin wool, with all its natural strength and vitality. Through every process—dyeing, spinning, weaving—we create fabrics of great warmth and service. We tailor these fabrics into smart garments for men and boys. Our robes and blankets have been famous for three generations.

Genuine Oregon City fabrics are found only in finished products bearing the Jacobs Oregon City label. Our products are sold direct to the retail merchant under this label. It's your guarantee of their *genuineness*.

You'll find these virgin woolens at the better stores, everywhere. Write us for booklet in colors.

Oregon City Woolen Mills

Established in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

Sales Offices—New York Boston Chicago Minneapolis
Kansas City Denver San Francisco, Portland
Seattle, Salt Lake City

To Retail Merchants:

There's a big sales-appeal for you in this nationally advertised label standing *exclusively* for *pure virgin wool products*. Our representatives are now showing the 1922 line in every state. Overcoats, Mackinaws, Trousers, Flannel Shirts, Indian Blankets, Lounging Robes, Motor Robes, Bed Blankets. Write us today.

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

Two Adding Machines In One

Burroughs Duplex Handles Two Jobs at the Same Time

Every day you have figuring that requires two totals and a combined total. Perhaps it is listing cash and charge sales, debit and credit items, or sales recapitulation by clerks and departments.

With a straight adding machine such work requires one run to list one kind of items; then a second run to list the other.

The Burroughs Duplex saves that extra operation.

The Duplex will add two sets of items at one time; if you wish, it will combine the totals of those items into a grand total.

The Duplex Remembers Totals

Or, you can list and total items in one part of the machine and accumulate totals in the other. For example, in sales recapitulation you can itemize the sales of each clerk. Then as you take individual totals, the Duplex stores them away, adds them, and gives you a grand total of all sales.

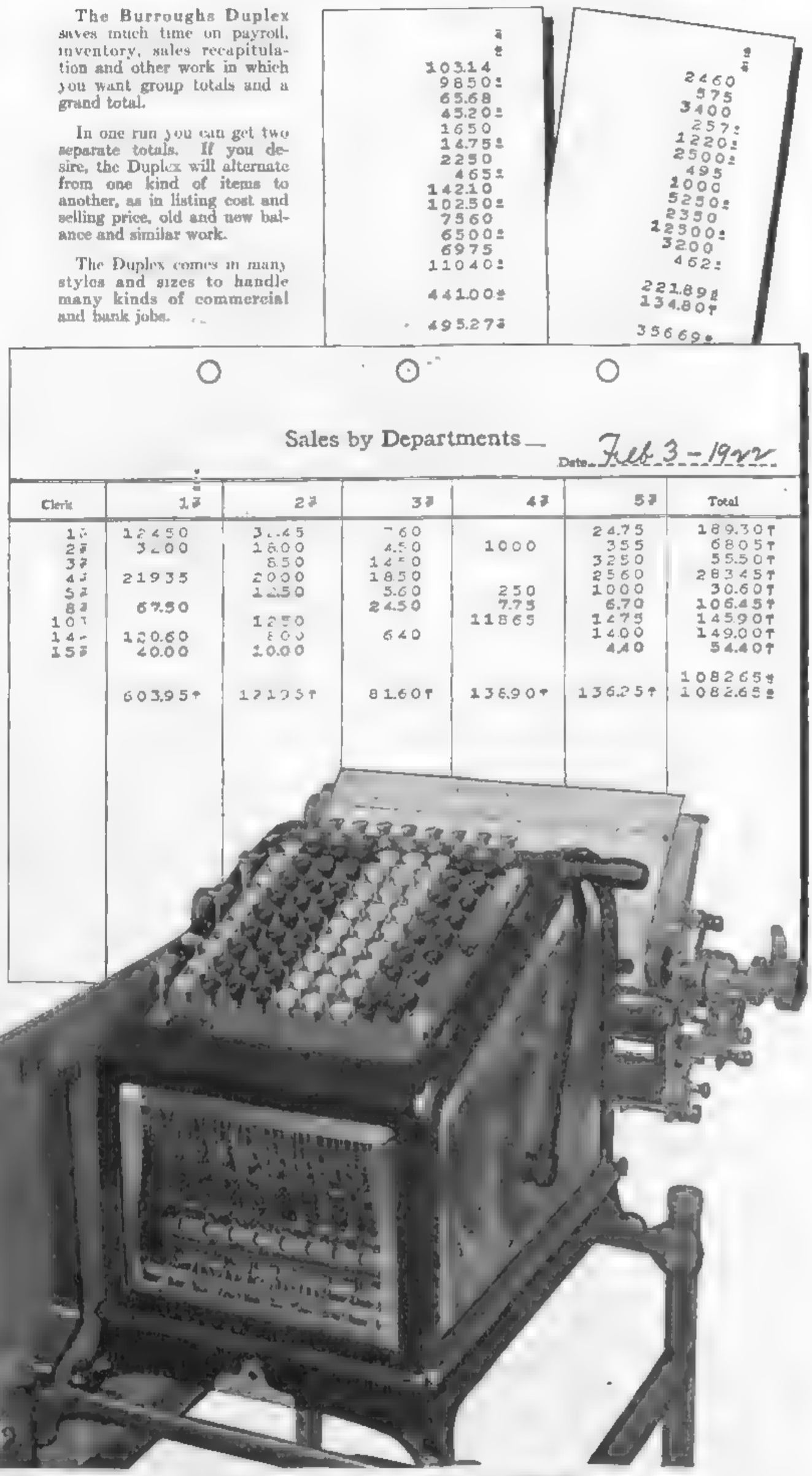
Think how much time a Burroughs Duplex would save in your daily figuring.

If you have not seen the Burroughs Duplex, call the nearest Burroughs office. They will be glad to demonstrate it on your own work. Your banker or telephone directory will give you the address, or write Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Mich.

The Burroughs Duplex saves much time on payroll, inventory, sales recapitulation and other work in which you want group totals and a grand total.

In one run you can get two separate totals. If you desire, the Duplex will alternate from one kind of items to another, as in listing cost and selling price, old and new balance and similar work.

The Duplex comes in many styles and sizes to handle many kinds of commercial and bank jobs.



BURROUGHS NINE-COLUMN DUPLEX

$375

Nine columns, two separate sets of adding dials. Total, Sub-total, Non-add, Repeat and Separate Column Release Keys, 12¼-inch Carriage. High or Low Stand.

Burroughs

Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating, Billing Machines

(Continued from Page 78)

Dorothy's uncle first looked at the two pictures, smiling wistfully, his eyes far away. The cigarette box he set to one side with a nod of satisfaction, but the letters he clutched eagerly, covetously, studying the envelopes carefully, and presently shuffling them, first attentively, then abstractedly, as he might have shuffled a pack of cards in a game where everything lay at stake. Finally he laid them down and lifted his gaze to his guest.

"Good," he said. "You've done a good job, James MacForth." Suddenly he smiled. "Aren't you beginning to have an idea of what a good job it is?"

Jimmy was taken aback. How to tell the older man what he had found in Radgleigh's rooms, or whether to tell him at all—this had been troubling him sorely. He had come to tell, but should he or shouldn't he? If he didn't tell, what should he do? He knew he must do something. Now, however, he stared at his patron's smile, and he began to understand.

"Didn't you find anything else?" the banker prompted.

Before he knew it Jimmy was pouring out the whole story, talking fast, finally standing up and pacing the length of the room as his words flooded out. He spared no detail.

"She had a latchkey," he concluded fiercely. "I saw it. And she must have had a key to that locked bureau drawer where she kept her stuff. Why, Mr. Hammis, that man's not fit—not fit ——"

The older man was still smiling, but grimly.

"I knew she had a latchkey," he broke in, "because I've had a man on Radgleigh for some weeks. That's why I was reasonably certain she would come in while you were there, Mr. MacForth. But I had no proof of the other things you have found out. And that again is one of the two reasons why I wanted you to go to his apartments. As for my other reason"—he indicated the letters and the pictures at his hand—"now do you understand, James MacForth, why I wanted these things?"

"You bet!" breathed Jimmy fervently. Then boylike: "Is there anything you don't know, Mr. Hammis?"

The older man laughed.

"Yes," he said; "I just told you I didn't know as much as I wanted to know about this young gentleman whom we've been investigating. There are lots of things I don't know, my boy. All I can do is to figure things out as best I can, either facts or probabilities based on facts, and give whatever assistance to Nature that Nature will permit. We individuals, Mr. MacForth, whom the newspapers call or miscall big business men, that's all we do. It's all we can do. We are nothing more than sublimated cooks. Given a certain amount of flour and water and salt, which are facts, and the proper kind of fire, which is a fact, we introduce them together with the probability that we shall get bread. But if instead of flour we mistakenly use baking powder, which looks something the same—I did it once myself in the woods—we get something entirely different from what we wanted. The only thing we can do to hurry things is to add yeast. In this case, Mr. MacForth, you are the yeast. Do you see?"

Jimmy did not see and was honest enough to say so.

"Then let us say," amended the banker, "that you are what a chemist would call a precipitating agent—or wouldn't he call it that? I'm exceedingly rusty on my chemistry."

Jimmy shook his head. "All I want to know," he said, "is what we are going to do to this guy Radgleigh."

"That remark," replied Mr. Hammis, "is exactly the thing I was waiting for you to say. Are you ready to go ahead with your third mission?" He was watching the boy anxiously.

"If it has anything to do with that cootie, Mr. Hammis, I'm ready to start this minute."

The banker paused.

"Perhaps it has," he presently said, "and perhaps not. I don't know."

Jimmy MacForth wrinkled his forehead and waited, but the older man, who had seated himself, now leaned back in his chair as if he were through with the conversation, and began assiduously blowing smoke rings round the end of his cigar. His eyes, however, were twinkling. Finally Jimmy could stand it no longer.

"What is it, Mr. Hammis?" he asked. "What's the third job you want me to do?"

The white-haired man blew a particularly large ring, then laid down his cigar and turned to the boy.

"I'm not going to tell you, Mr. MacForth," he said.

"I don't understand," countered Jimmy.

"I know you don't, my boy. But I hope you will. As I have said, I am simply the cook—the chef, if you wish to dignify the process. I found what seemed to me to be certain elements, and I have added certain other elements to them, of which you yourself are one. I can't name you—that is, I can't really say that you are the yeast or the flour or the fire or the salt. One cannot label human beings or fit them into narrow pigeonholes. You may be one element or you may be several. I don't know and you don't. All I know is that if certain ingredients are brought together under certain circumstances the chef may reasonably hope for a certain result. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, at the same time shaking his head helplessly.

"When you and I first came together, Mr. MacForth," the older man deliberately went on, "I informed you in confirmation of my rather peculiar advertisement that there were three robberies I desired you to commit. I called them honorable robberies. The first, I said, you would hesitate at. You did. The second, I said, you would welcome. You have. I said you would nose-dive into the third; in other words, rush into it with enthusiasm. If you are the man I think you to be—that is, if you are the proper ingredient for the dish I am cooking—you will do exactly that. Now do you understand?"

Jimmy again shook his head.

"I would if I was sure what it was," he said; "if I knew for certain just exactly what you wanted me to do."

"The yeast doesn't know that it's supposed to rise, does it, Mr. MacForth?" was the banker's reply. "Or does the fire know that it's supposed to burn?"

"No, sir."

The older man's manner became kindlier.

"Don't think I'm impatient with you, my boy," he explained. "I think I can appreciate your state of mind. I may simply say that because of its very nature it is impossible for me to tell you what the third robbery is, what I want you to do. I myself know what it is. If you perform it, then I have been right in choosing my ingredients. If you don't perform it, or even if you don't see it, then I have been wrong. That's all I can say."

Jimmy's eyes were opening wide, and he could feel his pulse beginning to pound.

"May I ask you a couple of questions, Mr. Hammis?" he queried. "I think they're fair."

"Go ahead, my boy. I'll answer them if I can."

"Is this third task a robbery, Mr. Hammis?"

"It may have to be."

Jimmy pursed his lips.

"That certainly doesn't tell me much," he conceded. "But here's my second—a thing that has been bothering me a lot. If none of my work has anything to do with flying, as you stated in your advertisement, why did you want an aviator?"

"I wanted an aviator," said John A. Hammis evenly, "because I wanted a man with certain qualities. Fifty years ago I would have asked for a cavalryman. Does that answer you?"

"I—I guess so, sir."

"You will remember," the banker continued, "that I made certain other qualifications as well."

"Yes, sir."

"Think them over, Mr. MacForth. Think them over carefully."

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy was thinking well enough. The only trouble was that he found himself thinking ten thousand things at once, ten thousand swirling thoughts that swept tumultuously in ever-narrowing spirals until they merged into the same preposterous vortex. And all the while the older man sat narrowly watching him. Finally the banker spoke.

"Take it easy, son," he counseled. "Remember, the yeast doesn't worry about rising—it just rises. Perhaps it might be fair for me to say that I would ask nothing better on earth than the privilege of doing this third thing myself. Don't you see, James MacForth?"

Suddenly Jimmy saw; and laughed aloud, a yelp of pure relief.

"It's got to be done right off, hasn't it, Mr. Hammis?" he stated ecstatically.

"Here's Health!"

(Health is Nature in Perfection)

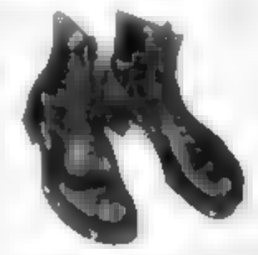
IT starts at the ground and springs upward in a glow of renewed vitality—a joyous message of relief and encouragement to your entire body from long imprisoned, constantly irritated, sullenly complaining muscles, bones and nerves—set free, comforted, and steadied by

GROUND GRIPPER
WALKING SHOES

The ORIGINAL "Natural-line" Flexible-arch Health Shoes
for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

HEALTH, contentment and efficiency have foundation in your FEET. Sooner or later, you'll discover that shoes with sensible toes and heels and flexible arches (like those of your own feet) are the only kind that will not eventually wreck this foundation.

But don't make the mistake of believing that any merely *broad-toed*, sensible *looking* shoe will preserve it. This is no more true than that girth is a sign of health *in people*.



Passenger Growing Foot

A Straight-inside-line Flexible-arch Health Shoe is the most difficult shoe to build *correctly*. It calls for better, softer, sturdier materials than any other type of footwear; for more highly specialized skill and experience in making; for a certain scientific principle of construction so exact that it cannot be duplicated save in itself. Years ago we developed *and patented* this principle. That is why GROUND GRIPPERS—although extensively imitated—*cannot be duplicated*.

Style, Comfort True Economy

GROUND GRIPPERS do far more than *ease* the feet. These world-famous shoes fit and support the *whole foot*; restore and develop strength and beauty; revive buoyancy—poise—swing—balance. They "perk you up"—give you a better *grip* on yourself—help you carry life's load lightly.

Real Shoes for real Men

Being wise, your next pair of shoes will be GROUND GRIPPERS. Unlike most corrective shoes, they do not restrict you to a single type or style. There are over sixty attractive numbers from which to choose. Trim, substantial, INTELLIGENT styles—ALWAYS in fashion—for every member of the family!

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE COMPANY, INC., 141 Brookline St., East Lynn, Mass.
(Largest Exclusive Manufacturer of Health Shoes in the World)

Exclusive Stores in Principal Cities—2000 Agents Everywhere. If there is no "Ground Gripper" Shop in your locality, send us the name of your regular dealer. Refuse substitutes!

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Never in your life have you known anything to compare with the complete HAPPINESS of "Ground Gripper" Wear. Write for our Style and Model Book lets on Feet—FREE.

ALEMITE

Graphite Penetrating Oil

SQUEAK, creak, squeak! Stop those costly annoyances with a few drops of Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It will take all the squeaks out of your car, loosen "frozen" bolts and nuts, dissolve any coat of rust. Apply it to the side of the springs and it will bore right through the rust crust to the other side, coating the leaves with a smooth, frictionless surface of graphite, stopping all squeaks and making the car ride like new. For rusted locks and hinges, for creaky doors—wherever there is metal to rust or surfaces to rub, there is need for Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. One dollar buys a whole pint at any Alemite dealer's.

Your car will be squeakless if you apply Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil at the following points of friction:

Springs

Fenders

Hood and hood catches

Body-bolts, doors

Floorboards and sills

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The banker saw that Jimmy knew, and solemnly held out his hand. But his face was beaming.

"Good luck, my boy," he said, "and don't fail me. You won't, I know. You're on your own now, because this is as far as my engineering can go. Good luck!" He wrung Jimmy's palm till it hurt. "Good luck!" he called again from the head of the stairs.

All manner of passers-by stared strangely at Jimmy MacForth as he strode homeward through the Park and the streets beyond. For though he had no consciousness of it he was singing, most unmusically, at the very top of his lungs.

AT SEVEN o'clock that evening Dorothy Hammis sent word by Madeleine, her mother's maid, that she would not be down to dinner.

"Please tell Mrs. Hammis," she directed, "that I have a slight headache and wish to rest. Tell her not to worry, because there's nothing the matter with me. I've been going too hard, that's all."

"Yes, mademoiselle," said Madeleine.

"And ask Briggs to send me up something light—a cup of broth and some bread and butter."

"Very well, mademoiselle."

Now Dorothy Hammis had no headache at all, but never before in her life had she so desired to be alone. She kept thinking of a little two-room hunting shack up in the Dutchess County backwoods to which her father had been wont to retreat years ago. He had taken her there three or four times, and to the little girl it had seemed like heaven. Now how she wanted that shack! If she could only be transported to it on some magic carpet and left there alone, all alone, absolutely alone. She sauntered aimlessly about her room, stopped casually at the dressing table, fingered her hand mirror with vacant mind, and presently found herself picking up the silver-framed photograph of Cyril Radgleigh with its unchanging look of supreme self-confidence.

Suddenly she shuddered and turned the picture face down, bitter humiliation in her heart. Getting engaged to a man to gratify the pressing desire of one's mother was not something to make one either proud or happy. It simply couldn't be. Dorothy had never admitted this feeling, not even to her uncle—not even that night when he had stood up so straight and announced that he would do everything in his power to break off the engagement. Her mother had been furious, her uncle coldly set. Dorothy had not admitted it even then, but she had felt the truth. And now she knew.

"Oh, I must be horrid!" she cried, squeezing the palms of her hands against her forehead. "But I can't help it, I can't! Oh, I don't know what to do!"

He was not coming this evening, anyway; she thanked heaven for that.

Again she found herself rehearsing the events of the afternoon—two telephone calls, nothing more, but plenty enough to turn her inside out with worry and speculation. If she only could find out what it all meant! Or even what was going on in her own mind!

First there had been that wire-borne call of her own to Cyril's apartment. Briggs was positive of the message he had received for Miss Dorothy to telephone Mr. Radgleigh's place at quarter past four; he had even written it down. Yet Cyril himself had later sworn that to his absolute knowledge no such message had been sent. That was peculiar enough in itself. Then the voice at the other end of the wire; she was sure at once that she had heard it before, and by the end of the conversation she was fairly sure where, so sure that it was all she could do to keep talking steadily.

And then, scarcely an hour afterward, had come Cyril's frantic call. His apartment had been entered by a man who had posed as one of his friends, and who had bribed the elevator boy to admit him with a pass key. The place had been ransacked from end to end, but nothing apparently was missing except Dorothy's letters, her two pictures and that Christmas present. Cyril had demanded to be told what it meant, as if Dorothy herself might well know something about it. The thing was outrageous, he had spluttered, outrageous! Dorothy's voice had grown cold.

"I haven't the faintest idea," she had said.

"But why should he take just your things?" Radgleigh had countered.

"Oh, I don't know, Cyril; I don't know."

"Don't you even care?"

"Of course I care!" she had protested, realizing instantly with a pang of conscience that she cared less for the theft itself than for the unveiling of the sudden mystery that must lie behind it.

"He was a young man," Radgleigh had continued. "He looked and talked like a gentleman as far as—as far as the bellboys can judge such a thing. He gave the name of Martin, Jack Martin, and said he and I were buying some polo ponies together."

"What did he look like?" Dorothy had put the question against her own strongest will, but she could not help it.

"Nobody noticed much," Radgleigh had answered. "Sort of tall and seemingly decent looking. That's all they could say. He had on a light overcoat and a felt hat. That seems to be as far as anybody can go."

Dorothy's heart was pumping.

"Are you going to notify the police?" she had asked in a quavering voice. She knew now, instinctively rather than because of any chain of reason, just who that intruder had been. She simply knew. Radgleigh had hesitated over his answer.

"No," he had presently said, "I don't think I will; not until I know something more about it at least. This—this sort of thing is too—er—private for the police, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do," the girl had answered directly, again acting on instinct.

"I'd better come round to see you this evening," Radgleigh had now suggested. "I can let that business appointment go hang."

"No," she had said, "I'm too tired this evening, Cyril."

Several repetitions of this had been necessary before he would give up. Why, she wondered afterward, had she so suddenly decided that she did not want to see her fiancé—could not see him?

All this was now passing before her for the twentieth time, passing before her like the action of a gripping play one has seen so often that one is familiar with its every line. One is tired of it, so tired of it, and yet there is a fascination that cannot be downed. Dorothy found herself trying to picture Jimmy MacForth. She wondered if she could describe him better than the negro elevator boy had been able to. She felt sure she could.

Still driven by unthinking impulse she sat down at her dressing table, settling the folds of her long silken negligee about her ankles, and peered into the mirror. She saw the same fresh, girlish face she always found there, framed with the same tumbling hair, the eyes a little wistful, perhaps, with a faint crease of anxiety running up and down between them, but no other apparent sign of what she felt must be visible to anyone. She couldn't really be wicked; she felt that ever so strongly. And yet she felt, too, that she must be. For she had been having the wickedest thoughts. She did not know how wistfully unhappy those two eyes were that so steadily returned her searching gaze.

A knock on the door roused her and a maid stepped into the room bearing a tray. Dorothy looked at the dishes with entire lack of interest. The last thing she wanted to do was to eat. But after the maid had gone out she drew a chair before the tray and languidly reached for a piece of the daintily cut and buttered bread which at almost any other time would have been so appetizing.

The telephone rang abruptly, a sudden shrill jangle.

Dorothy jumped involuntarily, then rose hurriedly, nearly upsetting the tray as she did so, and flew to the tiny desk in the corner upon which the instrument stood. Her hands were trembling so she could hardly hold the receiver. It was Briggs.

"A Mr. MacForth on the wire, Miss Dorothy," he stated. "He wishes to speak to you."

The girl gasped, sucked in a long breath, felt icy cold, then burning hot. But she managed to tell the butler—how or why she never knew—to connect her with Mr. MacForth.

The instrument clicked, buzzed, sang, exploded once or twice, clicked again. Then:

"Is this Miss Hammis?" asked the clear, resonant voice that had already rung in her ears so often that afternoon.

"Yes." Her own voice sounded pitifully small, she felt.

"This is Mr. MacForth," came the words over the wire, "James MacForth. I—I—we met the other evening."

(Continued on Page 85)

The GREATER RESPONSIBILITY

A druggist was compounding a prescription. With scrupulous care he reviewed the formula and measured the necessary ingredients. Each step in the process was taken with the utmost caution and deliberation.

At last his assistant, a younger man, became impatient and exclaimed, "I don't see how you can make any money when you take so much time with one prescription."

Pausing in his work, the elder man made answer, "My friend, I hold myself responsible to the man or woman who uses this prescription. And I regard this responsibility as greater than any thought of profit. If you hope to gain honor in this profession you must do likewise."

It is true that every merchant who offers his wares for public consumption incurs a definite responsibility. It is also true, that this responsibility varies in degree, according to the nature of the business.

For example: If the manufacturer of ordinary commercial goods produces a shoddy article, the customer who buys it loses only in pocket. This merchant's responsibility is primarily commercial.

But the manufacturer of products which affect the public health, pharmaceutical products for instance, assumes a far greater responsibility. For if his goods are not absolutely dependable they may do to the unsuspecting user a serious injury.

It is important that you should think of these things whenever you buy such household articles as epsom salt, castor oil, sugar of milk, etc. You should have positive assurance that the manufacturer of such products appreciates and accepts the responsibility that he owes to you.

The professional druggist will tell you that Squibb HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS are as pure as it is possible to make them. He will sell you any Squibb product with implicit confidence in its efficacy.

There is a reason for this. It is that the House of Squibb accepts the responsibility of its business. Its laboratories are constantly perfecting better methods of manufacture. The Squibb label is a guarantee of uniformity, purity and efficacy.

You are familiar with the HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS described below. You should be equally familiar with the quality that is guaranteed by the name Squibb.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

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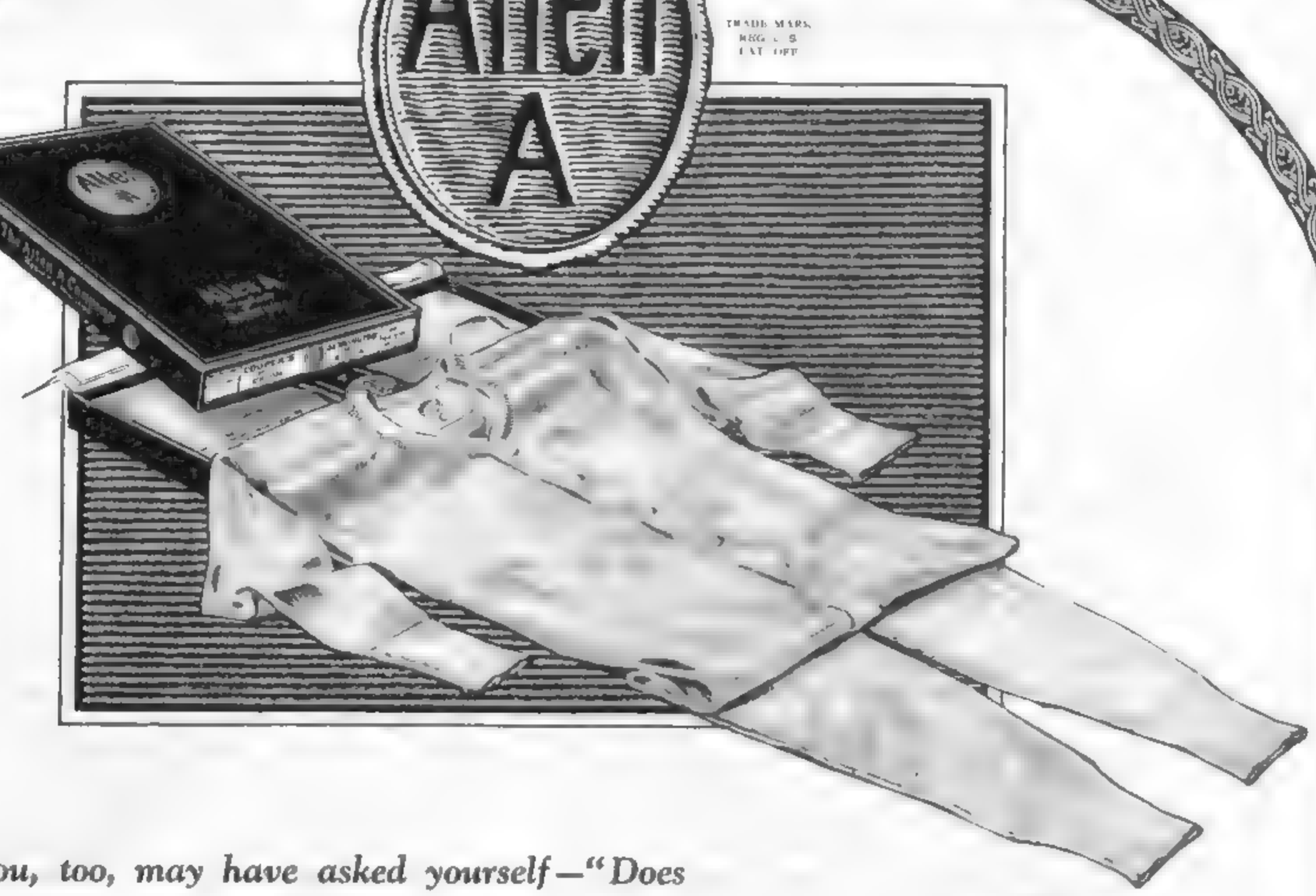


You, too, may have asked yourself—"Does this Allen A Brand MEAN anything, or is it just another make of underwear?"

A justifiable question, if there ever was one!

Let us say this—

The Allen A Brand stands for something many underwear users are not accustomed to—*uniform* and *dependable quality* in underwear.

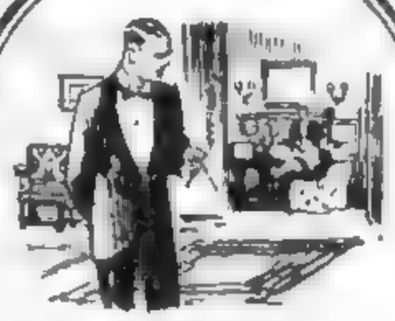
We took our stand 20 years ago on this program of dependable underwear.

We are the producers of Allen A Cooper's-Bennington—the original *Spring Needle* underwear. For Men and Boys—for every season of the year.

Now, as an additional identification of this fine underwear—we have added the Allen A Brand to the Cooper's-Bennington name on every *genuine* garment of this celebrated make.

The pledge of the maker behind the word of the merchant—a service he owes both to himself and to you.

You are protected in getting the money's worth you paid for. Your dealer is protected and we are upheld in our efforts to maintain the highest standards of the day in underwear.



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The finest of Knitted Underwear. Generous form-fitting. Elastic and easy in every position and movement of the body. Silk, Silk-Lisle, Cotton, Worsted, Wool.

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It carries with it the *personal pledge* of the maker's responsibility for uniform high quality and money's worth.

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COOPER'S-BENNINGTON
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The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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(Continued from Page 82

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I remember you, Mr. MacForth."

"Just a second," he said. "This is a little difficult. I'm—I'm ——"

The girl had control of herself now.

"Yes, Mr. MacForth? I am just dining."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" His words now came spontaneously. "Please accept my apology. I'll call you up later or in the morning. I didn't think."

"Whatever it is you have to say," stated Dorothy, "it might be best to say now. If you please," she concluded with the rising inflection of command.

"It's something awfully important," the boy was stammering, "or I wouldn't have bothered you. Please believe me—I wouldn't offend you for the world—and if I could ever apologize enough I'd die doing it. But it isn't that. It's something else—something I've just got to see you about, right off." Jimmy at his end of the line realized hopelessly that he was not doing very well.

"Yes?" put in the girl, throwing all the coldness into the word that she could.

"If you will only let me see you, Miss Hammis," Jimmy raced on. "That's all it needs. Just for a few minutes. It means everything in the world to me and"—here Jimmy swooped—"it will mean something to you, too, I think."

Dorothy tried to keep her voice hard.

"You have talked with my uncle?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jimmy, not prepared for this new tack.

"Have you his permission to ask a thing like this?"

"Yes, I have!" Jimmy almost shouted it.

"Do you mean to say," pursued the girl, "that my uncle, Mr. Hammis, has given you his permission to call me up and ask to see me?"

"That's exactly it, Miss Hammis."

"Did he suggest it?" Dorothy could not resist this.

"No," said the boy, "he did not. And he doesn't know what I must see you about. Just the same, I have his authority to see you if I can—that is, if you will let me. Please believe me, Miss Hammis, I was never more serious in my life. It means just everything to me."

"I do believe you, Mr. MacForth," responded the girl almost against her will. "I will receive you here at my home tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock."

"Can't you make it the morning?" Jimmy insisted. "Every minute means a lot."

"I will be at home," said Dorothy sternly, "to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. Under the circumstances, Mr. MacForth, that will have to do. Is that all you wish?" At Jimmy's "Yes," she hung up the receiver.

Things were worse now than they had been before. What could it all mean? Why could he want to see her? He couldn't be a burglar! Yet he was. It was he, she felt sure—yet not too comfortably sure—who must have taken her letters and things from Cyril's rooms. But why just hers? What interest could he have in her? None, she felt confident. But then once more why—oh, why!—oh, why!—why did he want to see her so urgently? What a fool she had been to insist on three o'clock. She could have said ten in the morning just as easily, and then she would have five whole mortal hours less to wait.

She decided to telephone her uncle. No, she wouldn't! She was going to see this thing through herself. She ate some bread and butter, gulped down the now lukewarm soup, rang for the maid to remove the tray, and then began to make herself ready for bed. There was nothing else to do, no other place to go.

She heard the clocks strike three before she finally fell off to a restless sleep. She felt like a child on the night before Christmas, as if she just couldn't wait another second. But this was worse, so much worse. For she had no idea what she was waiting for. Had she known what the next twelve hours were destined to bring forth she probably would not have slept at all.

VII

FOR at ten minutes to three that next afternoon, while Jimmy MacForth was giving himself a final prink in the white marble washroom of the Hotel Manhattan, an entirely unnecessary prink considering the fact that he had pronounced himself immaculate to his own mirror not a half hour before, the chief of the most maligned detective bureau in the world leaned forward briskly over his desk and pushed a button. A blue-uniformed orderly, grown old and stout in the service of his city and his party, shambled in.

"Get Ben Hagerty," curtly directed the chief. "If he's out get him in."

The orderly touched his forehead and hobbled away. Five minutes dragged by, then the door opened again and a derby-crowned face appeared, a narrow, inquisitive face in which the beady black eyes were divided by a twisted aquiline nose, this feature, in turn, being supported by a thick and bristling mustache.

"Hello, Ben," said his superior; "I think I've got something here that'll interest you."

"Yeh?" the detective inquired. "Glad of it. Gettin' sick of this Hammis case—can't seem to find anything doing. This bird MacForth, the young guy I'm trailin', all he does is keep me hotfooting. This morning he walks clean round Central Park, and one minute he's hustlin' and singin', and the next he's sittin' on a bench like a bum with his head down between his shoulders. I don't get him, chief, and I can't see much doin'. Glad you got a new one for me."

The chief grinned meaningly.

"Maybe it's not a new one, Ben. Now get me!" He leaned earnestly toward the operative.

"Ten minutes ago I gets a call on the phone. It's a dame—Miss Hammis. She says she's the daughter of Mrs. Peter Hammis. That's the house you went to the other night, ain't it?"

"Yeh," confirmed Ben.

"Well," the chief went on, "this Miss Hammis is all up in the air. She says she's callin' for her mother because the old lady is lyin' in bed with hysterics. They got a safe in the house, says Miss Hammis, where they keeps their jewels, and she says her mother goes there at two o'clock this afternoon to get a string of pearls she wants to wear to a matinée, and when she takes 'em out she finds they ain't real—they're phonys, an exact duplicate of the real ones that ought to be there."

Ben's eyes were sparkling.

"Miss Hammis says," continued his chief, "that her mother is sure the real ones were there the night of the dance, which, I believe, is the night you were there." He waited for Ben's vigorous assent. "She says her mother had 'em out that night, and decided to wear another string. In other words, if the pearls have been pinched they've been pinched sometime between then and now. And they've been pinched by somebody that knows his work and knows it good." The chief sat back. "Go to it, Ben."

"Did she say where the safe was?" asked Ben slowly.

"Yes; I asked her. She said it's in the library, third floor front. Were you up there, Ben?"

"I was," said the detective solemnly, "and I'll swear to God this young guy MacForth was in there, too, sometime that same evening. He goes upstairs—see? They're all dancin' on the second floor—big swell house, you know, chief. He's talkin' with old man Hammis a minute, then he goes upstairs. I sort of range round and pretty soon I goes up too. In the front room what do I find? I find this Miss Hammis—must be the same one as give us the tip. Something looks phony to me—you know how it does, chief—and I asks her where this young guy is. She says she don't know, but I hunch she was lying. I couldn't do nothing, so I goes downstairs again. Pretty soon the young guy comes down and goes right home."

"What would he go upstairs for?" asked the chief.

"Got me. Nothing up there but the ladies' dressing room and bedrooms except for that library room on the third floor front."

"Did you follow him home, Ben?"

"Sure, chief, but I didn't want to frisk him after what you said. Next morning he goes to John A. Hammis' office. Do you get it, chief?"

"No, I don't. The thing to do now though, Ben, is to hop right up to the Hammis house and give the whole works the third degree. Particularly the daughter. After that use your judgment. I think it wouldn't hurt to pinch this bird MacForth, anyway. We've got a good case for suspicion. I'd like to have a little talk with him myself. That's all, Ben. Go to it."

As the little operative went out of the door the head of the most maligned detective bureau in the world smiled shrewdly.

Why try to tell a woman about a stove?

THE wise housewife has definite ideas about the qualities which a good cook stove should have. Especially one that burns oil. So why try to tell her how simple and how much better a Florence Oil Cook Stove is? Ask her to visit your store. She will prove its merits to her own satisfaction.

Let her light the asbestos starting-ring herself. She will see a clean, hot, blue flame, smokeless, odorless, and wickless. Under perfect control always. The simplicity of baking, roasting, boiling, and frying on a Florence will appeal to her.

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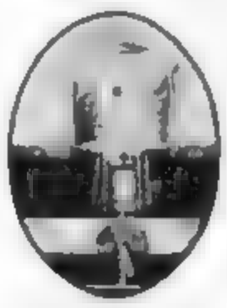

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Florence National Demonstration Week, from April 17 to 22, will be the means of bringing housewives to your store. They will have noticed the advertisements of Florence National Demonstration Week, and will be expecting to have you take part in it.

Thousands of Florence merchants are already planning to have actual cooking demonstrations.

If you are not registered in this family, fill out your blank and mail it to us; we shall be glad to coöperate in making this week a success with you. Write to Central Oil & Gas Stove Co., Gardner, Mass.

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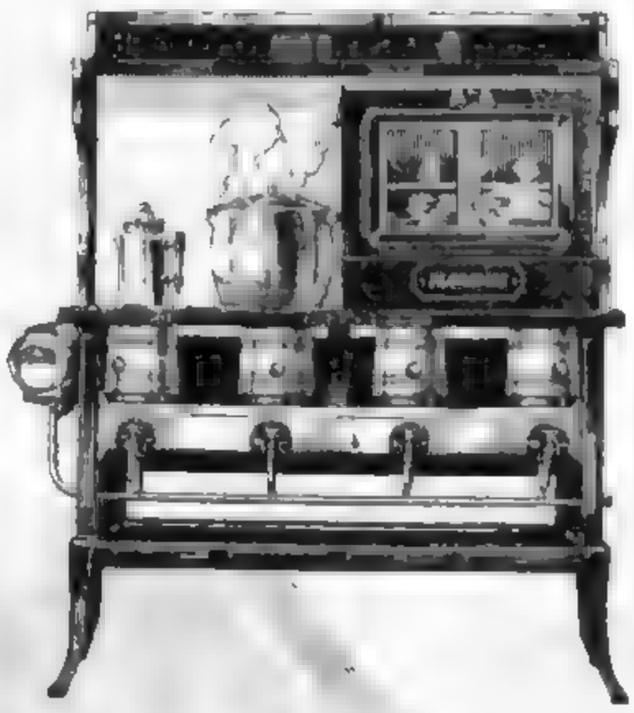

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Illustrated above is the Stanton for men, an oxford with exceedingly good lines. Made in the much-wanted rich shade of brown calf.

Below is model P702 for women that interprets the newest style tendencies for spring. The leather is brown kid of very fine quality.

A miniature catalog and the name of your nearest Glove Grip dealer will be sent free upon request.

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M. N. Arnold Shoe Company
North Abington, Massachusetts

WOMEN'S OXFORD
No. P702

"There's not much can get by us," he observed as he lit a cigar. "I guess this won't look good in the papers, hey?"

XVII

AT ONE minute past three Jimmy MacForth rang the doorbell of the Hammis mansion. Then he waited. He waited a long time. Briggs, who was not accustomed to three-o'clock calls, had been sitting peacefully in the kitchen in his shirt sleeves, and now had to dive into his more formal attire as a fireman dives into his mackintosh and helmet. So Jimmy stood there forlornly, finally deciding that the door was not going to be opened at all. It was perfectly possible, he thought, that Dorothy had changed her mind about seeing him. Probably the butler was peeking at him now from some hidden vent, waiting impatiently for him to go away. Well, he wouldn't go! Then, just as he was about to ring the bell again, the latch clicked, and he found himself offering the manservant his card.

"Miss Hammis," he said.

The butler disappeared up the stairs—Jimmy remembered those stairs—and stayed away for what seemed like hours. Then his feet appeared on the upper landing, and next, unveiling itself step by step, his body.

"Miss Hammis will see you in the drawing-room," the servant announced and proceeded professionally to divest his customer of hat, coat and gloves. Jimmy stole a second for one frantic final prink in an all too tiny wall mirror, then started up the carpeted steps.

Dorothy Hammis was standing in the center of the big formal room as Jimmy advanced through the broad doorway, and as he came forward, then hesitated, she eyed him coolly. Crisp and dainty she was again, as the boy had known she would be, this time in an afternoon frock of apple green, a color that served only to emphasize the pink freshness of her skin. She was smaller, however, than Jimmy had anticipated; much slighter of build and lacking entirely the imperious height he had carried away with him in his mind's eye. Why, he thought, she's just a little girl! But he wavered, nevertheless, and stood motionless under the sudden stern command of her glance.

"Mr. MacForth," she began, speaking slowly and with careful distinction, "do you know anything about the loss of my mother's necklace—the real one?"

Jimmy's jaw dropped. Of all things he had not expected this, nor was he prepared for it. The incident of the necklace now seemed untold ages back; so many, many things had happened since. There was only one answer, however, that he could give.

"Yes," he said.

"The necklace I saw you put back?" the girl went on deliberately. "Was that a duplicate, an imitation?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

He had come automatically to attention, standing straight and stiff as he would have stood before the questions of a superior officer in the Army, but he was not aware of it.

"Did you take the real necklace?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know," came his answer.

The girl paused.

"It is only fair to tell you," she presently said, "that we have notified the police. The thing was discovered only this afternoon. My mother discovered it. I couldn't believe it, because I had seen you put the necklace back. But there was no question about it." Her eyes looked straight into his. "And I trusted you, Mr. MacForth. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I trusted you."

He stood there, motionless, expressionless, until finally beads of perspiration began to come out on his forehead.

"There is nothing I can say." He spoke in a dull voice. "It's—I guess it's up to the police. I'll go and give myself up. Or you can have them come here."

"They're coming here," said the girl briefly.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. Then abruptly he began to laugh. "Some day," he half quizzically chuckled, "I suppose I'll look back on this as one of the funniest things that ever happened to me. Just now, though"—his eyes sobered—"just now it isn't."

Dorothy Hammis said nothing.

"Do you know why it isn't funny?" Jimmy pursued his point. "It has nothing to do with being arrested; I was all ready for that the other night. It's something a whole lot more serious." He dropped his voice. "Miss Hammis, will you give me five minutes?"

The girl stared. "Why—er—what do you mean?" she stammered out.

"I mean," said Jimmy, "will you give me five minutes to tell you what I came here to tell you? Will you just listen to what I have to say and forget for five minutes that I'm a burglar or whatever I am? I told you I had to see you, Miss Hammis. I've got to. Here"—he grinned boyishly, fumbling at the strap of his wrist watch—"here—you take my watch and stop me, if you like, when the time's up. Isn't that fair?"

She waved the watch away.

"I—I haven't the faintest idea what you could have to tell me," she said; "but if it's really important to you ——"

"It is," said Jimmy.

"Why, then," said the girl, "I don't suppose—oh, of course—go ahead."

"May I sit down?" he asked, smiling.

"Of course." With a graceful fluff of her apple-green skirts she seated herself on the velvet-cushioned sofa.

"Miss Hammis," he began, fumbling for a chair with his hands while his eyes never left her face, "the last thing in the world I want to do is to offend you. Will you please remember that?"

She nodded abstractedly. What could he be getting at? Now he was clearing his throat.

"If somebody," he said slowly, "if somebody—no, wait a minute!" He paused and once more essayed a cough. "This is terrible," he observed, grinning in spite of himself.

"Miss Hammis," he launched himself again, his face grave, "did you ever fall in love at first sight?"

"No!" she answered vehemently, and wished immediately that she had said nothing at all.

Jimmy slumped down into his chair and looked at the toes of his glossily polished shoes.

"Well, I have," he gloomily announced. "It's no fun, Miss Hammis, let me tell you that." He continued to study his shoes. "I'd always hoped," he said presently, "that when I fell in love it would be with a girl who would—well, who'd sort of fall in love with me at the same time." He raised his eyes eagerly. "Nothing would be more wonderful than that, would it?" he asked.

Dorothy could feel her throat tightening strangely.

"Mr. MacForth," she queried coldly, "why do you have to confide all this to me?"

Jimmy smiled happily. The ice, that smooth stretch of black unbroken ice, had at last been cracked.

"Because," he said, his voice suddenly tender, "because"—he turned his eyes upon her desperately—"because the girl I have fallen in love with is you. I can't help it," he added quickly, "but it's true."

Dorothy Hammis rose like an automaton and took two swift steps toward the doorway. Then she stopped.

"I shall ring for Briggs," she said, "and you shall go. I have never been so outrageously insulted in my life!"

"Just a minute!" commanded Jimmy, once more on his feet; and at his tone she hesitated. "If it is insulting," he raced on, "to have a man find out that he cares for you, and cares for you more every minute he's alive; if it's insulting to have a man ready to lay himself down at your feet and offer you himself and his love and everything else he has in the world; if it's insulting for a man to care for a girl so much that he wants to have her become his wife and go through life with him side by side and shoulder to shoulder—if those things are insulting then I really have insulted you. But you know they're not." His eyes gripped hers piteously. "You couldn't insult somebody you really loved," he said.

The girl turned slowly and sat down again on the couch.

"I don't understand you, Mr. MacForth," she said at last. "I can't believe you—you know that. And it wouldn't matter if I did. Besides," she added, for Dorothy was human, "you have only seen me once in your life."

"I can't help it," Jimmy repeated; "I love you. I loved you then. I do," he appended with a wistfully frank smile. "Can't you see?" His feet had not moved, but his whole body was pleading.

Dorothy Hammis dropped her eyes.

(Continued on Page 88)

Here's $30,000!

—*why not make it yours?*

"TOM, everybody talks about money, but money doesn't need to be talked about—it does its own talking.

"That's why I went over to my safe-deposit today and drew out these securities—thirty thousand dollars' worth. I had a hunch that if you could see this money with your own eyes and realize what you could do with it, you'd give more heed to what I am going to tell you.

"You've been pretty blue lately—and you don't need to tell an old-timer like myself the reason. You were looking for a substantial raise the first of the year, and it didn't come through.

"Now I'm not going to tell you how you can make yourself as powerful as Napoleon Bonaparte or as rich as Henry Ford. If I knew how to work that miracle, I'd perform it on myself.

"But as an old friend of your father's, Tom, I *am* going to tell you how in the next ten years you can add at least thirty thousand dollars to your earnings.

"And that thirty thousand dollars will mean to you the difference between a bare living and a home of your own, an automobile, a country club, vacation trips, and all the things that spell real comfort in life for yourself and your family.

"Here's the point, Tom. The biggest salary any clerk can expect to get is fifty dollars a week; yet right in my own organization, and we're not particularly large, we're paying our General Auditor $6,000 a year, our Production Manager $8,500, our Traffic Expert $5,000, our Legal Adviser $6,000, our General Sales Manager $9,000—and so it goes. In the really sizable corporations, men in similar capacities are drawing salaries several times as big.

—"*And all that these men really have, Tom, that you lack, is specialized training.*

"In other words, this thirty thousand dollars represents the difference between what you will make in the next ten years if you *stay* as a routine man and what you *can* make if you will use a part of your spare time to advantage in acquiring specialized training.

"I think you know what you'd better do—"

these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out actual *problems* of business, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The soundness of the plan is attested by the fact that during three months' time as many as 1,089 LaSalle members reported salary-increases, as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling $889,713, *an average increase per man of 56 per cent.*

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"You know, don't you," she said, "that I'm engaged?"

"Yes," replied the boy steadily; "I know that. But you are not married."

Her eyes opened.

"What do you mean, Mr. MacForth?"

"I mean that as long as you are Miss Hammis I have just as much right as anybody else to offer you my love—and my name."

"Is that your code, Mr. MacForth?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's not mine," said the girl, raising her chin.

"Of course it isn't," Jimmy agreed; "but if you were I and if you were as much in love with you as I am, it would be. It would have to be."

Dorothy Hammis almost smiled.

"Please sit down," she said after a moment, and now for the first time her cheeks and forehead began to flush. "I don't want to be unfair to you," she went on as Jimmy, still never taking his eyes from hers, found his seat; "but—but—Mr. MacForth, I'm—don't you realize how embarrassed I must be?"

"Gosh," said Jimmy earnestly, "if you're embarrassed, just figure out what I am! If I didn't care for you such an awful lot, it's a cinch ——"

"Mr. MacForth," the girl sternly broke in, "this must stop right now. If I tell you I'm not angry with you it seems to me that's saying a good deal. I simply don't understand you. You can't know what you're saying."

"I love you," Jimmy repeated, boring into her eyes with his. "That's all I understand."

"Please, Mr. MacForth," Dorothy implored him with her hand. "We must simply forget all about this." Oh, why was she getting so red? She could feel her face actually burning.

"The thing to talk about now," she proceeded, "is the fix—the situation we're—that is, that you are in. The police must be on the way up here now—I telephoned almost an hour ago." She hesitated. "Mr. MacForth, you couldn't—tell me, please, why you took that necklace."

Jimmy eyed her helplessly.

"I'd tell you if I could," he said.

"Why can't you?" insisted the girl.

"Because, Miss Hammis, I honestly don't know. I was—I was under orders."

Dorothy's eyes opened wider.

"Orders?" she asked incredulously. "What do you mean? Whose orders?"

"I can't tell you," said Jimmy.

The girl fixed him with her gaze and sat silent, biting her lower lip.

"I can only say," he added after a moment, "that to the best of my knowledge and belief the person who gave me the orders to take that necklace was acting with the highest possible motives."

A light flickered in his listener's eyes.

"You seem to know at least what the motives were, Mr. MacForth," she suggested. "You can tell me that much, can't you?"

"I can't." Jimmy shook his head.

The flicker in Dorothy's eyes changed to a gleam.

"Did my uncle have anything to do with it?" she asked.

"I can't tell you," answered Jimmy doggedly, suddenly wondering how much he had said.

"Did he, Mr. MacForth?"

"I can't tell you," Jimmy repeated. But the girl smiled.

"My uncle hated those pearls," she observed as much to herself as to her visitor.

Jimmy, who had played poker, looked straight back at her and said nothing.

Dorothy suddenly rose, shaking her skirts down about her slim ankles.

"You must go, right off," she stated. "We have told the police nothing except that the pearls are missing."

"But I stole them," Jimmy insisted.

"I'm coming to that," explained the girl, coloring anew. "I want you simply to give me your word that you'll report to my uncle to-morrow morning. Will you do that? On your honor?"

"Yes, Miss Hammis."

"My uncle will decide what to do. He always knows. Please go, Mr. MacForth."

Jimmy stood his ground.

"Miss Hammis," he said at last, "I came here to tell you just one thing—and I've told it to you—told you the best I know how. That's all I can do. But when—if this pearl business is straightened out, won't you let me ——"

Dorothy Hammis lifted her head and seemed to look down on him from a far-away height. "I did not think," she let her words cut in, "that you would take further advantage of me."

"I won't," said Jimmy. "I just love you. That stands. I love you more than I ever thought anybody could ever love anybody. I love you with every ounce of love I've got. I don't know how to say it, but it's there—in here." He beat his chest. "It's been growing every second since the first minute you found me there in front of that safe since the first minute I met you. Oh, please, Dorothy Hammis—please—can't you see?"

Dorothy could see. She stood there facing him, and she wondered why she didn't totter and fall over like a tree or something, for everything seemed to be spinning round. This was terrible to be talked to so; thrilling and wonderful, but terrible, nevertheless, for she was engaged to marry Cyril Radgleigh; and, besides, things like this never happened except in stories. It just couldn't be real. She was quite surprised to hear her own voice, making words just as if she were telling it to.

"Mr. MacForth," she was saying, "I am engaged to marry Mr. Radgleigh. You know that as well as I do. Please leave before I have to ring for Briggs."

His answer brought her to earth.

"The sooner you break your engagement the better then," said Jimmy.

She curtsied formally, spreading her light skirts with a regal sweep.

"Ah," she drawled, "so you are an extremely confident personage, are you not? Conquests seem to come very easily to you!"

"Easy?" snapped Jimmy. "If this is your idea of easy, I'm glad I haven't made it my regular business. Please," he added, "don't bawl me out any more. It hurts like—like thunder."

"I see," said Dorothy, raising her head a trifle higher; "you wish me to come to heel at a whistle. I am learning every minute, Mr. MacForth."

"If you learn to love me," responded Jimmy, "just half as much as I love you, you'll be busy all the rest of your life."

"This has gone far enough," said the girl coldly. "I think you have forgotten yourself." She bowed. "Good-by, Mr. MacForth."

Jimmy stared at her, his eyes doglike.

"I've certainly made a mess of this," he conceded, "but won't you please let me try again as soon as this—this pearl business is fixed up?"

"No," said the girl, sphinxlike; "I won't."

The boy started for the door, then suddenly wheeled.

"Dorothy Hammis," he said tensely, "I love you. Do you realize what that means? You've got to give me a chance."

"If you were the last man on earth," she flared hotly, "I'd kill myself before I'd marry you!"

Jimmy took a long, deep breath.

"If that's the way you feel," he commented, "then I've simply got to make you."

"Make me?" echoed the girl. "What have we here—a cave man?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy inflexibly; "but I'm going to do it."

"That's very interesting, Mr. MacForth." Dorothy was thoroughly angry now. "And when is this demonstration going to take place?"

"Right away," said the boy easily. "Any time you like."

"Such an interesting demonstration shouldn't be put off, do you think?" taunted the girl. "I'm at your service, Mr. MacForth. And so, I imagine, is Mr. Radgleigh."

Jimmy could only growl.

"When's Radgleigh coming here next?" he demanded after a pause. "I don't want to take any undue advantage of him."

"Mr. Radgleigh will be here this evening," retorted the girl, curiosity beginning to take the place of wrath. "Why?"

"That's telling," was Jimmy's cheerful response. "But there's one thing you can count on"—he caught her eyes with his and held them—"you're going to learn to love me, Dorothy Hammis. Because I love you."

She ignored him.

"Is there any other way I can be of service to you," she airily asked, "in order to make your exhibition more successful? I wouldn't for a minute discourage genius."

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

"Yes," said Jimmy bluntly. "Are you going out this evening or staying in?"

The girl pretended to consider.

"I'm profoundly interested," she said lightly, her manner aimed to give the impression that she was not interested at all, "so I'll tell you for your information that Mr. Radgleigh and I are going to the Plaza to a dance. Do you propose to use caveman methods, or what? It will be very interesting, won't it!"

"It will," said Jimmy tersely. "Good-by, Miss Hammis. I thank you for your courtesy and your kindness, which I greatly appreciate."

"Good-by," she said rather blankly.

He took one step, close to her.

"Dorothy"—he spoke fervently, his voice so low she could scarcely hear him—"I love you. Remember that."

Then he turned, ran lightly down the stairs, seized his hat and coat and let himself out into the street.

He swung west, with no idea how loyally his luck was still sticking to him. For had he gone east he would have bumped squarely into a little derby-hatted, crooked-nosed man who even at that moment was hurrying down the street, occasionally touching his left hip pocket, where reposed a linked couple of shiny steel contrivances which their owner, in moods of endearment, was wont to call bracelets. One of them would just have fitted Jimmy's right wrist.

All of which has nothing whatever to do with the fact that when Briggs posted himself in the drawing-room doorway some two minutes later to announce the arrival of an urgent gentleman who declined to give his name he found his young mistress standing rigid in the very center of the apartment. She was looking right at him, he thought, so he waited, as a trained servant must, for her nod of acknowledgment. It did not come.

After a discreet interval Briggs tried again. "Miss Dorothy," he said.

He could never understand, or so at least he afterward told the cook and her satellites, why the girl jumped so abruptly and fluttered back two or three steps with such obvious confusion.

"You'd have thought," Briggs informed the thronged kitchen, "that she was standin' there asleep. It was just like wakin' her up, she came to so sudden like. You know"—his voice became confidential—"there's something going on in this house. I don't like it."

"Poor dear," quoth the cook, "and with the missus havin' another set of fits. No wonder!"

Madeleine, the French maid, merely smiled. "It is not that," she observed archly, and went out of the door.

XVIII

ON SIXTH AVENUE Jimmy MacForth found a taxi, and into this he leaped.

"Nearest telegraph office," he directed; "and make it snappy. I'm in a hurry."

Time was precious now, more precious as each second fled by.

The vehicle jerked forward, wove its way drunkenly among elevated-railway pillars, street cars, other careening cars and skipping pedestrians and finally rocked into Forty-fifth Street on two wheels. At the telegraph office Jimmy jumped out.

"Wait!" he shot over his shoulder.

He grabbed a blank and a chained pencil at the counter and began to write, scowling as he scrawled the words. The first blank went to the floor in ragged pieces, and so did the second; but the third, after much erasure, seemed to do. He read it:

"MRS. ANGUS MACFORTH,

"Rockledge, Mt. Kisco, New York.

"Coming with guest late this evening by automobile. Please wait up for us.

"JIMSY."

"Won't mother be surprised," he grinned, "when she finds out who the guest is? She'll be expecting a man, of course." He paused. "I know it's a long chance," he reflected, "but it's the only thing to do. I've just got to do it. If I can once get her up there and she meets mother—well, at least she can't ignore me after that."

He handed the message across the counter to a blasé young woman who painstakingly counted the words and lackadaisically made change. Then he dashed back to the taxi, giving the address of a garage on the upper West Side.

"Take it easier," he cautioned. "I haven't time to get pinched."

The garage owner greeted Jimmy gruffly in the way garage owners have when they mean to be affable. In fact, he almost smiled.

"Mr. Farrell," said the boy breathlessly, "I want a closed car to drive to Mount Kisco this evening—a good car—limousine. Start about half past eight. Pick up a passenger first. Is Swanson here? I'd like him to drive—he's been there before. I'll fix it with him. Have her ready now without fail, won't you? It's awfully important. I'll be here—make it eight o'clock. Oh, that's all right about the price—whatever you say."

That done, Jimmy hurried to his apartment, where he changed his clothes and packed a bag. Then he went out.

An hour later the hallboy took pleasure in informing a too inquisitive gentleman with beady black eyes and a funny-looking nose that he was sorry but Mr. MacForth had just left.

"Had a bag with him," volunteered the attendant. "Looked like he was goin' on a trip or somethin'."

The stranger hurried uncivilly away.

■■■

DOROTHY HAMMIS could not get her hair done right. She had tried and tried, and there it still rippled about her shoulders while the clock ticked on. Dorothy knew only too well what this phenomenon meant; it meant that she was nervous, and as being nervous was the last thing on earth she wished to admit of herself, she became almost savage in her attempts to achieve a satisfactory result in the arrangement of those elusive coils. Now she had it up again—and she glowered at it. She wouldn't ring for Madeleine; she just wouldn't!

Five minutes later she rang for Madeleine.

"I can't make it go right," said Dorothy lightly as the maid set deftly about her task. Madeleine smiled, a knowing smile.

"One's hair is a very peculiar thing, mademoiselle," she observed. "Sometimes it goes just so," she patted a coil artfully, "and other times it resists as if it had feelings of its own. It is the most sympathetic of all things." She saw the shade of a frown crease the forehead of her mistress, and straightway fell silent. "There," she said at length, "that is better—no?"

Dorothy studied it minutely from all conceivable angles, then nodded.

"Your gown?" the maid inquired.

"The pale blue taffeta," said Dorothy.

"But, mademoiselle, you wore it only the other evening?"

"I'll wear it again to-night, Madeleine."

Cyril Radgleigh was waiting for her as she came slowly down the stairs.

"You look more beautiful than ever," he informed her in his most gallant, most worldly manner.

"And you never change, do you?" she smiled, wondering why she failed so utterly to thrill at his compliment.

"That was a terrible thing about your mother's pearls," Radgleigh volunteered. "I just heard about it. It's certainly peculiar. After my experience too. Aren't there any clews? Do you suppose anybody ——"

"No," said the girl briefly, "there aren't. What time are we supposed to be over there, Cyril?"

He stared at her interrogatively. She seemed strange to-night. She was glancing furtively round the room as if looking for something, and there was certainly something on her mind.

He came close to her, holding out his hands to hers.

"Please don't, Cyril," she begged, drawing back. "I—I don't feel like it to-night."

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Now Dorothy Hammis could have informed him then and there just what the matter was, and she knew this because something told her that if she were a nice girl she ought to do it. But something else a thousand times stronger was whispering in her ear at the same moment. She did not know what this something else was, but she obeyed it.

"Oh, nothing," she heard herself replying to the question. "I'm just a little upset, I guess, on account of the necklace business. A detective from Police Headquarters spent at least an hour asking me questions—he asked the most ridiculous things, some of them almost insulting—but he explained that he had to—so I'm pretty much tired out."

"Rather not go to the dance?" Radgleigh suggested. "I'd just as leave stay here."

(Continued on Page 93)

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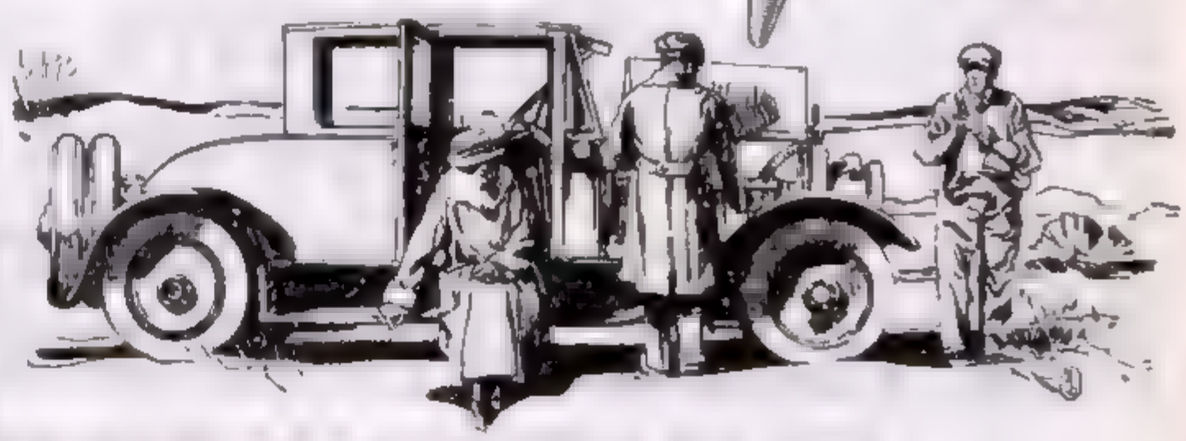

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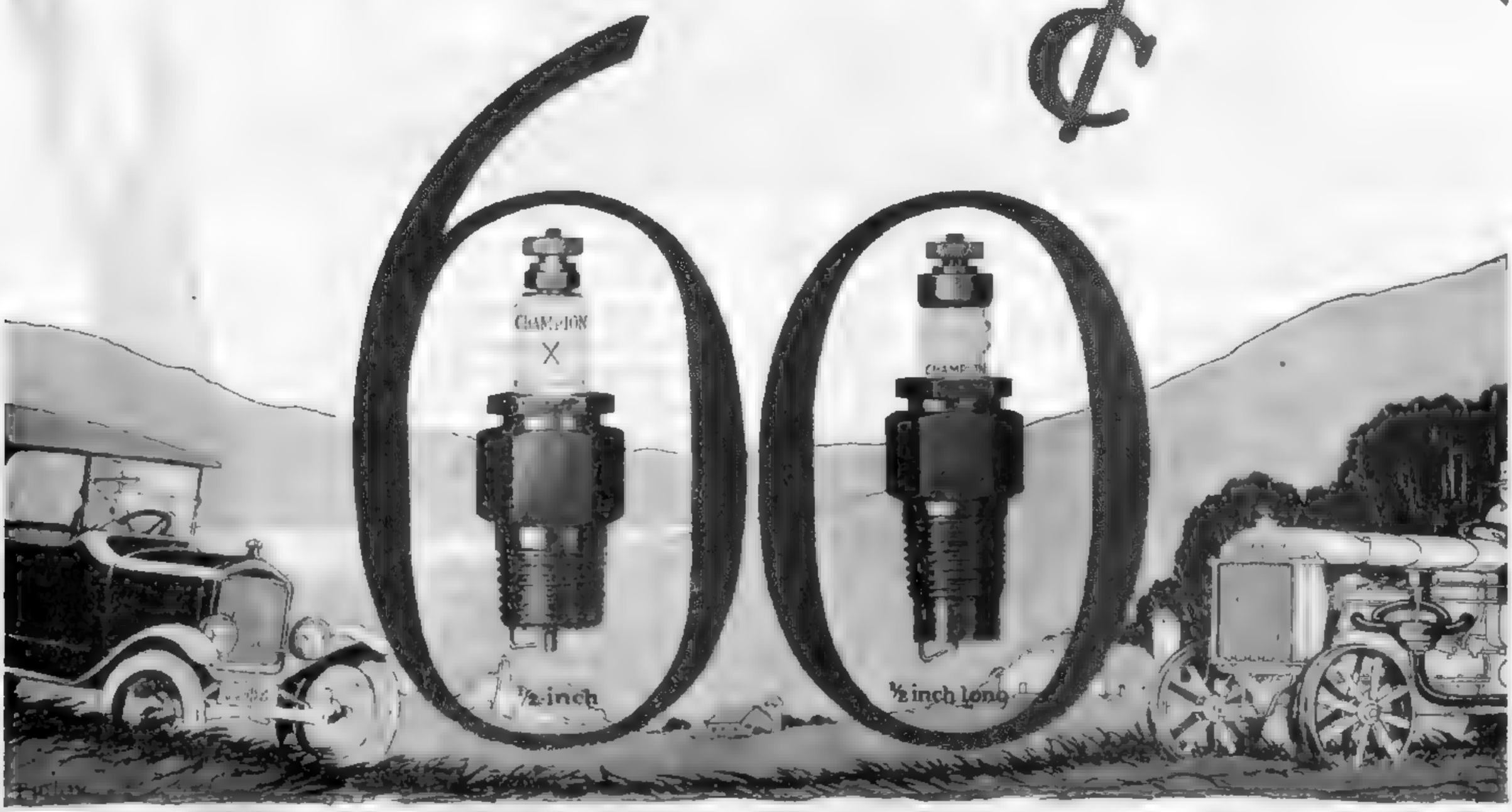

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(Continued from Page 91)

Dorothy hesitated. Here again, she knew, was her opportunity. But her heart was thumping too fast.

"No," she said, "let's go. I want to go. It'll do me good to get out."

"I've got my car here," said Radgleigh. "Any time you like suits me."

She vacillated momentarily. Then: "I suppose we might as well go now," she remarked.

Oh, if she only knew what was going to happen—if anything was! The boy had seemed so sure, so confident of his ability to do the thing he had threatened to do; so—so actually able to do it.

As Radgleigh helped her into her satin-lined, fur-collared cloak of soft red velvet, into which she was accustomed to snuggle, birdlike, until only her eyes peeped out, she found herself confusedly unable to fasten the hook and eye at the throat. She tried it again, several times. Her fingers might just as well have been wooden clothespins.

Her escort climbed into his own overcoat, took his hat, stepped to the heavy front door, grasped the handle, pulled the door open and stood waiting. The street looked very dark. Dorothy clenched her hands at her sides, drew herself up, took one deep breath and stepped across the threshold into the areaway. Something made her sure ——

A vague black shape leaped past her. She jumped, dodged instinctively, turned. Behind her, a blanket thrown over his head, Cyril Radgleigh squirmed kneeling on the pavement, grunting savagely and struggling with his arms against the heavy enveloping cloth. A figure—yes, it was the boy—stood over him, trussing him up swiftly, silently, with a length of light rope. A half dozen twists, a knot, and the boy stepped quickly to her side.

Dorothy did what any other normal girl would have done. Being wooed by a cave man is a thrilling enough thing to think about, but to be jumped at by somebody at ten o'clock at night on a dark city street, just as you are going out to a dance, and to have your escort gagged and bound before you know what's happening—that is something entirely different.

Dorothy screamed.

Jimmy MacForth, his hair tousled, a cold, businesslike glint in his eyes, laid a large hand across her mouth, stooped, picked her up bodily—he would always remember how little and soft and helpless she felt to him then—and strode across the sidewalk to a waiting limousine. A man stood attentively at the door of the car.

"Beat it!" commanded Jimmy, and lifted his burden into the darkness of the interior. The man slammed the door, jumped into the driver's seat, started the engine and threw in the clutch. The car jumped.

On the left side of the automobile, the side away from the curb, a shadow rose against the door. The glass crashed, an automatic with a man's hand gripping it stared Jimmy in the face.

"Put 'em up!" snarled a voice.

Jimmy let his cargo slide to the cushioned seat and put 'em up.

"Keep 'em up!" said the voice. Then: "Hi, there," it directed the driver, "pull up!"

The driver pulled up.

"Climb out," directed the voice; "both of you."

Jimmy and the driver climbed out. Surprised as the boy was, more angry than surprised, more disappointed than angry, he half smiled to recognize his familiar acquaintance of the brushlike mustache and the lopsided nose. But the beady eyes were no longer beady; they were blazing.

Ben Hagerty frisked his two prisoners swiftly, running his free hand—the other held the automatic—none too gently over their clothes until assured that neither of them was carrying a weapon. Then he handcuffed them together and lined them up against the side of the car.

"Hell!" groaned the chauffeur.

"Shut up!" snapped Jimmy. "I told you I'd take the load for this, and I will."

Dorothy Hammis stepped composedly out of the limousine.

"No publicity, please," were her first words to the detective. "It would kill my mother." Then she added: "Please take care of Mr. Radgleigh. He's back at the house." She did not look at Jimmy.

"Hell!" This time it was the boy who blurted it out. "He's not hurt. He's only got a blanket over his head and a string to keep his hands busy."

"Shut up, you!" barked the detective. "I'll attend to you in a minute."

"If you don't mind," said Dorothy evenly, addressing the officer of the law, "I'll walk back to the house now—alone. I'll take care of Mr. Radgleigh."

"But I need you for the charge," the plain-clothes man informed her.

"I—I can't go now," replied the girl. "You see I can't." She opened her cloak to show her evening frock. "When you need me I'll—I'll do whatever's necessary."

Radgleigh himself, hatless, coatless, mad clear through, abruptly appeared and charged into the group.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "Did they get him? Which one is he?" He glared. "Ought to be strung up alive! Just let me at him once!"

"Get back there," warned the detective. "I'm busy. Are you hurt?"

Radgleigh raised himself arrogantly.

"Of course not."

"All right. I want to get these birds in the jug. You take the lady back, and then come down to Headquarters. You can make the charge."

Dorothy Hammis had already started up the street. Not once had she met Jimmy's eye.

"Now," said Ben Hagerty, unlocking the handcuffs, "you"—he poked the chauffeur with the muzzle of his gun—"you get in that seat and drive this car to Police Headquarters—see? And if you try any funny business, God help your soul. You"—turning to Jimmy and snapping one of the handcuffs on the boy's right wrist, linking it with his own left—"you stick with me—here—inside." He paused. "All I want you for," he presently observed with a dry smile, "is larceny, robbery, personation, fraud, conspiracy, assault and battery and abduction. That ought to hold you, young fella, for about twenty-five years."

Jimmy said nothing as the car swayed toward Headquarters through the dark and deserted streets. He was thinking of two persons. The first was his mother, waiting expectantly in a lonely Westchester house. The second was a girl who had not even given him a parting glance.

* *

FOR twenty minutes now they had been grilling Jimmy, firing questions at him by salvos, by volleys and at will, using shrapnel and high explosive and gas, bracketing him, enfilading him, enveloping him, opening and closing the sheaf of fire systematically, doing everything in their power to find his weak spot with one good shell that would shatter his reserve; but still the boy sat stubbornly uncommunicative. They had removed his shiny steel bracelet and placed him on a straight-backed wooden chair, with both the chief and Hagerty facing him not four feet away, their three chairs forming an inquisitorial triangle of which Jimmy's was the apex. First the chief himself would fire a round of questions, then the brisk little operative would carry the attack, giving his superior opportunity to bring up new ammunition. Jimmy was interested, keenly awake. This was a game he could play.

So he told them just what they did not need to know. About himself and his family and his past he launched into the minutest details, but when they began questioning him about the last few days he would simply shake his head. Then they would ask him something else, until:

"What did you want with those pearls?" the chief would fling at him, at which Jimmy would shrug his shoulders, French fashion. Then they inquired about his work in the Army, and the boy talked.

Suddenly: "Do you know I saw you hiding in that library where the safe was?" challenged the little detective.

"Then you think you've got better eyes than God gave you," retorted Jimmy, and grinned. Presently he spoke of his own accord.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this isn't getting us anywhere, and it won't. I tell you now, as I told you when I came in, that I won't say a word until I've notified John A. Hammis that I'm arrested."

The chief leered meaningly.

"Trying to pass the buck, are you?" he scoffed.

"No," said Jimmy coolly, "I'm not. Mr. Hammis is my boss. I'm doing some important work for him. After I've reported to him I'll talk business with you. Is there any reason I can't call him up—now?"

Ben Hagerty rose and bent over his chief, whispering into his ear. The chief

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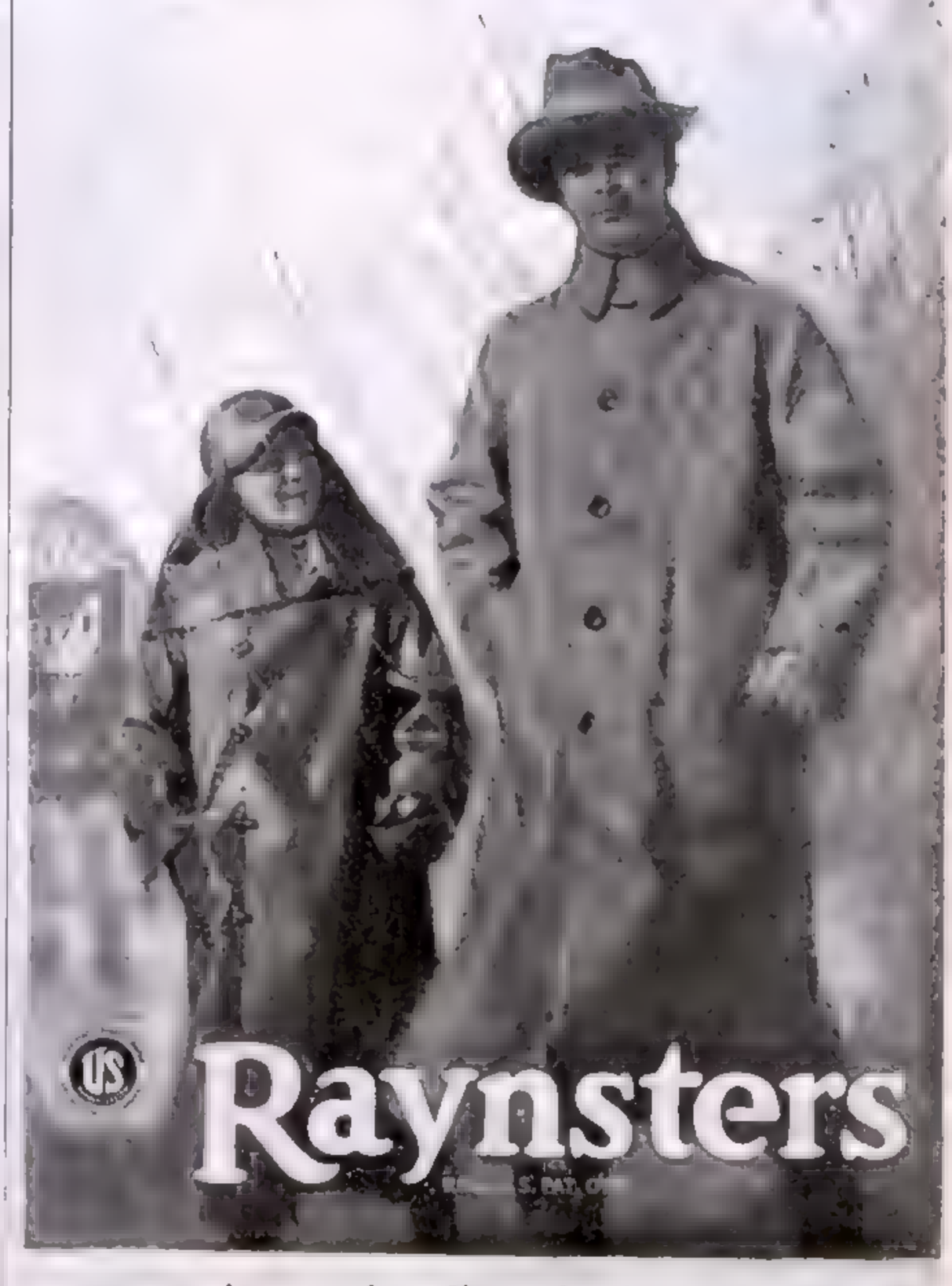

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KEEPING A CHILD'S HAIR BEAUTIFUL

What a Mother Can Do To Keep Her Child's Hair Soft and Silky — Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

AFTER the dirt, dust and foreign matter have been loosened by the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, the next step is a thorough rinsing—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

It is important that the hair and scalp be rinsed thoroughly. When you have done this, then use another application of Mulsified—again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

NOTE—Although the method described here was outlined primarily with the child's needs in mind, it will be equally satisfactory to adults.

There is a great advantage, however, in starting children out in the right way by teaching them early in life how to preserve and care for the hair. Not only is a *good growth of hair* started early, but *good habits of hair hygiene* are also established.

Final Rinsing and Drying

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so. His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

The *OLD INN*, now the Village House, at Englishtown, New Jersey, where Washington stayed. From a drawing by FRANKLIN BOOTH. © ARCO. 1922

Where Washington shivered, two ARCOLAS stand

A CENTURY AND A HALF ago the *OLD INN* sheltered Washington, its open fires taking a little of the chill from the air.

In time the open fires gave place to seven hot-air stoves. Seven fires to tend; seven danger spots.

Two years ago, C. C. Fleming, the owner, took out the seven stoves and installed two ARCOLAS. Every room now has its own American Radiator, giving off healthful hot-water warmth. And the fuel bill has been so much reduced that, as Mr. Fleming says:

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(Continued from Page 94)

intensification of effort, a certain heightening of morale on account of the war, and a system of interchange of equipment, together with a willingness of the public to submit to inconveniences for patriotic reasons, that enabled the carriers to stagger along under an unprecedented load. But the collapse had to come.

My prophecy of something like 400,000,000,000 ton-miles by 1916, which I made in 1907, required no other merit on my part than that of stating what any sane observer could see was inevitable. According to Mr. Willard's figures the tonnage reached 448,000,000,000 ton-miles very soon after 1916. It requires no gift of prophecy to tell that the load of transportation when next we see prosperity will be in proportion to the last maximum about as 448,000,000,000 ton-miles is to 187,000,000,000, the maximum in 1905. It is to emphasize these relations of quantity that I accentuate the things which many railway men and business men and writers on transportation seem to endeavor to forget, but which ought not to be forgotten, owing to the fact that unless something rather heroic is done about it these things will recur with good business.

Facilities Outgrown

The statements quoted are differently stated in official documents. "The inability of shippers," says the 1906 report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, "to procure cars for the movement of their traffic is the subject of numerous and grievous complaints which come to the commission from all parts of the country. A car famine prevails which brings distress in almost every section, and in some localities amounts to almost a calamity. The extraordinary prosperity which everywhere abounds with the high prices obtainable for all classes of commodities has so stimulated production as to yield a volume of transportation business which exceeds the aggregate carrying capacity of the railroads. In a word, the development of private industry has of late been much more rapid than the increase of railway facilities. The conditions now existing in the Northwest, where large quantities of grain require immediate shipment, and in the Southwest and the trans-Missouri region, where thousands and tens of thousands of live animals are denied movement to the consuming markets, may justly be regarded as alarming, while throughout the Middle West and Atlantic Seaboard the shortage of cars for manufactured articles and miscellaneous merchandise has become a matter of serious concern. In some cases it is simply a lack of cars, in others insufficient tracks, in still others wholly inadequate freight yards and terminal facilities."

The fact should be noted of the commission's recognition of the principle that production and business activity can grow only to those limits which are permitted by the capacity of the railways to handle the traffic. The railways then broke down under a burden of 187,000,000,000 ton-miles per year as against the 448,000,000,000 which crushed them in 1917–18.

In 1907 the commission again referred to this great problem and the continuing crisis. "The whole problem," its report stated, "involving insufficient car and track capacity, congested terminals, slow train movements and other incidents, may be said to be due to the fact that the facilities of the carriers have not kept pace with the commercial growth of the country. One eminent railroad president has estimated that during the period from 1895 to 1905 the traffic offered for carriage in the United States increased 110 per cent, while during the same period the instrumentalities of handling the traffic increased only 20 per cent.

"During the past decade the commercial condition of the country has been one of increasing prosperity. If business undertakings proportionately increase during future years, the railroads of the country must add to their tracks, cars and other facilities to an extent difficult to estimate. The ability of the carriers to transport traffic measures the profitable production of this vast country, with its ninety millions of people, abundant capital and practically unlimited resources. Manifestly it is an economic waste for the farm, the mine or the factory to put labor and capital into the production of commodities which cannot be transported to market with reasonable dispatch. If the present output cannot in many instances be transported except after ruinous delays, it is not reasonable to presume that capital will readily seek investment in new undertakings. It may conservatively be stated that the inadequacy of transportation facilities is little less than alarming; that its continuation may place an arbitrary limit upon the future-production of the land, and that the solution of the difficult financial and physical problems involved is worthy of the most earnest thought and effort of all who believe in the full development of our country and the largest opportunity for its people."

In 1908 the commission sings the third stanza of this Song of Lamentations. "The temporary financial depression," it observes, "from which the country is now emerging resulted in the diminution of railway revenues. . . . The diminished volume of traffic moved by the railways during the slack period which began in 1907 must not be forgotten." The cycle was complete. James J. Hill, when the crisis was on, stated that it would take an expenditure of $5,500,000,000 and years of time to equip the railways to carry the volume of traffic then offered; to say nothing of increases.

I have before me a graphic chart of this so-called car shortage, running from 1907 to date—that is, to 1917. It is published as a bulletin by the American Railway Association. It shows a line that rises and falls rises when the railways have plenty of cars for shippers and when they can properly move shipments, and falls as the traffic becomes heavy. It shows a car surplus all the time from the end of 1907 to the end of 1912, except for one little dip into shortage in 1909. The years 1909 to 1912 were years of about an adequate supply on an average. At the end of 1912 there was a severe car shortage, and another slight dip into a shortage in 1913. Two years of great car surplus then follow—1914 and 1915. Then like magic, right at the end of 1915 the demand upon the railways for shipping facilities overwhelmed the carriers, and we had 1907 over again. Every business remembers it, for it was but yesterday. It will be known to history as the transportation crisis of 1917–18. It was general all over the country. The president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford at a meeting of the Connecticut Chamber of Commerce afterward stated that it was accompanied by "much suffering and a partial paralysis of business, and a threatened stoppage of transportation. . . . Therefore the question confronting railroads and industries in New England has ceased to be the usual one between shipper and carrier, and has become a question of what the carrier can do for the shipper, and what the shipper can do for the carrier in order to keep New England's industrial supremacy from leaving, and New England from being turned into a rich man's playground."

Car Shortages and Coal Famines

I cite this statement to remind the interested reader that this great danger is one which threatens not the interior alone but the coast states also, which are built up on railway communication with the interior. New England lives on coal, but she has none of her own. As Senator Reed, of Missouri, recently pointed out: "It is the undisputed evidence of the Government's own experts that there never was a shortage of bituminous coal in the United States until the European War broke out: . . . that then there was not available a sufficient supply of cars to receive and haul the coal from the mines to the points of consumption"; and that this failure of transportation was the sole cause of the coal famine. A coal mine must have cars at the tipple every morning for the day's output or the mine closes down. People may be freezing for lack of fuel, and miners may be hungry because of idleness, and anxious to work, but unless the cars are at the mines the work of providing the coal for the nation cannot go on. "The undisputed evidence shows," said Senator Reed, "that at no time, even after our entrance into the war, would there have been a coal shortage had it been possible for the railroads to have furnished the coal mines cars to be loaded, and in turn to have transported the coal promptly to its destination."

The trouble lies in the fact that with practically the same trackage and the same system of motive power we are trying to do from three to four times the business of twenty years ago, which was then done

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with great difficulty and with recurrent crises of railway breakdown. Mr. Charles F. Scott, of Yale, says, "The tonnage of freight was more than three times as great in 1916 as in 1900." It seems to me that the railways are entitled to great credit for carrying as much of the load as they have done. But it also appears that during the present slack period in business the paralysis which confronts the nation when it is ready to resume at full blast is the most exigent of national problems. We are facing a blank wall of frustration in the failure of our transportation system, unless something basic is done about it.

What is the trouble? We call the trouble car shortage for want of a better term; but is it owing to the fact that we have too few railway cars? The manner in which things pass suddenly from what is called car surplus to car shortage does not indicate that it is scarcity of cars. From the autumn of 1907 to the spring of 1908 we passed from prostration in car shortage to one of our greatest car surpluses, in four months or less. Between the autumn of 1912 and the first of January, 1918, we went from a great surplus to a most embarrassing shortage. Between October, 1915, and the end of the year we passed from a time when anyone could get cars for anything at any time, to a condition when it might almost be said that nobody could get them for anything.

Now, there was no such fluctuation in the demand as this would indicate. Business may fall off astonishingly under the blight of financial depression or a transportation breakdown, but it can never expand with a rapidity that would absorb all the 1915 surplus and make a car famine in two months. There were as many cars in the latter year as in the former. If they had been moved, the same volume of business could have been done, plus the increase served by the surplus. But shippers could not get so many cars as they had been allowed in the slack period. The cars did not move except through agonizing effort. The railway machine did not deliver in this crisis the same effective energy that it yields in normal times. Something had happened that partially paralyzed the whole machine, and threatened to stop it entirely. This could not have been a shortage of cars. They could not use effectively the cars they had. I have talked with skilled railway men who express the opinion that if in any of these crises the railways could have been given all the cars needed at points of origin of freight, it would have made things worse.

An Expert Diagnosis

I believe it would have made it much worse. J. H. Bibbins, a terminal specialist, and chairman of the Terminal Committee of the Western Society of Engineers, recently wrote: "Just how fast railway facilities in this country should increase in proportion to production and traffic is an unanswered question. If we were operating normally at a point of saturation on main lines the proportion would be fairly obvious. But this is not the case. On the other hand, the total national transport capacity is perhaps more of a function of the forwarding capacity of gateways and the handling capacity of terminals—a point it is desired here to emphasize most strongly. . . . If traffic could be kept moving the problem would be far less serious." Mr. Bibbins quoted a prominent railway official to the effect that large terminals are the graveyards of cars.

Now, during the railway crises of which I speak, the terminals are always congested. Cars are lost for weeks and months in the vast mass of them clotted in the veins of traffic in the great railway yards. The jam grows with every incoming train. Crews give up in despair in the effort to sort them out. The best thing that could happen, one might almost think, would be to stop everything completely until these awful snarls could be unraveled. If the often-expressed wish for a greater supply of cars could be once granted in these situations the result would be to make confusion worse confounded. Mr. Bibbins, as a terminal engineer, has the courage to suggest that the failure is in his field. In this many experts have agreed with him. But whether the total national transport capacity is a function of the capacity of terminals or not, one thing is certain: He has put his hand on the seat of the trouble when he says that if traffic could be kept moving the problem would be far less serious. No doubt the railroads need more cars at times; but it is not lack of cars that is their curse. Their curse is a liability to strokes of paralysis of the nerves of movement.

It would seem that the inventiveness of America ought to evolve a better terminal system than we have—one from which any car might be picked out and removed promptly, no matter how completely hemmed in by other cars, and moved to any part of the yard quickly. It would seem that modern engineering ought to create a system by which empty and loaded cars might be thrown, with an approach, the size of the objects being considered, to the manner in which letters are thrown by men sorting mail. Cars may be picked up bodily. They may be juggled, and where for some special purpose the need has been recognized, they are juggled, both loaded and empty. No doubt terminals are capable of much improvement; but I do not believe the terminals as such are primarily to blame.

The Seat of the Trouble

I believe the basic trouble lies in the fact that the locomotive steam engine has reached the limits of its capacity, and that the trouble in our railway system lies primarily in that. I believe that if the locomotive steam engine could do its share of the work the terminals could be kept clear, and that the railways would have been able to handle any volume of traffic that has up to this time ever been offered them. In this I am following the opinions of competent experts, in whose judgment I have confidence.

The lack of railroad movement is what kills business when it produces an overload of traffic. The thing that fails is the machine that moves trains. This is the locomotive steam engine.

This statement will not be agreed with by many engineers; but it will surprise none of them. Most of them will agree with it. To the average reader it may be astounding. The steam locomotive typifies progress in transportation in the public mind. It is hoary with traditions of triumph. The iron horse is another word for railroading. But the iron horse is a wind-broken, spavined creature, which can no longer do the work of an America that wishes to prosper. We have all had the experience, especially in cold weather, of asking the conductor what the trouble is, and getting the reply, "We can't make steam." That is the trouble with American transportation—it can't make steam, only up to a certain point. And that point is far below the power we must have in order that we may carry on this great life of ours.

"We can't run bigger trains," President Howard Elliott is quoted as saying, "because we can't build bigger engines; and we can't build bigger engines because we can't find bigger firemen."

"During the past ten years," says C. J. Quinn, of the Norfolk and Western, "freight-car capacities have increased 100 per cent, while steam locomotive capacities have increased only 10 per cent.

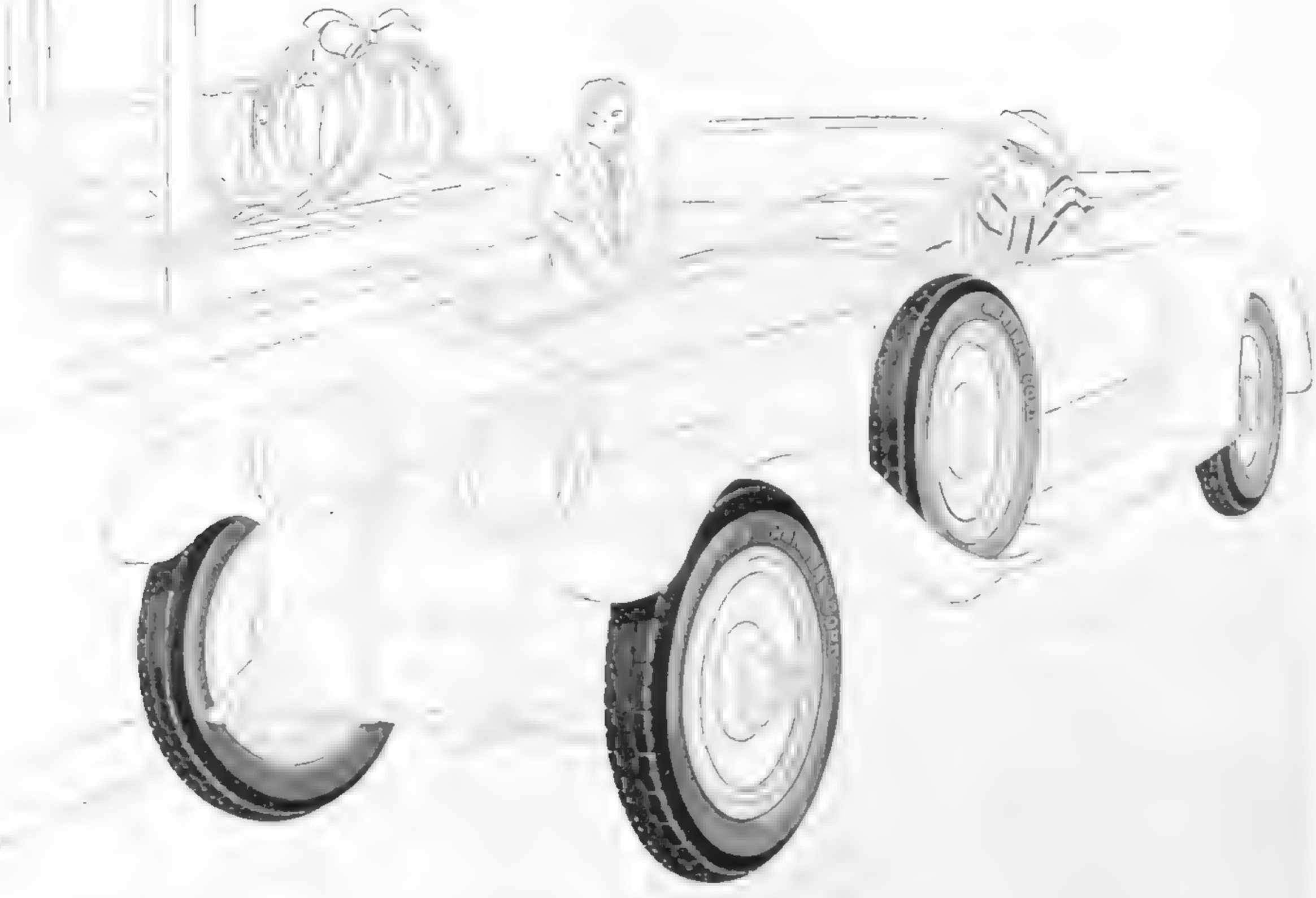
"For the past seventeen years," says Railway Age, "no improvement has been made in the efficiency with which the potential capacity of freight locomotives has been utilized on the railroads of the United States. During this period the average tractive effort of locomotives in freight service has increased about fifty-eight per cent, net tons per train have increased over a hundred per cent, but freight train miles per locomotive have shown a decrease of nearly twenty per cent, and apparently only the stress of war conditions has prevented a marked and steady decrease in the net results, as measured in the ton-miles produced per year by each one thousand miles of tractive effort. These statements are based on an analysis of Interstate Commerce Commission statistics from 1902 and 1903, the first years for which the necessary data were reported, down to the end of 1919, which are supplemented by estimates for 1920 which are sufficiently accurate to indicate the trend during that year compared with previous years. The effectiveness of locomotives 'as operating factors' showed a remarkable increase in this decade. But the efficiency with which these locomotives were utilized as producers of ton-miles did not keep pace with increase in capacity. Undoubtedly large modern locomotives require more frequent shoppings and more attention to running repairs than the motive

(Continued on Page 101)

THE

GENERAL

CORD TIRE



Why the General Cord leads in the high grade field

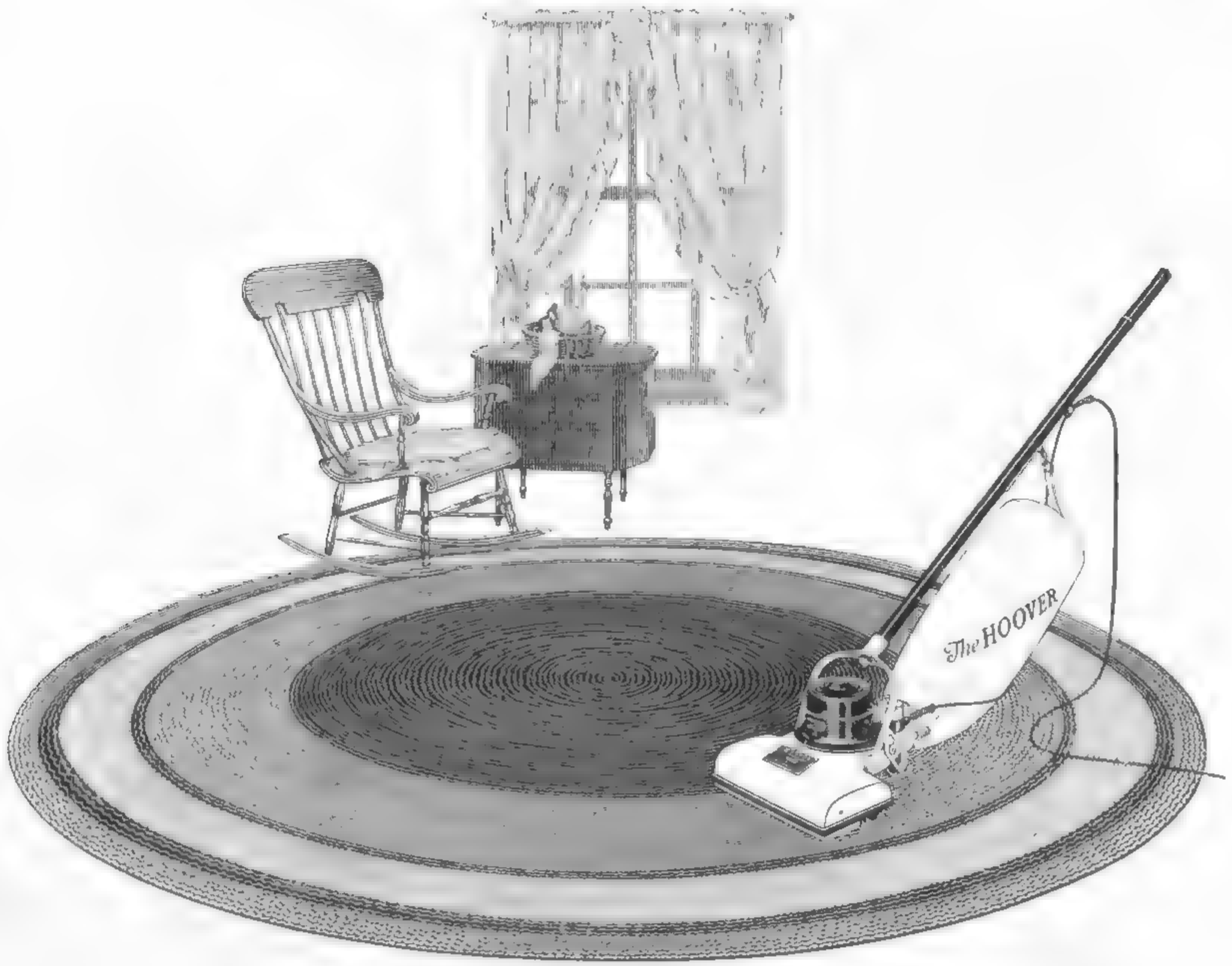
Aside from three or four makes of tires that come on new cars as factory equipment, General is recognized as the largest-selling Cord in the country. What is responsible for its standing in the high-grade field? Why were its 1921 sales the largest in its history, when tire conditions as a whole were not so satisfactory?

How was it possible to get this business without taking the volume orders of motor car manufacturers? Wasn't it because every single sale of a GENERAL TIRE represented the judgment of an experienced tire user? Didn't he follow record and reputation for long mileage, instead of merely continuing to buy through habit the brand that came originally with the car?

You'll turn to General, too, when you discover, as all these other car-owners have done, that General's slogan, "Goes a long way to make friends," really means something. Look up the General Tire Dealer near you and let him show you the most successful Cord made exclusively for car-owners—a tire which depends entirely on their good will for its success.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY



Clean Your Rugs *Clean* at Home

Save yourself the cost and inconvenience of having your rugs taken up and cleaned twice a year. Save the embarrassment of allowing them to remain dim and clogged with dirt betweentimes.

Get a Hoover and enjoy the pride of lovely, clean rugs the year around. Dirt gets into your rugs every day. Much of it sifts into their depths to cling and stay, immune to hand-sweeping. Rapidly it accumulates. Germs swarm in it and menace health.

Shoes press the soft rug nap upon this dirt, composed largely of sharp grit. The nap is thus ground off. Your rugs grow threadbare, years too soon.

The Hoover electrically beats out all such germ-laden nap-destroying dirt from rug depths. By thus safeguarding health and preserving your rugs from wear, over and over it pays for itself.

In addition, The Hoover electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and powerfully cleans by air—all in one easy, rapid, dustless operation.

Have an immediate free demonstration in your home of The Hoover and its air-cleaning attachments. Backed by the Guarantee Bond of the oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners, The Hoover is obtainable in four sizes, all moderately priced, on easy terms. Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau or write us for the names of your nearest Authorized Hoover Dealers.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio

The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 98

power of seventeen years ago. But it seems incredible that the motive power in service to-day . . . is inherently incapable of rendering in a year more than the equivalent of the service obtained in ten months from the locomotives of seventeen years ago. May not much of this loss be attributed to the failure of shop and engine terminal facilities to keep pace either with the increasing numbers or the increasing weights of locomotives?"

Boiled down into less technical language, this means that though locomotive steam engines are larger, heavier, costlier and more refined and complex than they were twenty years ago, they are less efficient. They do not deliver the goods. And though the load on them doubles every twelve years or so, the best this railway journal can say as to steam-locomotive improvement is to suggest the great modern engines ought to be so handled as to be as efficient as operating units as those of seventeen years ago!

This is a recognition of the fact that the steam locomotive has reached the limit of improvement in efficiency, and is actually losing ground. They have reached their limits in size, capacity and speed. One Southern railway recently purchased several triple locomotives of ultra-modern type, but had great difficulty in finding tracks with bridges of the size and strength, tunnels of great enough capacity, and clearances and curves that would let them through in process of delivery. Railroads as a rule would have to be rebuilt to allow their use, and when put in use the gain in capacity is largely lost in efficiency. The steam locomotive is limited in power by the dimensions of its boiler and firebox, and these in turn are limited by the space between the driving wheels and the permissible height of the center of gravity above the rails.

These are physical factors; but I promised that I would confine myself largely to the physical obstacles to our national prosperity. The Appalachian Mountains were a physical obstacle. The Erie Canal was a physical solution. The Great Plains were a physical factor in our national life. The railways were a physical solution which supplanted and supplemented the canals and spanned the plains after surmounting the heights. We prosper not by ignoring physical factors but by either triumphing over them or adjusting ourselves to them. The railways are failing us; and the chief reason for their failure is the simple fact of the physical failure of the locomotive steam engine.

A Fatal Weakness

It is a wonderful machine, and where traffic is uniform and not too heavy it is the most efficient machine for land transport still. But it has one fatal weakness under our tendency to traffic development: it cannot handle an overload. When it has done just so much it lies down, like the camel, which refuses to try to rise when its burden is too great. It is a moving power plant, and carries its fuel and water with it in addition to its load. This has been a great advantage in past ages, but it is an immense disadvantage now. It must not only trail its own fuel and water but it must distribute its fuel along the line for its own convenience. The fuel expenditures of the railways in 1918 amounted to 11 per cent of the railways' income, or more than a fifth of their labor costs.

The locomotive steam engine is perhaps the most wasteful machine doing any large part of the world's work. When on active duty it usually stands still a considerable portion of the time, consuming fuel constantly. It works thus for twelve hours, and then goes to the roundhouse for twelve hours, during which time it is found more economical to keep it fired up than to draw its fire. Here it is cared for by men on duty for the purpose. After a few weeks it must go to the repair shops for a general overhauling. Two years' records of several great ultra-modern locomotives show that with an average daily mileage of 73.4 miles for the year, they were in the shops for repairs 89 days per year, or practically a quarter of the time. While in actual service they spent from 15 to 23 per cent of their running time going to the ash pit, receiving attention there, and returning to their sidings. This was on mountain-grade work.

Every time a modern locomotive deafens you by popping off it wastes seventy-five pounds of coal every five minutes. Of all the coal burned in the firebox, only 6 per cent of the energy is actually used in the work of moving traffic. And when it leaves the shop or roundhouse delivering this 6 per cent of efficiency it begins to grow more inefficient with every hour of service. Each time a freight train stops it wastes in the stoppage from 500 to 1750 pounds of coal, depending on the weight of the train, the length of stop, and the grade. The steam locomotive wastes one-third of the coal fed into it in stand-by losses of this and other sorts. All the coal used by the locomotive steam engine has to be carried over the road at least twice, and the empty coal cars have to be trailed back to the mines. This coal movement, which is the chore of feeding the iron horse, is one-fifth of the work on which the railways must depend for their revenue. In other words, they must move one ton-mile of feed for the iron horse for every five ton-miles that the iron horse hauls for revenue purposes—and for the public. A quarter of all the coal mined in the country is burned by the railways themselves.

Figured on another basis, the steam locomotive loses 12 per cent of its efficiency by being compelled to haul its own fuel and water. On this basis, seven trains are hauled for transportation purposes *per se*—that is, for you and me and the railways—while the eighth carries fuel for the seven others.

Wanted: A New Kind of Power

The steam locomotive is an expensive piece of mechanism, expensive to buy and expensive to operate; but when a railway has bought its engines it has to provide facilities to meet their peculiar wants equal in outlay to 60 per cent of the engine bill. Let me illustrate: Fourteen railways in the Northwestern group, in the years from 1907 to 1919, paid out for steam locomotives the sum of $68,000,000. In the same years they spent $43,200,000 for fuel and water stations, shops and engine houses, shop machinery, turntables, ash pits and the like instrumentalities for meeting the needs of these engines.

This is not an indictment of the steam locomotive. It is an effort to find out what is the matter with American transportation. It is not a conservation article. It would find no fault with the steam locomotive on account of its wastefulness if its wastefulness were not accompanied by inefficiency. This inefficiency it shares with any mechanism or organism that is crowded to the last strenuous effort to deliver the goods. The steam locomotive wavers, staggers, tries to pull the load—and lies down. When it lies down business dies down—your business and mine, as well as that of the railways. If it is in a time of cold weather the failure is laid to the cold. The man out on the plains or at the mines or in the Cotton Belt calls it a car shortage. The superintendent of the great terminal will laugh sardonically at this—there is no car shortage with him. He is buried in cars. There are cars in his terminal that have been there for months, and he knows no more than the dead where they are, and when he finds them they are buried so deep in the graveyard that he cannot get them out. He declares it a shortage of motive power, perhaps. Someone else says it is a shortage of tracks.

Smaller abuses, like the failure of shippers to unload cars, get their share of the blame. But the real trouble lies in the fact that the great steam locomotives have been built larger and larger, until their maximum size has been reached; that as they build them larger and more complex, operated as they are by mere human beings, they have actually decreased in efficiency for many years; that, as President Howard Elliott says, the railways can't haul bigger trains because they can't build bigger engines, and they can't build bigger engines because they can't find bigger firemen. Or to state it another way, to make it possible for the railways to use generally a larger and more powerful engine, even if they could build it and have it properly operated, it would be necessary to reconstruct the roads with broader gauges, stronger bridges, larger tunnels, and higher and wider clearances, on a scale which is simply a railway impossibility physically and financially.

What the railways need is not more of the same kind of power they have, but a new kind of power. And the public is vitally concerned in the matter. It is not

THERE ARE MANY CANDIES
BUT ONLY ONE APOLLO

For every ingredient used in making Apollo Chocolates it is possible to find an inexpensive substitute.

That is why there can be no basis of price comparison between Apollo Chocolates and just ordinary chocolates.

There are 38 Apollo assortments made up from 193 different pieces

The Apollo CHOCOLATES
They're different

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS

Before the Season Opens

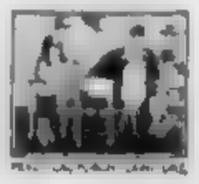
GET out the old "duffle bag." Take inventory of your outdoor equipment. Be ready for the first call to the brooks and lakes and wooded spots where curling camp fire smoke hangs heavy on the evening air.

Consider the things that take the rough out of "roughing"—chairs, cots, tables, etc. Make camp life comfortable as old timers have done for 30 years, with "Gold Medal" Folding Furniture. It's light, compact, comfortable—and built to "stand the gaff."

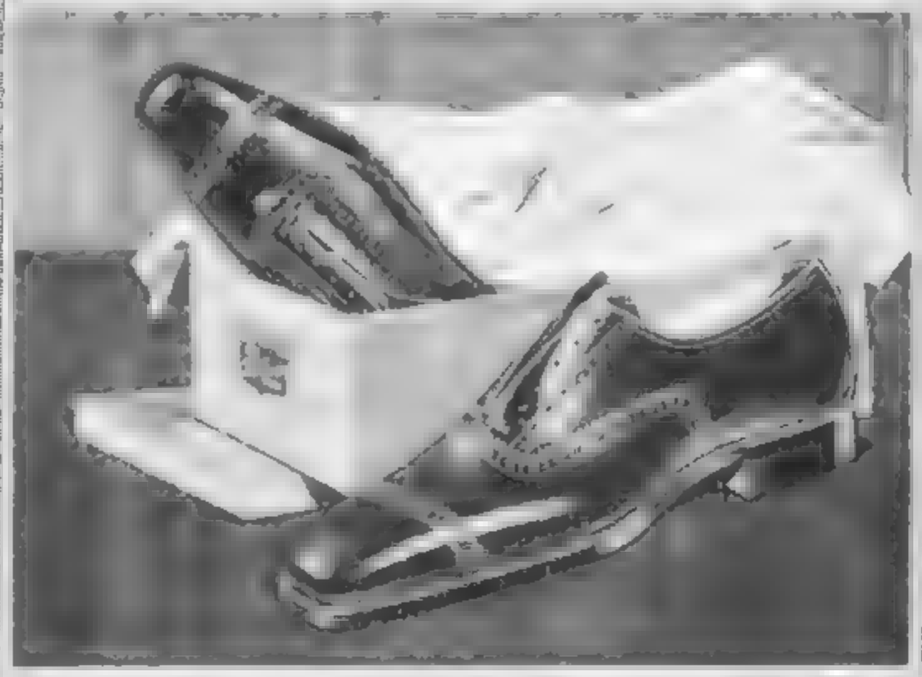
ASK for the Genuine "Gold Medal." INSIST on it. Reliable dealers have it or can get it for you. The name and trade mark is on every piece. Catalog on request.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co. 1736 Packard Ave., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
For 30 years makers of fine folding furniture

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT OFF
FOLDING FURNITURE



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



The Peter—Style M 57

WHEN you view your first pair of Florsheim Shoes—remember that their splendid appearance, you so greatly admire, is not merely a surface finish, but a "built-in" quality that will endure for months of constant hard wear.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non slip they fit the ankle and hug the heel

The Florsheim Shoe, $10—A few styles, $11 and $12
Book of "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.

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THE MAN Florsheim SHOE WHO CARES

Be Your Own Boss

The Opening of a New Variety Store
From an Actual Photograph

Cash Receipts First Day ..... $ 819
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WHY NOT START A STORE OF YOUR OWN?

We point out locations that do not conflict with existing stores.

We will help you select your stock, trim your windows, arrange the merchandise in your store, put on the opening sale.

And we will show you how to keep going after you have started.

You furnish the capital, $1,500 to $10,000.

We have shown thousands of inexperienced men and women how to become successful owners of profitable Variety Stores.

We'll do it for you.

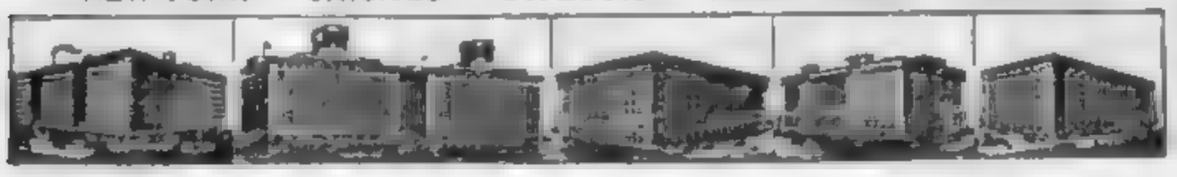
Come to any of our houses.

Or write us.

BUTLER BROTHERS

The World's Largest Wholesalers of General Merchandise

NEW YORK CHICAGO ST. LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS DALLAS



a small or local thing, but one of much greater consequence than most of the issues on which we are expected to get wrought up and excited. If the railways are doomed to lie down with the load when business next gets prosperous, it means that business cannot remain prosperous.

I have not spoken of rates, because rates are of secondary consequence, vital as they are. What I am discussing is a public matter, because if the railways were annihilated to-night, to-morrow we should have to undertake the task of rebuilding them. If they must have a new kind of power there must be that coöperation between the public and the roads which will give them what they must have. Excessive rates in many instances are delaying and will actually prevent the revival of business; but if the rates were all at once reduced to prewar figures or less, and this business were to receive a great stimulus, it would only bring on sooner the collapse of the railways through inefficient power.

The new kind of power that the roads must have can be nothing but electricity. After the great railway breakdown of 1917-18, there was a meeting of the Connecticut Chamber of Commerce attended by many prominent men, among them President Buckland, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The meeting was addressed by Mr. W. S. Murray, an eminent engineer, on the subject of the so-called superpower scheme of Secretary Lane, which contemplates the development of a great superpower organization to furnish electricity not only for all the railways in the zone which includes from Boston to Washington and Baltimore, and around to Pittsburgh and back through the upstate cities of New York to Boston again, but for all kinds of business as well which uses or might prefer to use electricity.

After the address President Buckland made some remarks which will interest the general reader as showing what one able and accomplished man then thought.

Mr. Buckland's Proposal

"In the winter of 1917–18," said Mr. Buckland, "New England faced a coal shortage. . . . There was much suffering and a partial paralysis of business and a threatened shortage of transportation. . . . Coal stands for energy, however it may appear, and it is this shortage of power which has seasonally handicapped New England. . . . I wrote to Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and asked him if it were not possible for him to include in his conservation project one looking to the conservation of power in New England, with power from tidewater coal brought to New England ports, and unmerchantable coal developing power at the mines in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. . . . Mr. Murray and I went to Washington, consulted with Secretary Lane and Dr. George Otis Smith, and found our ideas were at one.

"It has been said that the man who makes two blades of corn grow where one has grown before is a public benefactor. Obviously a man who in New England can make one pound of coal do what two has done before is even a greater benefactor; and even though coal be the largest single item of freight revenue, no carrier having the good of the public at heart could afford to oppose a plan which cuts the cost of power in New England. For every dollar lost by diminishing the coal hauled there will be more than a dollar gained in increased traffic in higher class products. New England has been handicapped by its lack of coal and raw materials."

This speaker did not mention the ability of electricity to handle the traffic of New England, to say nothing of the load of all the other railroads which fail in the crises. He took this for granted. I am here concerned with adequate power on the railways, no matter what the expense in fuel. I do not wonder that Mr. Buckland, as a railway man, stressed the matter of coal saving; for the coal bill of the railways is growing astoundingly every year. In 1917 for the whole United States it was $221,516,000. For 1918 it was $555,085,000, an increase in one year of 147 per cent over the figures for 1912. In 1919 the fuel bill had grown to $665,000,000. The railways used 138,666,000 tons of coal in 1919, or 27 per cent of all the soft coal we mined. If loaded in cars coupled end to end this coal would make a train of 26,260 miles in length. But it interests me only in the fact that empty and loaded coal cars take up 40 per cent of the space devoted by the railways to transportation, and if the railway coal could be got rid of by electrification it would release at least one-fifth of the equipment, even with no better power wherewith to haul the other four-fifths. However, if by burning twice as much coal as we now burn on the railways, and if by hauling it four times back and forth over the line we could carry the load under which the roads break down, I would be for that way of burning that quantity of coal. What the business of the country wants to see is the end of these railway breakdowns.

Electricity and Economy

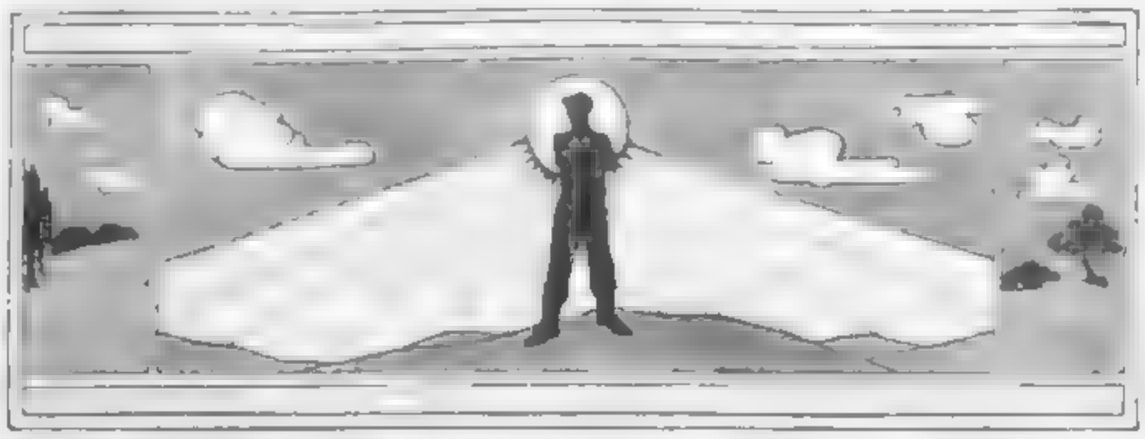
Therefore I select from a wealth of utterances on the subject the following from Mr. F. H. Shepard, director of heavy traction of the Westinghouse Company: "I am one of those who believe that the transportation question is about the most serious one which confronts the American people. For a number of reasons, for only a part of which the railroads are responsible, provision for the movement of railroad traffic has fallen far behind the productive capacity and needs of the country to-day. At the same time the demand for traffic will undoubtedly be doubled in about twelve years. So the question arises, What are we going to do and how are we going to do it?

"The limit to physical expansion of railroad lines and of terminals has just about been reached in many cases, on account of both the prohibitive cost and the inefficiency of terminals of unworkable size. A large measure of relief may still be secured by line and terminal revisions and improvements; but when the inevitable increase in the demand for traffic movement of the future is considered, these improvements savor more or less of expedients to secure relief which can only be temporary and very limited in degree.

"With the present standards of train make-up, classification and terminal handling, electrification will double the capacity of any railroad. With the better equipment we can expect in the future, together with the evolution of improved methods contingent on electric power, this capacity should be doubled again, thus securing four times the present capacity. This should certainly be accepted as a vision of the future, and why not our aim? Unless some broad and consistent program is embraced, the situation, which is serious indeed to-day, may well be calamitous to-morrow."

Let me add to this stimulating utterance, filled with the electricity of hope, that of Mr. A. H. Armstrong, of the General Electric Company, often made and never challenged, that we are wasting every year, by burning it in steam engines, coal which might be saved through electrification the cost of which would pay the interest on a sum that would electrify every railroad in the United States.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr Quick. The concluding article of the series will appear in an early issue



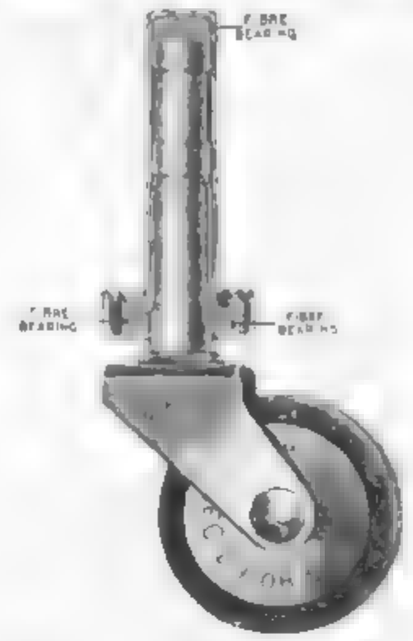
The "Neglected Inch"—the inch between the furniture and floor

Scarred, Marred Floors Mean the Inch is Neglected!

HOW often polished floors are ruined by improper casters. Just one piece of furniture with the wrong kind of caster and the mischief is done—big, unsightly scratches, digs and gouges, eyesores to the careful housewife.

And how unnecessary these furniture tracks are when you can now buy Bassick Casters, designed especially to protect your floors and floor coverings. Bassick Casters, owing to their superior swiveling and turning qualities, roll easily, never stick and are constant guardians to polished floors and prized rugs. They make housework easier.

House-cleaning time is an opportune time to overhaul your furniture. Find each place where new casters are needed. Then go to your dealer, describe to him the pieces of furniture, floors and floor coverings on which these casters will be used. He will provide you with the proper Bassick Casters—designed and built to meet your specific need. Isn't it worth while to do away with all your caster troubles now?



This cut shows the Bassick Diamond Velvet Caster, equipped with a Feltoid Wheel; it is guaranteed not to scratch or mar wood floors. For use on covered floors use Bassick Diamond Velvet Casters with brass wheels. When you buy furniture look for the name "Bassick" on the casters. It is a guarantee of quality.

Look for the Bassick yellow and blue box when you buy casters

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

"Our sales increased 53 per cent in 1921"

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
BEAUTY · STRENGTH · POWER · COMFORT
THE NEW 1922 SEVEN PASSENGER
HAYNES 75
SEDAN
Though this superb car is presented as a distinctly new 1922 offering, the advance which it embodies belongs more truly to another era than another year. The subdued elegance and inviting comfort of its interior fittings, the dominant dignity of its exterior beauty—while noteworthy and most appealing in themselves—are still not so significant as that ... ment of Haynes
sponds to your mood and whim. Because of ... the new 1922 Haynes 75 received the immediate seal of public approval and endorsement. With its new Haynes lubricating system, thermostatic engine heat control and numerous other exclusive Haynes refinements of designing excellence, this most recent motor creation sets the new ... Haynes 75 Sedan as a car apart—a crystallization of true Haynes character ... the utmost in ... y and economy at the exceptional ... h the

One of the full page Haynes advertisements which appeared monthly in *The Country Gentleman* during 1921

writes The Haynes Automobile Company of Kokomo, Indiana. "We feel this unusual record in a difficult year confirms our advertising policy.

"*The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman* were the only two national publications used regularly.

"Through them we find we reach the greatest number of motor car buyers at the lowest cost measured by results.

"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *has been a vital factor in our success and is the best medium to use in the great agricultural market. The Haynes Automobile Company therefore is following a consistent color schedule in* THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *again this year.*"

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

THE BOOZE COMPLEX

(Continued from Page 7

I do not intend to make the statement or create the impression that there is now an end to home distilling and brewing. Oceans of the stuff are being made every day in the kitchens and cellars of this country. The point is that the original craze has subsided somewhat, and that the home stuff is now mostly made by those who had the patience and the adaptability to learn how. Making a potable beer or liquor at home is no knack to be picked up in a few minutes or conferred by the writing down of a recipe or formula. At the start hundreds of women who would have been outraged at the implication even that they were lawbreakers—criminals—because of what they were doing went enthusiastically at the job, and thousands of men who considered themselves of the utmost probity spent six nights a week trying to induce a booze with a kick in it from prunes, raisins, mashes, fermentations, and so on. The novelty of it wore off. The booze was mostly repugnant to the palate. So the talk of it died down, and instead of spending hours telling how to take this and that and the other and produce white-mule whisky or jackass brandy, equally long and conversational hours were spent in recounting the virtues and the beneficences and the stocks and the integrities of favorite bootleggers—and are yet.

Most people would break such laws as would profit them or revenge them or advance them if they dared—"real laws, not such tomfooleries as this prohibition law that was put over on the American people when they weren't looking," which universal claim of the antiprohibition contingent sets forth the fact that we must be an unperceiving people, indeed, for the movement to get prohibition was in progress for seventy years before it reached the culmination of the Eighteenth Amendment. However, only a small proportion of any community have the courage to break laws, or customs, even; but in the minds of all of us there is a sort of subconscious regard or admiration for those who do break the laws.

The bold fellow who holds up a train and gets away is not without his applause. His get-away insures that, because whether we know it or not we are mostly either passively or actively in revolt against authority and pleased either secretly or openly when authority is bested.

Rich and Poor Robbed Alike

Now the bootlegger is a pretty scurvy person, a low-down sort of a criminal, a thief generally, and a cheat always. Still, he has the popular merit not only of defying and circumventing an unpopular law, but the further kudos of helping others to be violators, who for one reason or another, either lack of time or courage or opportunity, cannot be very active as violators. He acts in a vicarious capacity, and he is a good deal of a hero, too, is a successful bootlegger. A sort of a booze Robin Hood, albeit he robs the poor and the rich alike. All he wants is the price. Hence he makes for booze conversation.

But that isn't the real reason. The real reason is that the fact of prohibition has so accentuated the booze complex in the minds of a large proportion of our people that the getting and drinking of booze, from being a social diversion, an opportunity for dissipation, an incident in the lives of most men and women, has come to be an obsession. The man who used to take one cocktail before dinner now takes as many cocktails as he can get, regardless of consequences. The woman also. The man who stopped with one or two highballs now goes grimly to the bottom of the bottle, kills it and seeks unsteadily for more. The family that never served liquor in the home now serves it whenever it can be procured. A tip as to where a bottle, a case, a gallon or a barrel of booze can be obtained, regardless of price, is held to be of more value and in higher appreciation than real business information.

So we talk about bootleggers and bootlegging. We discuss prices and we compare experiences. We tell how So-and-So got hold of a case of whisky absolutely twenty years old. We think This-and-That was lucky to find that man who had just received a big shipment of Scotch and was disposing of it at one hundred and seventy-five dollars a case. We tell marvelous tales of smuggling over the border, of rum running by motor boats, of bringing it in by airplane, of stocks in the holds of ships from both East and West.

"Do you know where I can get some Scotch?" asks the pillar of the church of the captain of finance. And if the captain of finance does not know at the moment he has a friend who surely does.

The word "synthetic" has come into general use, usually in relation to gin and vermuth. We hear lively discussions of the values of this and that synthetic gin while the host is shaking up the cocktails, the idea being that a bootleg gin is made in some mysterious high-chemical way that old-time gin was not, which is probably true, judging from the effects of it I have observed, although gin never was anything but high wines, water and flavoring; and, as I recall it, synthesis, used chemically, means a compound—the combining of substances into a compound, which is what gin ever has been. Still, "synthetic" sounds well, and wherever there are cocktails being shaken there will you hear it. It is part of the patter of the booze complex.

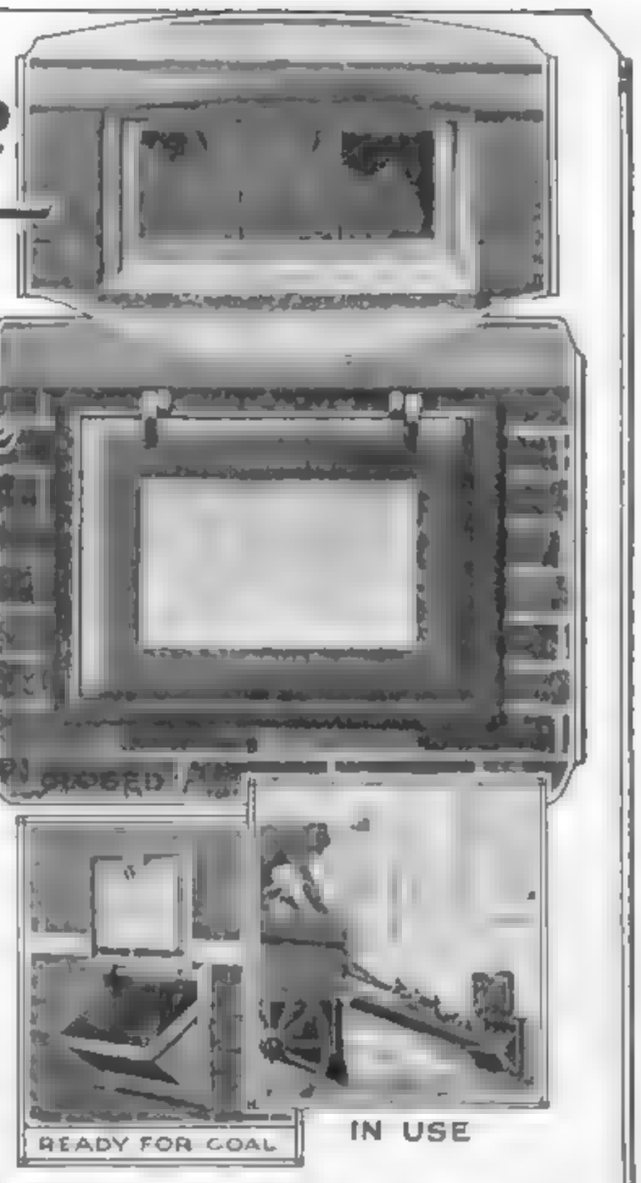
Ubiquitous Booze Babble

Our booze-complexers arrogate little snobberies to themselves similar to the automobile distinctions, and talk about them the same way. The fellow who has the nine-thousand-dollar car must maintain it conversationally, and thus we hear vast talk about miles per gallon and miles per tire and fifty miles up a hill in high and all that sort of chatter, which the man is talking to uphold his expenditure or to swank his ability to make it. It is the same with booze. The man who buys five cases of genuine Scotch or picks up ten bottles of Napoleon brandy—1814 right on the printed label—necessarily has a higher social standing and a better business rating than the chap who gets his a bottle or even a case at a time. And when it comes to their cellars, their private stocks, their great business acumen in laying in a complete supply, their varied assortments, the din is deafening, terrific.

It has been my amusement at various dinner parties and social gatherings to wait until the booze conversation began—I never had to wait very long—and then try to switch that conversation to some other topic. Sometimes I have had a conspirator or two in the scheme with me. The conversationalists can usually be stopped momentarily by hard conversational forays, but when they are stopped they look at one another vacantly and with a hurt air, as if deprived of something dear to them and their due, and each one waits for an opening. Then off he or she goes: "I heard of a place where they just brought in forty cases of real vintage champagne"; or "That last Scotch I got didn't suit me as well as the other lot. I shan't change bootleggers again"; or "Italian vermuth is pretty hard to get, but there is a man uptown who makes a fine synthetic vermuth you can't tell from the real stuff"; or "If you put in plenty of orange juice they won't notice the taste, and, oh, boy, what a kick it has!"

Where to get it, how to get it, when to get it, what to get; these are the fundamentals in the conversation among the booze complexed. The chatter is constant and vacuous. The talk goes backward and forward and forward and back over the same ground. There are a certain number of stock jokes that are repeated, beginning with the aged "The fellow who called it near-beer was a poor judge of distance," and "Do you suppose prohibition ever will come back again?" and running the vaudeville and musical-comedy and comic-strip gamut. The talkers never tire of it. They rarely say anything new or interesting about it. They just talk. Men who formerly had an occasional idea are now the most infernal bores with their ceaseless booze patter. Women discuss it—and drink it—as they used to discuss clothes and drink tea. Girls, boys, workingmen, workingwomen, business men, professional men, clerks, commuters, conductors and clericals talk booze. They talk it on Fifth Avenue and on First Avenue; they talk it in South Boston and in the Back Bay; they talk it in the Loop and on the North Shore; they talk it in the Mission and on Russian Hill; they talk it on both sides of Canal Street,

Eliminate This— with This—



THE MAJESTIC COAL WINDOW protects against damage, enhances property value, lessens depreciation and saves money. It *prevents* the damage that *always happens* where an ordinary *frame-and-sash* coal window is installed—and it *costs but little more*. Sold by 3,500 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Styles for homes $9.50 to $14.00—except west of Rockies. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
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Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home

The Catch-all That Says, "Drop It~ and Forget"

You Need It at Home and in Business

Wherever a catch-all is needed, there this self-closing receptacle will do better work. Excellent as a hamper for soiled linens. Perfect for collecting trash, litter and refuse of all sorts. Efficient for handling factory waste and debris.

Used in Homes, Hotels, Offices, Factories, Stores, Clubs, Restaurants, Hospitals, Streets and Parks

SOLAR Self-Closing RECEPTACLE

WASTE, refuse—something to be disposed of! A touch in passing—and the lid of this flawlessly designed catch-all opens. The hand drops its burden straight down to the pouch within. Done—in a single motion! The lid closes itself silently, hiding contents, confining odors, protecting against wind, flies, fire, etc.

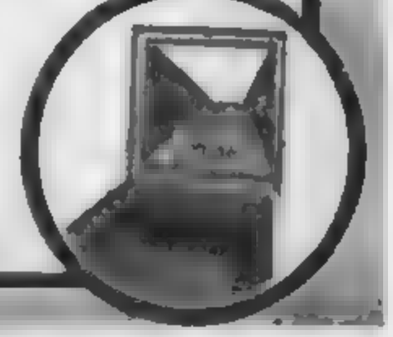
SOLAR Self-Closing Receptacle is highly sanitary and so convenient that it almost *obliges* people to be neat. Empties by lifting up the top and removing inner pouch. Made of steel in several sizes; everlasting—and not expensive. For sale by dealers. Booklet on request.

Solar-Sturges Mfg. Co.

General Offices
Congress & Green Sts.
Chicago, Ill.

Largest Manufacturers of Milk and Ice Cream Cans in the World.

Established 1865



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will stop the jerks in Fords or your money back
Made by a 90 year-old oil company—
Ford owners are using it and getting smoother driving
Dealers everywhere wire for our attractive offer.
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DAVEN-O
The Invisible Bed Room
An added Room
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An extra bedroom is ready when the Kroehler Daven-O, a luxurious davenport by day, is opened with one simple motion into a full-sized bed. Bedding entirely concealed by day. Many handsome styles, at all prices.
Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere. Ask to see the Kroehler trade mark and for free booklet.

and everywhere else, in every place or resort, rendezvous or residence of the high, the middle and the low. Booze!

Through it all there runs a thread of protest over the law; of ridicule, of disparagement, of defiance, of comment on the fatuity, and inevitably the anxious "Do you think they ever will let in light wines and beer?" Still, this line of talk is not so abundant now as earlier in our prohibition days. The talkers have discovered that all their talk cannot change a line of the law; that the Congress is even drier, in a statutory sense, than ever before; that the foray to get beer was firmly and emphatically repulsed; and they may be getting a glimmer of the fact that the majority of the people in this country, as evidenced by the actions of their four hundred and thirty-five representatives in the Lower House of Congress and their ninety-six representatives in the Upper House, seem to favor prohibition. In any event, this sort of talk does not persist now as it did at the beginning. But there is plenty of it, at that.

Women, speaking generally, have small regard for constituted authority and hold themselves superior as individuals to any regulation, law or interdiction that interferes with their own plans, desires or projects. Men, also speaking generally, are somewhat more punctilious in this regard. No woman, for example, sees any reason why, because of a few laws, she cannot smuggle in anything she has bought abroad, while man sees the reason, although he may do the smuggling also. That is, the woman disregards and the man disobeys. However, in the case of the prohibition law both men and women disregard and disobey. They break it themselves, encourage others to break it and hold themselves as pretty cute in so doing.

This viewpoint, which is a pronounced symptom of the booze complex, is most interesting. There is not much that is vicious about it, although it leads to viciousness at times. It is a fixed determination on the part of the booze complexed to have booze, and any means justifies that end. No ethical consideration comes into it. The law—pouf for the law! It is a bad law in their view and therefore not to be obeyed. They declare themselves outside of it. It doesn't exist for them. They evade it, break it, scheme, contrive, take risks, go to incredible lengths to nullify it, and naturally are helped in their operations by the great professional, preying, bootlegging contingent that is making a profit out of their malfeasances.

Manna in the Wilderness

Not long ago two boys found hidden in a secluded place several cases of excellent whisky—real whisky. Undoubtedly the liquor had been cached by some bootlegger against future sale. The boys got a car and took the liquor to their homes, whereat there was great joy in those domestic circles. The rejoicing was not because the liquor was needed or wanted for home consumption. The mothers of those boys are both deeply religious women and opposed to liquor in all its forms. However, here was manna. There was a happy conference and it was decided that Providence had smiled on those households, because they could sell the liquor and with the proceeds help to pay the ways of the boys through college. They figured that they had at least six hundred dollars' worth, at bootlegging prices, and these two mothers at once made plans to get that money by bootlegging the stuff themselves, and it seemed to them a perfectly right thing to do. They didn't get the unlawful angle of it—not for a minute. The men who hid the whisky in the woods came by it dishonestly, no doubt. Hence they had no right to it. The boys found it, and as the bootleggers had no right to it, their boys had a right to it—the right of discovery. It was valuable, so they sold it and utilized the proceeds, or planned to, to educate their boys—educate them for what?

This entire disregard for property rights marks the booze complex everywhere. Possibly a person can have no legal hold on an illegal commodity. In any event no person has such a hold. Booze is loot wherever found, and the reason for that is of course that, save in such cases as hold under the law, securing it before the law went into effect, and so on, any person who has a chance to take any booze takes it because he knows that the owner can make no complaint. This spirit pertains even in the case of legally secured and held liquor. It is all loot. Trainmen steal it. Hotel men steal it. Servants steal it. Everybody who gets an opportunity steals it. Police steal it, revenue officers steal it, guests steal it. Burglars dote on it. Transporters of it thrive on it, and there has been developed a company of superthieves known as high-jackers. They do not bother to go through the processes of withdrawal, illegal or otherwise, or any of the complicated and expensive manners of getting it. They simply go out and hold up the bootleggers, usually the truckmen who are taking it about the country. When you consider that a man who will transport illegal liquor is a rather hard-boiled citizen you can figure out just what sort of bandits these high-jackers are

Now this breaking down of the public morale is accompanied by another feature of the booze complex, which is excess. Although the statement will be disputed by persons who move in limited circles of the booze complexed, there isn't as much drinking as there was before prohibition. But there is more drunkenness; not public drunkenness—that has decreased—but private, concealed, secluded drunkenness, and a lot of it not so carefully concealed, at that. As I have pointed out, the tendency to drink all that is available when any is available is noteworthy and prevalent. No person can set out a bottle of booze now and hope to retain much of it for future dispensation. It can't be done. "Drink it all" is the motto; hurry down two, three, a dozen drinks for fear there may be no next time. Drinking, when drink is available, is the main object of the meeting. Drinking to excess when there is any drinking is commonplace. And the drinking by boys and girls, by young men and young women—that is too pathetic to write about, albeit, under the influence of the booze complex, it is a thing to joke about and boast about and laugh about among the participants.

The Bootlegger's Easy Marks

Another phase of the complex is the widespread credulity it has developed, the childish faith in what the seller says about his goods, the implicit trust of the buyer in the word and claims of the bootlegger, who on the very face of things is a crook. The business man, hard as nails in his dealings with others in his regular line of business, listens and swallows the most preposterous stories of the virtues of this lot of liquor or that, buys unsight and unseen and pays extortionate prices on the word of a man he has never seen before. The business man, the professional man—everybody who buys—forgets whatever business sense he may have, takes labels on bottles at their printed value, believes that when a paster on a bottle says the content of the bottle is twenty years old the content is twenty years old, submits to expositions and tests of the stuff purveyed that wouldn't fool a child, and hands out money for stuff without regard to the simplest rules of self-protection in buying.

If you come in with a meritorious business proposition to most of these buyers of booze you must stand a catechism on all the points of it, must prove it up, must show merit and profit, must explain every detail—and then you may not get it over. Let a bootlegger appear with a story of a few cases of liquor that he has and there is no catechism, no explanation, no detail asked. The man with the complex swallows it all at one gulp. He takes it, if he is in the market for booze, without question or examination; or in rare cases with a superficial examination of labels and a sample of the small quota of real stuff in the lot. He believes any story of how the bootlegger came by it, no matter how fantastic. He pays exorbitant, profligate prices for it. All the business shrewdness he has drops away from him, and he conducts his negotiations and pays his money with about as much acumen as an idiot.

The bigger they are the harder they fall. The stories of fleecings, cheatings, swindlings, foistings of bogus booze, buying of water, buying of poisonous compounds, buying of dilutions, buying of what the label said, buying of fakes, frauds, and even of paying big money and getting nothing at all that I know would fill a copy of this periodical. The man with the booze complex loses all sense of values and all discretion of qualities. He is the biggest

(Continued on Page 109)

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo to open in the spring of 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

Rooms that are Cleaned Clean

A Sidelight on Hotel-keeping

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

IN a Statler-operated hotel you live in rooms as clean as those in your own home. That is because the people who take care of these rooms are trained to be conscientious about their work, and because supervision by the housekeeping staff is thorough and tireless.

The kind of cleanliness upon which we insist comes only by much hard work, much inspecting by superiors, and, above all, a real *interest and pride in results* on the part of those we make responsible. To provide mops and dustcloths and the other tools of cleanliness is easy; but to keep hotel rooms clean—really clean—is far from easy.

So here, as elsewhere throughout these hotels, we have to *depend upon our employees* for your satisfaction. The most attractive and completely-furnished room we can give you will be unsatisfactory if the maids and housemen have been careless about their work. You get "personal service", you see, from employees with whom you have little or no personal contact; and it may therefore interest you to see some of those things we require of the workers in our housekeeping departments—things which make their jobs something more than a certain number of hours at certain kinds of impersonal tasks.

Instructions to the Housekeeping Staff

in the Statler-operated hotels

"CAN you imagine the mistress of a private home being careless—or letting you be careless—about the way the guest-room is taken care of? Well, remember that *every room* in this hotel is a *guest room:* and that we have even more obligation to our guests in that connection, than the hostess of a private home has to hers.

"No room is clean until it is *perfectly clean.* No room is clean that has dust on the tops of picture frames or on the shelves of the closets, or that has finger marks on the mirrors, or any other of the little proofs that *the cleaner didn't care* about anything except getting through and getting out. We won't keep maids who don't care.

"You will always, of course, be prompt and cheerful and obliging in caring for a request from any guest. If you are asked for a hot water bottle, or a vase for flowers, or an overnight kit, let the guest see that it is a pleasure to help make him (or her) comfortable.

"Be guided *exactly* by your detailed instructions on bed-making and caring for the room's equipment.

"There will be a moment when the most important thing in that room, to the guest, is whether the ink-well is filled and the pens are right. If you're forgetful about these, or some other small details, you aren't good enough for your job.

"There will be another moment when the only thing that matters, in the whole hotel, is whether there are clean towels or not

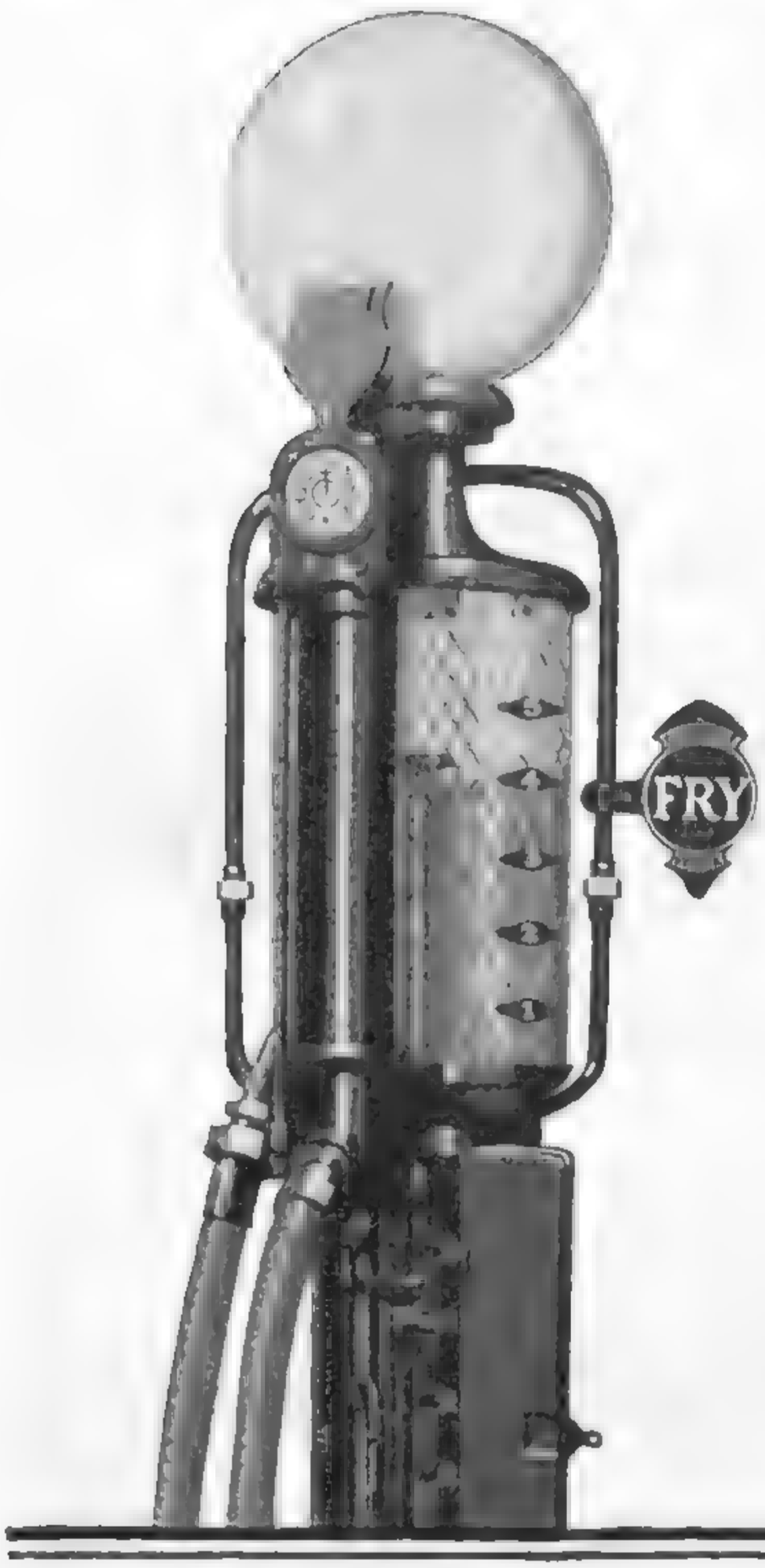
"And those things, which go so far toward determining whether our guests shall be pleased and shall like us, or displeased and dissatisfied, are things for which *you* are responsible. Never forget that—nor that carelessness is one of the things which we can't overlook, and are very slow to forgive.

"And never forget that courtesy and kindliness and helpfulness are things that both our guests and your fellow-employees are entitled to, whatever the circumstances or however you are feeling. Those qualities are always insisted upon; and there is nobody in this organization, from the top down or the bottom up, who *can afford* to be discourteous or sullen or unobliging."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*



Now!—Full Measure in Gasoline

Every day millions of people buy millions of gallons of gasoline. Some buy three gallons; some buy five; and others ten or fifteen—as the case may be.

The men who make and sell gasoline to these millions of people are exceedingly anxious that everyone will get full measure at all times. They know full measure means full mileage and full mileage means satisfied customers who will never fail to come back for more.

It is for this reason that so many of these well known makers of gasoline are using the famous Fry Guarantee Visible Pump. It is a pump they can depend upon to give full measure at all times, under all circumstances.

The Fry Guarantee Visible way is the new way—the right way to sell and buy gasoline.

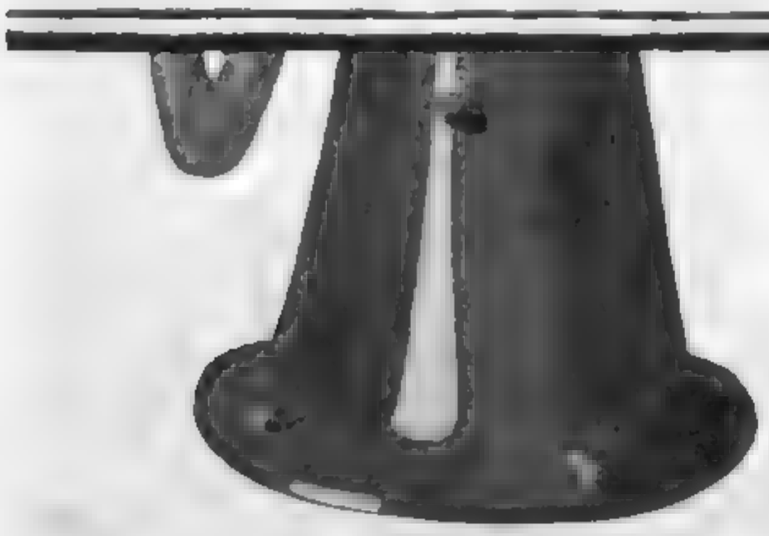
The Fry Guarantee accuracy feature makes this possible. This feature is exclusive. No other pump can use it.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one.

Buy from a Fry and every gallon will be a full gallon.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters Laboratories. *Some good territory open to live dealers.* *Write at once.*

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company, Rochester, Pennsylvania



Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

(Continued from Page 106)

gudgeon in the universe. He is worse than a man who buys a gold brick or fake oil stock or a machine for making counterfeit money or falls for a confidence game, because the victim of those, at least, was the victim of a preliminary prospect, a layout, a well-constructed scheme and often an elaborate swindling organization. All the booze buyer needs is the claim of a bootlegger, the tip from a friend, the showing of a label, the assurance of a crook—the mere say-so—and he throws in his money by handfuls. Say "booze" to the man with the complex; say "I know where you can get some Scotch"; or "A fellow down here has some bourbon"; or start anything like that, and if he needs replenishment of his stock, as he usually does, he'll grab his money in one hand and his hat in the other, rush to get it with an implicit belief in what the thief who is selling it to him says about it and a simple-minded susceptibility of fake proofs of value that would be incredible if it were not now a commonplace, and is absurd, grotesque.

They do not admit it though. These are smart fellows, circumventing a law. However, there are not ten men out of every hundred who have bought booze since prohibition went into effect who have not been faked, defrauded, imposed upon, cheated-stung. They will deny it of course, but that is the fact. The average American citizen and those above the average and below it are all alike. They may be good at their own affairs, but when they come to buying illicit liquor they are morons in a mist. This statement naturally does not apply to any particular you. You are one who got what you paid for. It applies to all others. Cheer-o!

And the stuff they drink! A customs official I know analyzed two hundred samples of booze he had seized before it got to the homes of our best people. Ninety-six per cent of it was bogus, faked, fraudulent and mostly poisonous. But it all had fine authentic labels on it, and revenue stamps and everything. A good deal of it was "bottled in bond."

An enterprising Eastern newspaper, seeking to show that there was bootlegging going on in its fair city, although why it took newspaper publication to show what was known of all men is not clear, sent out a reporter with enough money to buy ten bottles of so-called whisky from ten different sources of supply. The reporter came back in a short time with the stuff. The enterprising newspaper had the ten bottles chemically analyzed. There wasn't a bottle of real whisky in the lot. Mostly it was wood alcohol doctored, and two of the bottles contained water with coloring matter in it. But they all had excellent labels.

They drink this stuff, thousands of apparently otherwise intelligent people. Some of it is so vile that they have to hold their noses while taking it, but they drink it. The booze complex admits of no qualms. It's ag'in the law, so they take it. It kills some of them and blinds others. Still, that is only when it is virulent poison, and not generally. What is happening, the big doctors say, is that this stuff—not poisonous enough to kill or blind at once—will surely induce organic disorders of various sorts and presently we shall observe large numbers of our leading booze-complexers dropping off under the inciting cause of maladies that their booze obsession induced.

These are some of the demonstrations of the booze complex. They are natural outcomes of the imposition of an "unjust, unwanted, discriminatory and sumptuary law, the manifestations of protest against an infringement on personal liberty," say those who exhibit these symptoms. They are "expected reactions in so revolutionary a reform," say those who favor prohibition and the complex will disappear as time goes on. Indubitably both are most interesting exhibitions of a nation-wide mental condition that has induced a continuous series of extraordinary happenings, circumstances, actions and reactions in our everyday American life, and as such they are set down here. We have a booze complex, sure enough.

THE CALL OF THE WIRE

(Continued from Page 12)

sort of satisfaction in being hard up and living from hand to mouth. I can't explain it, but that kind of life gets a hold on a man.

Often I get in my old armchair at home and regret the opportunities that have come to me only to be tossed aside for some interesting stuff going over the wire—opportunities that other messengers and operators have grasped to establish themselves as substantial business men. Then I will meet some old-timer and forget everything in the sheer joy of reminiscence. If I had become a business man I shouldn't know all that stuff. My life would be devoid of spice.

I can't say that I am unhappy, but I couldn't advise others to follow my course all the way through. It may be that I have great wealth, as my millionaire friend said, but riches of experience don't pay rent.

I am undecided which is the most interesting period of the telegrapher's life—the messenger-boy days, his lonesome work as operator in the little railway stations, or the big jobs in the stock exchanges and in the relay stations where we handle the important news of the world.

All the fundamental education I have came from my varied chances to study human nature, high and low, as a district messenger boy. Often these boys are maligned by the jokes about their lack of speed. If you had to face some of the problems put up to those juvenile minds you also would be a little deliberate while en route.

Notwithstanding many efforts at training the public otherwise, custom has decreed that a telegraph messenger boy is simply a messenger boy, and that his work is not limited to conveying telegrams to and from the main office. In the cities a messenger boy is supposed to do anything—and he usually does it. Smart minds long since gave up trying to divide or prescribe his duties. Of course, there are messenger services which have no connection with the telegraph business, but just the same, if a boy wears the livery of the Western Union or the Postal, he is expected to do anything that the others do. The public won't have it any other way.

A few weeks ago I was on a tour of inspection of the branch offices in New York City. In the Forty-second Street district I was standing at the desk talking to the woman clerk when a messenger boy came in, handed the girl a slip to be signed.

"Did you get a good tip?" she asked.

"Fifty cents and this muffler," he said, indicating the woolen neck piece.

The call for this boy had come from one of the fashionable dining places.

"When I got there," the boy told us, "the clerk tells me a swell young lady wants to see me in the café. I goes in and she sure is one swell looker, evening clothes'n ever'thing. Her face looks like she's good and sore. She says she wants me to take her home.

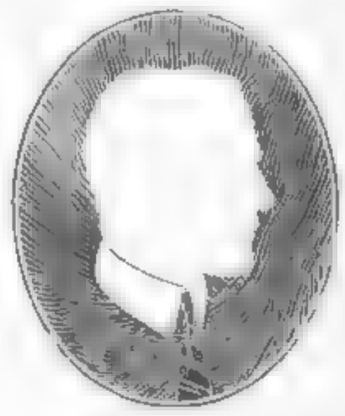
"I asts the lady why she don't take a taxicab, and she says she intends to, but she's 'fraid to go alone, 'count of so many hold-ups and robberies. When we get in the cab I gets the real dope. Her feller had took her to the restaurant and they had a big row. She makes him beat it and then she telephones for a messenger boy to go home with her."

I glanced at the slip that the boy had turned in with the money, curious to know how the little fellows did it nowadays. A boy always has to turn in a slip showing where he has been. The company is paid according to the distance the boy is sent.

"Took one young lady from X restaurant to 122d Street. Delivered," he had scrawled on the slip, and she had signed it.

A very ordinary night call is for a messenger boy to escort a trained nurse to some dangerous-looking tenement in the poorer sections of the city. The boy always takes the suitcase or grip and climbs the dark stairways in advance to see that everything is all right. I have even assisted nurses with their work when they reached the patient. In tenements occupied by foreigners this is not unusual.

On one occasion I escorted a nurse up to the fifth landing, where in a badly kept flat of three rooms seven people were sleeping. A little Italian boy was about to die of pneumonia. Getting past the frightened parents, the nurse jerked the cover off the bed. After one look she called me.



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The trim and stylish appearance of the VAN HEUSEN Collar is *woven* and *tailored* into it—not *starched* nor *ironed* into it.

Not merely a soft collar—not merely a more comfortable collar,—but a *new* collar with the best features of all collars. Dignified, yet dressy. Correct, yet comfortable. Stylish, yet soft.

Nine styles, quarter sizes from 13½ to 20. Price fifty cents

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

No Starching · No Stiffening · No Rough Edges · Will Not Wrinkle · Will Not Wilt · Will Not Shrink

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for address of one that can.

To Retailers: All orders booked as received. Write for circular descriptive of the nine styles.

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SONNEBORN PRODUCTS

No More Leaky Roofs

Make your roof as good as new by applying Stormtight over it. Paint has not the body and "staying power" of Stormtight.

Instead of re-painting frequently, brush on a substantial covering of

Stormtight

FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

Then your roof will be leakproof—and not for a year or so, but for many years.

If your roof is old and leaky, cover it with Stormtight and save the cost of ripping off the old roof and putting on a new one.

$350 Saved

Stormtight made this roof better than new—cost $125. New roof would have cost $475.

$250 Saved

Cost of covering with Stormtight—$100. Re-roofing would have cost $350.

Stormtight is a durable leakproof covering without seams, nail holes or other points of weakness. Apply on the roofs of residences, outhouses, garages, factories, etc., and save money.

Buy of your dealer. If he does not yet carry Stormtight, write us.

Write for "Leakproof Roofs"—and testimonials covering years of service.

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.

204 Pearl Street - - - - - - - - New York

"Save your feet"

You, too, can have foot comfort

You, too, can dance or stand for hours—walk for miles—perform all your daily duties—without tired and aching feet, if you will follow the example of thousands of others who have found relief from foot ills by wearing Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces. They correct fallen arches and weakened conditions of the feet, thus overcoming pain in knee, leg, heel, instep and ball of foot, as well as callouses, cramped toes and weak knees.

Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces strengthen and develop the muscles of the feet. No matter what other supports or similar appliances you have used they will make a real difference in your foot comfort. Made of special Superlastik, light and porous, but firm and durable. Guaranteed to make your feet feel better. Try a pair — money back if not satisfied. $1 per pair. (Canada $1.50.) If your shoe dealer, surgical dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct.

Write For Free Book

Everyone should have the valuable information this book contains about the feet. Illustrated with X-Ray views of foot structure. Tells how to relieve and prevent foot ills. Write for your copy today.

The Jung Arch Brace Company
432 Jung Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio
Dealers—Ask for details of our trial offer.

Look for this Trade-Mark. It protects you against imitations

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

Gillette and Durham Duplex users

30 wonderful shaves Free!

A MONTH of super shaves—the smoothest, cleanest, keenest shaves you ever had—and *free* for the asking.

Simply fill out the coupon below, and present it at any hardware, cutlery, drug or department store where Twinplex is sold.

You will receive free a new Gillette or Durham-Duplex blade which the dealer will strop in the wonderful little Twinplex Stropper.

He will also explain how you may receive 30 wonderful shaves from the blade, each as smooth and keen as the first, without investing a cent or obligating yourself.

Long before you reach 30 you'll realize what a difference Twinplex makes in shaving comfort—how it lengthens a blade's life almost indefinitely. 100 shaves from one blade is quite common—500 not unusual.

Try it and prove it. Take your coupon to the Twinplex dealer. He will give you the blade and explain the plan.

Twinplex Sales Co., 1627 Locust St., St. Louis
259 Fulton St., New York 591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

Free Blade Coupon

Twinplex Dealers: This is an order on you for one new blade as checked below. Strop the blade in Twinplex and deliver to coupon holder without charge. Return all coupons to us. We will replace blades free.

TWINPLEX SALES CO., St. Louis.

Received blade checked

Gillette Durham Duplex

Name
Street
Address
City State

(Note) If you are unable to secure a free blade on this coupon—mail it to us and a blade will be sent direct (a)

Twinplex Stropper
for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

ONE-HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

"Take your knife," she said, "and cut these things off this child."

The little fellow wore a suit of red flannel that had been sewn on him for three months. She then made me help give him a bath while the old people ran around throwing up their hands. What was even worse for them, she made the father give me fifty cents for my work.

There is one adventure in my messenger days that will always remain fresh in my memory.

At one o'clock in the morning a call came in and I was sent to an old tenement on the lower East Side occupied entirely by foreign Jews. Knowing that these people never sent telegrams, I was puzzled to know what the call was all about. I was not long kept waiting.

Without any explanation I was taken to a room in which lay the body of a member of the family who had just died. The lamentations all over the place almost scared me to death. My hair stood up on end. A sad-looking old man brought me a chair, the only piece of furniture in the room.

"You vill sit here on guardt till mornink," he said, and was about to leave.

I couldn't see this idea at all, sitting there all alone. Despite my earnest protestations, he insisted that the telegraph company was responsible. Finally he offered me five dollars and I got up enough courage to stick.

It seems that it was the custom of the foreign orthodox Jews that no member of the family must sit in the rooms with the body the night of death. When I got back to the office the chief told me that such a thing often had been done.

The poor, bereft family was very nice to me, but you can bet I managed to escape any future calls of that nature. I earned that five dollars. There wasn't a minute during that night that I wasn't shaking in fear.

It was while I had this all-night job at the branch office that I learned to be a telegrapher. We used to sit around and play pranks during the off hours, but this got tiresome toward morning and we would doze. I noticed that the operator managed to keep interested by listening in on the wire. Well do I remember how I would sit there watching and listening to the click-click of that telegraph instrument, wondering if I should ever be able to know what it said.

All the boys were not like me. They used to sit around and talk about things they had seen during the early hours; odd bits of information they had picked up. Nearly all of them had some occupation in mind other than telegraphy.

Learning Morse

There was one old messenger boy, a man of sixty years. He believed he had a cure for rheumatism, and, if I remember right, he got pretty good results, at that. Every time he went on a call and found a man or woman limping he used to talk rheumatism to them. He picked up considerable change rubbing them with his secret liniment, while somebody was probably waiting for an important message.

One night the chief, noticing my interest, offered to teach me telegraphy. He had an extra instrument and rigged it up in our section of the room. I learned the alphabet very quickly, and could send fairly well in a few weeks, but somehow I could not receive. One evening I asked the operator about fifty cents that I thought was coming to me. Instead of replying he walked over to my dummy instrument and clicked off the answer very slowly. Again and again he did it until I finally understood. All of a sudden the telegraph language, it seemed, came to me. I learned not to count the dots and dashes but to listen to the rhythmical beating of certain sounds on my ears. These sounds got to be definite expressions. Of course, the first that I learned well were the cuss words.

In six months I was a pretty fair ham operator. I could take almost any ordinary message, but was still a little hazy when it came to press stuff or to cuts—a few letters grouped to mean a phrase.

Americans were first to learn that telegraphing was entirely a matter of sound and not of sight. That idea, they tell me, had never occurred to Morse. In the early days of telegraphy—before my time—a strip of paper was run through a clocklike instrument, a little hammer making dots and dashes on it, somewhat like the ticker tape to-day. The operators then translated these dots and dashes and wrote them down as words. Up until very recent years telegraphers in the back parts of Europe worked that way. To Americans it was a lot of bother. Their ears grew so accustomed to the clicks of the sounder that it became a language to them. A majority of our best telegraphers to-day would find it difficult to tell you offhand the number of dots and dashes in a certain letter until they had tapped it off to see how it sounded. It's like a man understanding the meaning of a word without knowing how to spell it. Lots of them have trouble in spelling words that they have just taken over the wire.

In France and England they have sending machines to this day that look like typewriters—sort of automatic affairs. During the war our operators in the signal corps had a hard job getting the French to throw out those antiquated, cumbersome things, so that they could put in American keys and sounders and send at a rapid rate. The way our experts ripped off the stuff in the Phillips code at the rate of fifty words a minute—sometimes more—was a constant source of amazement to the French. For a long time they refused to believe that anyone could take it that fast, not knowing that our expert receivers use typewriters and are speed merchants.

A Railroad Emergency

Having become a regular operator—regular according to my way of thinking—I decided to leave the messenger business flat; decided to go out and conquer the world. To begin with, I declared myself to be a railroad operator and in that way managed to work my way out West. It was much easier to beat the railroads in those days.

I got as far as Denver and was going still farther west when the accommodation train that I was on stopped at a little jerk-water station in a mining district. From the way the conductor, engineer, brakeman and others, all excited, gathered around the little telegraph office I knew there was something wrong. Being curious, I joined them.

The conductor and flagman were stooping over a man who had fallen to the floor, evidently unconscious. In a few minutes I heard one of them say that he was dead—heart disease. In the hubbub I suddenly noticed the telegraph instrument going at a lively clip, calling W-B, with no answer. For three or four minutes it reeled off that W-B, dropping in S-F, at regular intervals. The latter I knew to be the call of the sender. After calling an office three or four times the sender always gives his own call.

"What's the name of this station?" I asked the conductor.

"Read the sign," he said bluntly. "Woodburg, of course."

"That fellow keeps on calling W-B there," I said. "That the call for Woodburg?"

"It is," he said, turning sharply. "Are you an operator?"

I nodded rather proudly. It was my first feeling of distinction.

"Well, get on that wire and answer it," the conductor directed. "The operator here has dropped dead. We can't move a peg until we get orders, and we are not on a switch, either. I don't know where Number 14 is."

Number 14, I learned, was the fast mail.

I went over to the instrument and broke him—that is, opened the key. Then I answered, "Aye, aye, W-B." That was a form of my own.

"That you, Dote?" he clicked back at me.

"Who's Dote?" I asked.

"Dote—operator. Who are you?"

"A ham from New York," I replied. "Dote's dead—just dropped dead."

"Sit in," he ordered. "Take this."

He started with a lot of figures that meant nothing to me, but I put them down. Then: "Orders, Wilson, 24. Take siding L. Junction. 14 late. Wait there."

Wilson was the conductor. Our train was No. 24.

"Fine work, boy!" Wilson said to me. "Stick here till somebody relieves you. Notify the chief operator of the death and ask for instructions."

The conductor hurried away. I followed at a run to get my little bundle of baggage. The train was off by the time I got back to the key.

Here I was all alone in the middle of the night in a strange country with what was

(Continued on Page 112)

Sweeping Drudgery a Thing of the Past to Women Who Have the Wonderful Vacuette

Costs Little to Buy—Nothing to Operate

Agents Wanted

Sold by Responsible Local Representatives

This triumph of American invention has already brought relief from drudgery to 150,000 housewives. It has displaced brooms, old-fashioned sweepers and cumbersome devices. It is saving the time and strength of the woman in every home where it is in use. And the message which appears on this page will be welcomed by the other women who have not yet found the new and easier way to keep their rugs and carpets clean—almost without effort and at no cost whatever for electric current.

Operates Exactly Like an Electric

But No Electricity, Wires, Sockets or Other Attachments

The wonderful Vacuette operates automatically and as efficiently as the best sweepers—and without electricity. No cords, bellows, plugs, sockets, or other fixtures to handle—and no current to pay for. Just a push—w-h-i-r-r goes the fan and a powerful air current draws every particle of dust, dirt, lint, threads, ashes and grit into the bag, and you see rugs and carpets bright as when new. No better construction could be put in a sweeper than you find in the *Improved* Model "C" Vacuette. The body is beautiful *cast aluminum*, strong, durable. "*Parkerized*" *rust-proof* parts also. Runs on noiseless rubber wheels. The new *pistol grip handle* makes it easy to guide. Handle stands upright. Weight only 7½ lbs. The "last word" in vacuum sweepers—marvelously simple in its construction—easiest to use—most economical—for your first cost is your last.

FREE

Demonstration Easy Payment Terms If Desired

It costs you nothing to have a free trial of the Vacuette in your own home. Our nearest expert will arrange for it whenever you want it. See first, then decide. And if you want to buy, pay on easy terms, if you like. Use the Vacuette while paying for it. Save your strength, and have a cleaner house and never feel the cost.

Write! If you are tired of drudgery and old-fashioned devices and want to keep rugs and carpets beautifully clean with least work and cost ask us to send our local agent to demonstrate the Vacuette. No cost to you for this and no obligation. See it whether you buy or not. Just write for descriptive literature—TODAY!

Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

We, the Scott & Fetzer Co., manufacturers, Cleveland, Ohio, send with every Vacuette our guarantee that it has been thoroughly tested and is in perfect condition and that if any part becomes defective due to fault in manufacture or materials, we will replace it free of charge.

The Vacuette will give service for years—practically for a lifetime.

Men Wanted to Act as District Sales Managers and Field Organizers in Territory Still Open

This is an opportunity for ambitious, high-power business men to enter one of the fastest growing, most aggressive organizations in America.

We need men to take charge of our sales in states, counties, and cities where we are not now represented, the duties being to employ house-to-house salesmen, organize them into crews and direct them so as to get the best results in the distribution of the Vacuette.

The men we have in mind are men who can visualize the immense possibilities offered in a household appliance which really sells itself—men who are determined to make large incomes and who are ready to get into what will practically be a business of their own. We can also place men who want to act as house-to-house salesmen.

The success of our men already in the field has been phenomenal. The factory capacity was continually oversold until we provided the increased facilities which enable us to meet the demand and to issue this call for capable men to open up territory as yet untouched and ready to yield a flood of orders.

The ease with which the Vacuette is sold to housewives is in itself a guarantee of success to men who will simply attend to business. Already over 150,000 of these wonderful automatic vacuum sweepers have been put into homes by our men and the demand is rapidly growing far beyond the capacity of our present sales force to handle. And not only is the Vacuette going by thousands into homes but into prominent hotels, office buildings, on steamships and Pullman cars. The field is unlimited. It is a matter of actual record that fully 3 sales are made out of 5 demonstrations. Our distributors earn as high as $2,800.00 in one month. House-to-house representatives earn $50 to $100 a week—many devoting only part time to this work.

Our sales forces will have back of them a strong, consistent campaign of national advertising, local advertising and co-operation from headquarters. We intend to make the *Improved* Model "C" Vacuette as familiar in American homes as the cook stove, and any man with vision can realize the earning power which such a connection as this would give to him.

While certain parts of the country are already occupied we still have choice territory which we will allot as fast as we can find men qualified to take up the work of sales and organization. If you see the bigness of this proposition, write us and we will give you full information concerning an opportunity such as seldom comes to the average man. Write at once, because appointments are being made now. Tell us the leading facts about yourself, your age, education, experience and other points which will enable us to make a fair estimate of your qualifications.

Vacuette

Non-Electric Suction Sweeper

As Efficient as an Electric—as Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, Dept. 10, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Shawknit
TRADE-MARK
HOSIERY
for MEN
SHAWKNITS prove that socks can look well and wear well. Both these qualities appeal to the sensible man. There is no reason for sacrificing either essential.
SHAW STOCKING CO.
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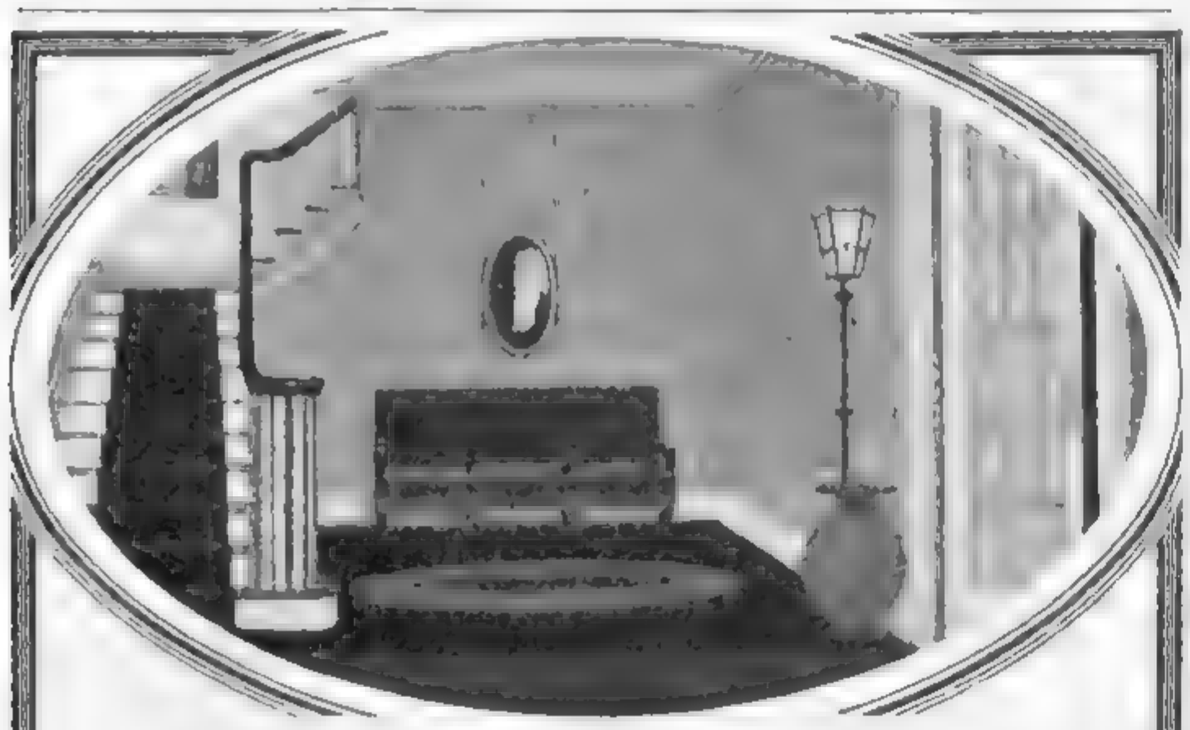

These are Better, Stronger Walls

—walls that stubbornly resist hard knocks, that will not crack, crumble, shrink or warp, that keep out the dampness, heat and cold. They are made with—

Trade **Compo-Board** Mark

The Wood Core Wall Board

It does not require panel strips. It is best decorated with wall paper, burlap or other wall covering, but can also be painted or kalsomined. *Compo-Board Filler* is especially prepared to fill joints and nail heads.

The great strength and other advantages of Compo-Board are due to the wood core construction. Look for it to be sure of getting the *genuine* Compo-Board. Write for sample and booklet.

The Compo-Board Company
4303 Lyndale Ave. No. Minneapolis, Minn.

(Continued from Page 110)

left of poor Dote. I was frightened. But I had declared myself a regular operator and knew I must stick to the job. All during the night when the wire was clear I gossiped with the train dispatcher and with others who cut in to ask questions. By morning everybody along the line knew all about the trouble at Woodburg.

At daylight I found that the nearest house was nearly a half mile away. I went there for breakfast and notified them of what had happened. An old miner and his wife lived there in the lone log cabin, and Dote had boarded with them. The miner went back to the office with me.

On the first train toward noon a man came from the main office.

"And so you are the fellow who signed himself Ham, are you?" he asked, looking at me and smiling. "You are a New York kid, eh? I expected to find some old tramp a hundred and one years old. What do you know about telegraphing?"

I assured him that I knew all there was to know. At any rate, I informed him, I knew enough to handle that situation last night. Oh, but I was a fresh youngster in those days!

"Ever been West before?" he asked, refusing to take me seriously.

"First time out," I told him, "but it's long enough to know all this stuff."

"Well," he finally decided, "I guess you'll have to stay here until we can get a more experienced man. You did well, kid. If we send somebody else I may be able to get you another place. Mind being lonesome?"

I attempted to give him the impression that I was really a hermit by nature. I didn't know just why he asked that question, but I was soon to learn.

That's how I got my first telegraphing job. Believe me, it was a real eye-opener. Up to then I had never seen an oil lamp used in an office, had never seen the inside of a country railroad station. I had never seen anybody draw water from a well to drink, and I got a real thrill in seeing that miner's wife go out and kill a chicken to fry for breakfast. Chicken to me was a Sunday-dinner dish, and they were bought from a market, already dressed.

The Gossip of the Wire

The old man and his wife were good to me, except that they looked on me as a child, which irritated. I felt so responsible and important that I yearned for a set of whiskers. Occasionally I did forget and play my harmonica, an accomplishment that they considered very important.

For the job of keeping that end of the road clear and the lives of the passengers safe I was paid forty dollars a month. But a few weeks were required for me to believe that telegraph operators are about the poorest paid of any class of men in the world, considering the responsibility. I still believe that, but I can't notice that it's got me anywhere particularly—the belief, I mean. Of course, they are better paid now, but still it isn't enough. But they have opportunities that come to few men in other walks of life.

After two weeks or so in the Woodburg station a man was sent to take my place. I was offered a job at a little office located in a sort of tower at the mouth of a tunnel, right in the heart of the wild mountains. If they had looked all over the world they couldn't have found a more lonely spot. I wasn't quite old enough then to appreciate the scenery. I took the job, my pay still being forty dollars a month.

I found another miner's family about a mile away and made arrangements to live with them. I was supposed to work fourteen hours a day, but I was on duty practically all the time. My little tower was the only place in which I could amuse myself. I could hear all that was going over the railroad as well as the commercial wires. I often cut in for a chat. On that wire we got to be a little family.

In that lonesome tower is where I learned how jokes spread so rapidly. Often I have heard people wonder how it is that when they hear a new gag in New York and go out West to tell it they find that everybody in that section has been telling it for a month or more. The same thing happens if the joke is told in Frisco or Denver.

When the wires are idle the operators begin to gossip. These telegraphers get to know each other intimately, know all about the love affairs, escapades, family misfortunes—everything. In nine cases out of ten they have never seen each other and never expect to. Occasionally a flirtation starts between a man and a woman operator and they get married. You may be sure all the telegraphers along the line know the details.

There used to be a wise-cracking fellow somewhere out of Denver whom we all knew as X, his call. Every night or so he would break in and ask if we had heard the one about Mike and Pat, and so on. Then he would tell a joke that he had heard some drummer crack. His audience would be scattered over hundreds of miles, some in city offices, some in lonely mountain spots, some at junctions. Very often an operator in a railroad official's private car would listen in. X could tell all right when he got a good laugh.

"Did you get this one?" some far-off fellow would then chip in.

And so it would go. A new joke is in every railroad and commercial telegraph office in a week after it is first pulled. They do the same thing over the long-distance telephone wires late at night.

I was temporarily working a wire out near the Coast a few years ago when a well-known writer came along from New York. He was in a restaurant with a party of friends when I saw him. I had known him since his reporter days, and went over to speak to him, taking my pal with me.

Paging the Lost Cartoonist

This writer and his friends were trying to recall the address of a well-known artist, referred to as Jimmy. They were anxious to get in touch with him. They knew that he was somewhere between Arizona and the Coast, having gone there on account of his lungs. But that is a big territory to cover.

"I'd give anything in the world to see old Jimmy," remarked the writer. "Wouldn't it be great stuff if we could get somewhere and give him one of the old-time dinners?"

"I can get him for you probably," spoke up my pal, the other operator.

"You know him?" they asked.

"No; don't even know his last name yet, but if you'll tell me I'll locate him. I'll have him paged."

"You'll what?"

"I'll page him. If he is a well-known artist, like you say, they'll locate him. Leave it to me."

This was new stuff, even to me, an old-timer.

We went back to the office after finding out where the writer and his friends would be stopping. My friend waited until after midnight. Then he began paging.

"Anybody know Jimmy L——?"

He had picked a moment when the telegraphers were swapping jokes and everybody was listening.

"Who's Jimmy?" someone broke in.

"Jimmy L——, the cartoonist. Lunger, out of New York. Page him on your lines. Fine guy, and he's needed."

"Have heard of him," came from a fellow somewhere near Tucson, his answer having been relayed over our circuit.

"Page him, all relay stations," requested my friend.

Around two o'clock our call was answered. An operator announced that Jimmy was on a ranch and doing well. He got his messages and mail at that office.

We sent a message telling Jimmy of the party and asking him to take the first train. In twenty-four hours Jimmy had joined his old pals. My friend and I were at the dinner. It was some party.

I claim that paging a man over a thousand miles of wire is some stunt.

Despite the opportunity for wire gossip in my little tower I led a lonely life. I was just a kid, you know. Without companionship and with the constant fear of getting careless and going to sleep on the job, I almost died of weariness. I was not so resourceful as boys who are raised in the wilds. The only bright spots were when the pay car stopped with my money and when the morning freight threw off the daily papers.

This monotony was finally broken by the excitement of a big miners' strike. It got so bad that they began shooting at each other. A special train of deputy sheriffs was sent out to stop the disorders, the governor holding the militia in readiness. I was all steamed up over this. I didn't see any of the trouble of course, except over the wire. To me, though, it was all just as realistic as if I had been present. Every night I had something to look forward to in the way of big news.

There was a fear that the railroad might be destroyed to wreck trains and we were cautioned to watch out for bad signs. Personally I never saw anybody, because I was away off there at the end of the tunnel. Just the same, they sent me a rifle to keep handy in my office. It was reported that several guards or track walkers had been picked off by strikers hidden in the bushes along the railroad.

One night in the midst of the trouble a message went over the wire that made me prick up my ears.

"Looks like big trouble," it said. "This is last message from this office. Operator has quit and gone home, taking six-shooter to guard family. Each correspondent allowed to send two hundred words. Sheriff forcing us to stay in locked passenger car on siding."

This, I saw, was to a newspaper from a special reporter. Other similar messages followed. I tried to break in when they had finished, but could get no answer from the sending station, which was but five or six miles from me. I was pretty well frightened and began to wonder what I would do with that rifle if it became necessary. I didn't even know how to load it.

It must have been two o'clock in the morning. I was beginning to doze at my table, afraid to go home, when I was startled by the sound of someone climbing the stairs to my little tower. Before I could collect my senses the door was shoved open and in stepped a rough-looking man wearing a cap, almost hidden by a big coat collar turned up around it. In each hand he carried a big blued-steel six-shooter. I know I turned pale. I could feel my face getting bloodless. Not once did I think of the rifle.

"Say, young man," said the man, breathing heavily from his climb, "I want you to do me a favor."

Saying which, he planked both six-shooters right down on my telegraph table.

"Why—why—why, certainly," I stammered. "What is it?"

There was no favor I wouldn't have granted that fellow right then.

"I've got to get off a long special to the Morning Herald"—leading paper in our nearest city. "Can you send press stuff?"

Gee, how relieved I felt!

"This is not a commercial office," I told him. "Railroad business only. Nearest Western Union office is Coatesville."

"And that's closed for the night, son. But this has got to get in. I'm Wilkinson of the Herald. They are waiting for this stuff for an early extra."

"How'd you get here?" I asked, trying to think hard and fast.

A Good Night's Work

"Walked six miles, and came through both those tunnels. Sheriff had us under guard in a coach, but I borrowed these two guns and slipped out the window. Yep, it was skittish walking that track—dark as the devil in that tunnel. Didn't know if a train would come through any minute. Saw this tower when we came through yesterday. Knew it was a telegraph office. Here I am, and you mustn't throw me down."

"I'd love to help you, but how ——"

"Listen, son! Cut in on the commercial wire and get the chief operator in the city office. His name's Davis. Tell him who I am. He'll fix it."

I didn't know whether I was violating rules or not, but I decided that fellow was a game guy, and I admired him. I got Davis, all right. He seemed anxious to please. He told me that if I wanted to I could send the story under a Coatesville date line, check up the stuff and then send the copy over to that office the next day so that it could be charged up commercially. The Coatesville fellow, he said, would be proud to get such a big count on his books. He told me to go ahead.

This was adventure. I was helping to pull something. Also, I would actually be sending press stuff, a thing I hadn't dreamed of doing for years yet.

The big reporter took off his coat and sat down beside me. First he sent a message saying that he had a wire and that the story would be on its way. When he added that it would be about three thousand words I got quite a shock. I had not sent that many words in a month.

"You can send as I write," he said, seeing that I didn't know exactly what to do.

He started writing with a pencil, in a swinging hand, like that of an operator, the words being connected with long graceful loops without lifting the pencil from the paper. I started as soon as he had finished the first page, but I couldn't begin to keep up with him. On and on he worked, occasionally stopping to light a cigarette. It was exciting stuff. The way he described the fighting made my hair bristle. It was just getting daylight when he finished and gave me the signature.

"That was fine work, my boy," said the reporter. "I'll see that a letter goes to your chief about it." He handed me a five-dollar bill.

I made up some coffee and we talked for an hour. This big reporter was a hero to me. I told him all about myself, my boyhood days in New York, my loneliness out there in the tower. He told me that I had too much imagination to be a railroad operator; that I ought to study to send press stuff. That impressed me very much.

I noticed that my story had been sent on to New York. When I got a paper with it on the first page I practically fed on that paper for a week, wondering if the folks on Fourteenth Street would ever know that a New York messenger boy actually sent that over the wire.

For going to sleep on the job a month later I was suspended without pay for two weeks. I went into the city. Naturally, I called on my reporter hero. He took me around to Mr. Davis, the chief operator, and got me a regular job in a commercial office. That was the last I saw of the tower.

I got ambitious then and began to practice sending newspaper specials every chance I got, as my reporter friend had suggested. That reporter, incidentally, is a big publisher now, and he is still my friend. Of course Wilkinson is not his real name, but it's pretty close.

Troublesome Aurora

In time I got to where I could send press stuff, using the code as well as most any of them. This brought on a fit of wanderlust and I hit the trail again. I ran into all kinds of jobs—newspaper offices, railroad stations, pool rooms, bucket shops.

There were many mysteries about telegraphing that I was yet to learn—queer things that even the scientists have not been able to dope out clearly. On occasions the wires will go crazy without any apparent reason, and then suddenly straighten out. I hadn't studied much out of books, and had never heard of these things that I now know as phenomena.

On the occasion of a disastrous cyclone or tornado—there is always an argument as to which it is—a number of people had been killed in a rural section and I was sent out with a reporter to get the story. I was equipped and authorized to tap a wire, if necessary, and attach my sending instrument. I was just as eager as the reporter to score a newspaper beat. All operators, I believe, have that love of adventure and excitement.

By terrible hard walking and persistence we did reach a little village off the railroad that had been totally destroyed and several people killed. Nobody in the city had heard of this and it was a whale of a story—a big exclusive feature.

After gathering the facts we trudged through mud back to the railroad. There was no station near and we were pressed for time. I climbed the telegraph pole and tapped the wire, hitching to it two long wires from my instrument which I laid at the base of the pole. It started to rain in torrents. But we sat down in the mud, covering the instrument with a raincoat, and with the light from a lantern started to send, the reporter dictating the message from notes he had taken on the backs of several envelopes.

Just as we got in the introductory statement of the disaster the wire went flooey. The sounder buzzed and jumped and then went dead. Then it would start again. I found that I couldn't break the circuit, though my key and sounder were perfectly dry. I had the main office, all right, and kept calling between buzzes. I heard fragments of all kinds of messages. Occasionally I could detect the wire chief trying to answer my call.

"A-u-r-o-r-a b-o-r-e-a-l-i-s," he kept trying to say, and I finally made out the letters. The words meant nothing to me. I turned to the reporter, puzzled. He knew of the aurora borealis and told me what it was, but he couldn't understand what it had to do with our special. After an hour of trying we had to give it up as a bad job and hike for the nearest station.

A Dark Belt Gets Dirty Same As a White Collar

ISN'T the belt that encircles and adorns your tummy just as much exposed to dust and dirt and specks—particularly without a vest as the collar that encases and ornaments your neck? Or the shirt that hides your nakedness?

More so, in sooth. Because so frequently handled and fidgeted with—buckled and unbuckled. Often when the fingers are moist and sticky with hot-day perspiration.

Point One—Marathon Washable Flexyde Belts are the first and only *fine* belts which provide a remedy for a belt's natural tendency to get dirty. Can wash them in soap and water same as your hands. They dry as soft and pliable and splendid as new.

Point Two—They won't fade or fray or scuff up or lose their fine finish or color. Won't show tell-tale marks from buckling. Won't curl at the edges or otherwise become unsightly.

Because made of *Flexyde*—the new material which outlooks and outlasts cow-hide or calf-hide or anything else ever used for belts.

Point Three—the famous Marathon Giant Grip Buckle. The handiest, simplest, surest buckle ever made. Instantly adjusted *just so*—instantly changed to fit every fluctuation in your girth from breakfast to bed-time. Holds fast and firm until *released*—never slips. And pleasingly handsome—a true-blue *Gentleman's* buckle.

Point Four—Belt and buckle complete only a dollar. The greatest all-round belt-value any man ever buckled around him.

MOST all stores that sell men's things can show you a full assortment of Marathons. Choice of finishes, choice of widths, and choice of four correct colors, in accordance with the dictates of Good Taste and Correct Style:—*Black* for a *Dark* Suit; *Cordovan* for a *Brown* Suit; *Gray* for a *Light* Suit; and *White* for a *White* Suit or White Trousers. Why not buy a set of two, three or four colors—a belt for each suit?

Look for the Marathon-Runner trade-mark on the Flexyde strap—and for the name Giant Grip on the buckle; a little precaution that assures a big money's worth.

MARATHON
WASHABLE FLEXYDE
BELTS

With Buckle $1 With Buckle

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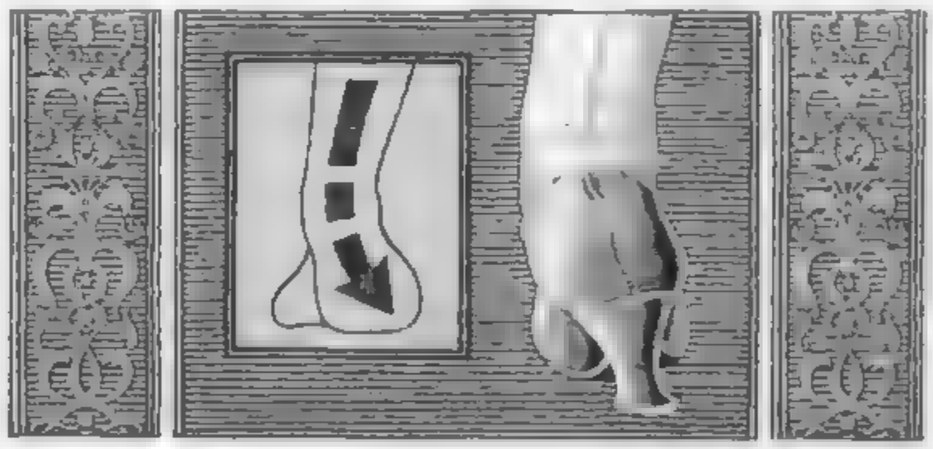

Run over heels spell danger

LEANING ankles, run over heels, bulging counters are danger signals. This *heel distortion* is the cause, not the result, of fallen arches and other foot troubles.

The weakened heel bones, giving down under the weight of the body, lean either inward or outward, twisting the intricate foot structure out of line. Unless corrected, serious trouble generally results, sooner or later.

This condition can be corrected by placing in the shoe a pliable leather device so formed as to counteract the abnormal tendencies of your foot. By this Wizard Lightfoot System fallen arches, callouses, leaning heels and other foot troubles are successfully corrected without pain or discomfort. Relief is immediate.

The most progressive shoe dealers employ one or more experts who have studied the subject and know how to correct foot troubles by the Wizard Lightfoot System. Ask your dealer if he can provide you with this service. If not, phone Tel-U-Where Bureau or write us and we will tell you where you can get relief.

Wizard Lightfoot Co., 1625 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
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Wizard LIGHTFOOT System
OF FOOT CORRECTION

In His First Two Months He Earned $273.05

"WATCH my smoke," said E. R. Hawley, a young chap who represents *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in North Dakota. We did. In his very first two months of work he earned $273.05. In one full day (he worked from 8:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.) he netted $21.70. He himself gives the exact figures: Earnings, $25.45, less expenses, $3.75; net profit, $21.70. This seems to Hawley a pretty fair day's work.

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WE have an offer to make you. If you have experience in subscription salesmanship, you will recognize at once the opportunity for generous profit that it offers. But you don't need experience to be successful. Many a beginner has found that he could easily earn $10.00, $15.00, or $20.00 a week extra from the very start. We supply full instructions and free equipment. Give us a chance to tell you about our plan for *you*—by sending this coupon now.

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921 Filbert Street Philadelphia

Swollen Ankles!
—will soon return to fashionable slenderness. You need not sacrifice footwear style.
See page 71

We got back in town about daylight, disappointed and bedraggled. The paper was just out and to our delight we discovered that they had got the first paragraph, telling the name of the town and the number of people killed. The reporter had got credit for his big beat anyway.

Back at our office I asked about this aurora borealis. I found that it gave wire trouble every year or so; sometimes oftener. Nobody seemed to know why. The wire chief showed me, though, where all the market reports had gone wrong and couldn't be printed.

The appearance of the aurora borealis, or the northern lights, certainly plays the dickens with telegraphy. The books say it causes some kind of magnetic disturbance that nobody seems to understand clearly.

As I grew in experience and had such all-night jobs as taking the Associated Press report over a special wire in a newspaper office I learned to recognize the aurora borealis. An experienced operator knows almost instantly when electrical conditions are starting a magnetic disturbance and affecting his wire. To youngsters it is always a great puzzle at first. They think some fresh operator is trying to ball them up.

The Sinking of the Maine

In the summer of 1897 I landed in Key West and got a job. I stayed there for a year or more, and happened to be one of the telegraphers on duty when the flash came that the Maine had been blown up.

There were a lot of loafing operators around Key West for the next six months, looking for excitement. Old-time ops had a way of flocking to where things were happening, very much like old tramp printers.

A famous newspaper beat—the big beat of the war—was worked through one of these tramp operators. I guess it is now permissible for me to tell of it.

An important government message, following the early newspaper bulletins, was going over the wire. I was one of those working on it. Outside in the hall, operators, looking for jobs, had been coming and going all day and all night. A number of reporters and correspondents also had been in and out, getting off their stuff.

One of these tramp operators, one of the best in the business, while lounging in the corridor, picked the one instrument out of the lot by sound and listened to the message. He could not see inside. With a dozen or more sounders going it would seem impossible for him to follow one. But he could do that very thing. Not only could he send or receive as fast as anybody but he knew most every code trick in the business.

I have always believed that some correspondent hired him to do that stunt, but among those in on the secret he always claimed to have thought of it himself. Anyway, he took the entire message by merely making occasional notes on a little pad. The correspondent made a sensational story out of it—a clean beat—and the jobless operator was cut in for a nice little sum of money. Though they had to go to another office to send it, they still beat all other papers by a day.

At the time of the Galveston flood disaster I was in Birmingham, Alabama, jobless, and dropped into a newspaper office to see an old friend, an Associated Press operator. While chatting with him I heard a flash message come over the wire saying that Galveston was probably washed away. It was not official—just a rumor flash. The paper had gone to press.

Later came a bulletin for publication saying that a tidal wave had probably hit Galveston; that all telegraph communication had ceased; that water was four feet deep in the basement of the telegraph building and that the operator was leaving.

I knew Galveston and understood what that meant. If the water had advanced that far I knew that thousands of bales of cotton had been washed away or ruined. Galveston, you know, is one of the biggest cotton-storage ports in the world.

This rumor quickly got around the hotel offices and other public places. In about an hour a man came in, saying he was from New York, to ask for later news about Galveston. He had some relative there. As we chatted and waited I spotted him as a Wall Street man. Unable to get any more news, he invited me out to have a bite to eat.

"If you don't mind taking a tip from me," I said to him at the table, "go and buy cotton."

I explained to him my knowledge of Galveston and what I thought that last message meant. I also told him I had been an operator in the cotton exchange. I felt sure that when this news of a possible shortage at Galveston came out it would excite the market.

The man gave me his card, saying that he would do something in the morning—it was then four A.M.—and asked me to look him up. Of course, I knew he thought I might have more information.

Anyway, he did take a flyer in cotton, and the market took a jump. On his first sales he netted five or six thousand dollars. He slipped me two hundred for my tip. It may not sound big, considering what he must have made, but it was important money to me. That is one of the very few bits of side money I ever got.

Operators make occasional serious mistakes in the transmission of messages, but luckily most of them are merely ludicrous. Nearly all such mistakes are the result of bad writing or careless wording on the part of the sender. Incidentally one of the best safeguards ever devised to prevent misunderstanding is the present method of using the word "stop" instead of a period at the end of a sentence.

The use of that was mostly limited to cables before the war.

When Love Came Dear

People who send telegrams make a big mistake by using unnecessary words, such as "please," "love," "good luck" and "yours." Often they do this for no other reason than to take full advantage of the ten words allowed. I remember one instance in which a man lost a lot of money that way. He was on the road, and after reading the stock quotations sent this telegram to his wife:

"Before market opens instruct brokers sell all my Steel. Love."

Old telegraphers often used "73" as code for "love," as they did "30" for "good night."

The operator who sent this message carelessly followed the old custom. The message as received by the brokers from the wife read:

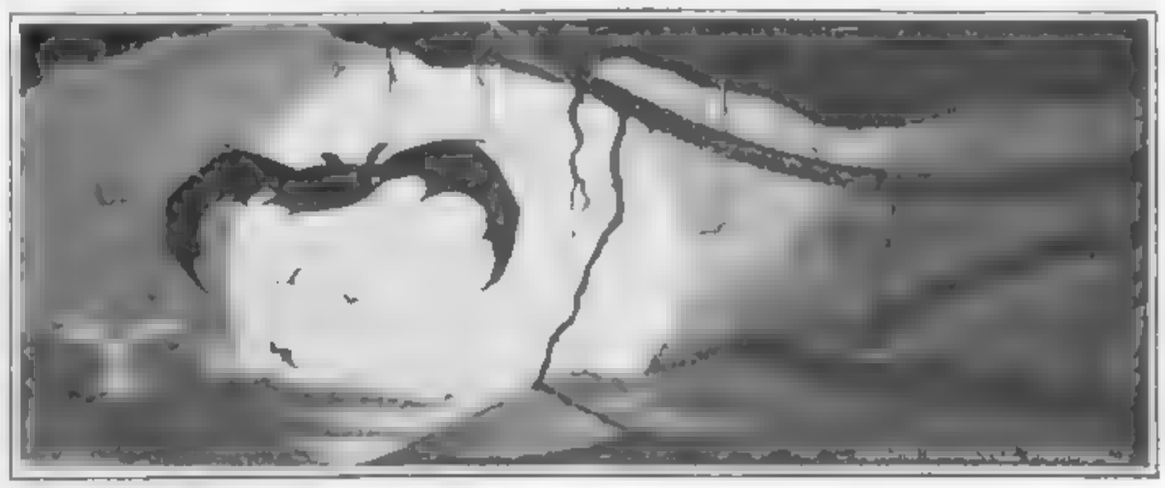
"Before market opens instruct brokers sell all my Steel, 73."

The market was fluctuating and the brokers understood that they were to sell when the stock reached 73, which it never did. What he had intended as a precaution cost this man several thousand dollars.

Had he left off the word "love," or had he used the word "stop" for a period, such a mistake could not have occurred.

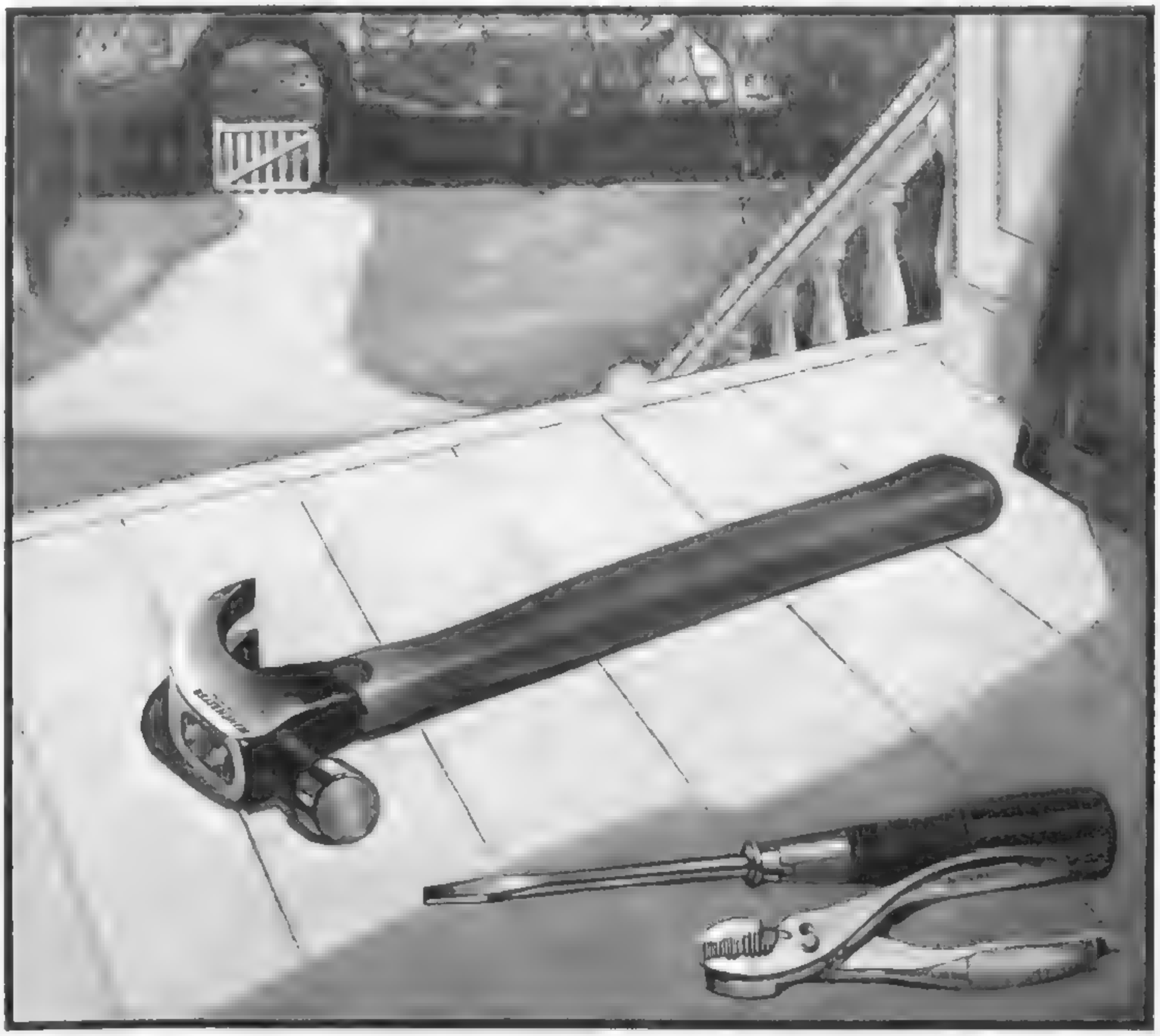
Of course the operator should not have been careless and got the company into a damage suit, but it's just as well to be sure to write a message that is foolproof.

Now, if knowing all this means wealth, then I guess I really have got a fortune. In summing it up, though, something seems to tell me that there is more nourishment in having been an operator than in being one.



WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
TOOLS

1866 1922



Balance

¶ Pick up a Winchester hammer—balance it in your hand—swing it! By the feel you recognize the skill in design and workmanship. It balances like a *Winchester*. You recognize that here is a tool which adds to the skill of the user.

¶ The head is die-forged from crucible steel. It will not chip or crack. Full adze eye and interlocking steel wedges lock it to the handle. Face is ground to a true crown and will not bruise the wood. Claws pull a pin or a headless nail. Handle is second growth hickory shaped to fit the hand.

¶ Winchester mechanics have for years made the fine tools used in gun manufacture—now their skill is also applied in making tools for you. Winchester tools include hammers, screwdrivers, pliers, auger bits, chisels, saws, axes, hatchets, and wrenches.

¶ There are 4000 Winchester Stores in the United States which sell Winchester Tools and other new products. Look for this sign on the window: *The Winchester Store*.

¶ Ask at *The Winchester Store* in your neighborhood for a pocket catalog of Winchester Tools.

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GOODYEAR MFG. COMPANY
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THE LEDGER OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

And you with your Myrtle and her ex-husbands! I should think ——"

"It isn't the same thing at all!" Alf interrupted with dignity. "It's different with a man."

But, with a woman's obstinacy, Irma could not see it. Indeed, she actually seemed to think that her girlish love affair with Ted did not even tip the scales against Alf's escapade. It is useless to argue with a woman, so he gave up.

However, Ted's masterpiece resulted in a reconciliation. Irma decided to let bygones be bygones, and although her husband held out stubbornly for a few days, he eventually let her understand that he was ready to forgive. Stacey was a just man, and I think he did the right thing.

The postal mix-up brought Ben Morse an offer of forty dollars an acre for his overflow land in Cedar Creek Valley.

"Bless his old heart!" exclaimed Ben gratefully. "I'd have jumped at that price when this was wrote—and I wouldn't have no oil field like I got now. Somehow I always did make out of Bomar's mistakes—fate, I guess." Not always fate; thrift and good trading were responsible for his ownership of the Bomar timber tracts.

The only letter Andy Gillespie had received in ten years came to him in the batch Gander distributed. Andy was the town loafer, and had Gander not pocketed the missive for delivery to him it is unlikely he would ever have received it, because he had long since given up inquiring at the general delivery window and possessed no place of abode. When he was sober Andy slept in the old livery stable, which had once been an important and thriving establishment, but now fallen upon such evil times that the owner used it as a storage place for hay and grain. When drunk he slept down among the mules in the corral near the depot, for the livery-stable proprietor would take no chances of fire. How he lived—where and by what stratagems he procured his meals—nobody could say. His requirements of clothing were met by gifts of cast-off coats, vests, trousers and shirts, and when anybody cast off a suit in Two Forks it was ready. I have not mentioned socks, because Andy scarcely ever wore them. He usually possessed a pair of shoes, but they were so run down that he might almost as well have been barefoot.

A ragged, dirty, hairy, drunken derelict—such was Andy. Until shortly before the receipt of his letter he had not been known to work since the automobile supplanted the horse. Previous to that period he had divided his time between drinking and helping around the livery stable. After the passing of the horse he had only one occupation; but at the very lowest ebb of his fortunes prohibition forced up the price beyond Andy's contrivance, and recently he had been known to do odd jobs. He had even got a haircut and a new suit of clothes, and rumor had it that he planned to work in the flour mill and live decently in a boarding house.

Then from behind old Mr. Bomar's desk came a fortune for Andy. It had been bequeathed him by an uncle in New England, and of course gossip exaggerated the amount tenfold. Everybody said that Andy had inherited half a million dollars and a summer home on the Maine coast and a yacht. Actually his uncle left him around forty thousand dollars in real-estate mortgages, a cottage on a cliff and a fishing smack.

You might think that Andy would have been delirious with joy and gratitude. He was delirious, all right, but that was after a session with some white mule he straightway bought on credit. As for gratitude, it never occurred to him. Instead he was furious against his uncle for having lived to ninety-two, against the executors for not having sent along some money instantly, and against Mr. Bomar for having let the letter lie all these years. He railed and fumed against the late postmaster, threatening all sorts of actions for damages against his estate, against the Government, against everybody who had had a hand in keeping him out of his rights.

It was curious to note how the possession of this fortune changed everybody's attitude toward Andy. He was just the same man—and, to my mind, meaner and of less worth—but they all smiled tolerantly at his ravings and treated him like a man who can afford to rave. Somebody outfitted him in decent clothes and he went to board at the Mansion House until his money should arrive from the East.

According to the rules of story writing, this money ought not to have arrived, with resultant confusion to the sycophants and schemers. However, it did, and Andy departed in a blaze of glory. Before he went he did another thing which revealed his spiteful nature; he declined to make a large subscription to the building fund of a church which had importuned him. Andy's reply was that the church had got along without bothering him for years and years and years, and could continue so to do.

We did not hear of Andy again for some months. Then a letter arrived from him for the livery-stable man. In it he stated that estate matters had at last been straightened out, after he had experienced no end of trouble, due to the long delay in appearing to claim his legacy, but now everything was O. K., and he had just sold a piece of property for nine thousand dollars. In a postscript he mentioned that he hated the climate, and if it weren't that he had to stay there to attend to his business he would return to Two Forks.

Our next news was a telegram announcing Andy's death. He had been seized with delirium tremens, and when almost over that took pneumonia.

"Better for him if he'd never of got that letter," remarked Ben Morse. "Only for that he might be sleepin' comfortable down among the mules right now." But then Ben liked mules.

While the skein of Andy's fate was running out to its end, tragedy was lurking in the big house on the hill, which had once been known as Bomar's Folly. The Maddoxes lived there, John Maddox having bought the place when Howard Bomar's speculations in wheat ruined him. For a letter had come for Amy Maddox in the lost packet—the letter for which seven years ago she had waited two agonizing months. In fact she was Mrs. Maddox solely because it did not reach her. Before she married the wealthy, stolid, middle-aged lumberman most people in Two Forks said that Amy Lufkin was in love with Lee Cross; and after she married him the same people said Amy did it for John Maddox's money and to spite Lee. And perhaps the gossips were right.

Anyhow, she had the letter now, and she knew what she had missed. A lot of women like to pity themselves, to revel in imaginary wrongs. I wonder how many wives there are who cherish a little inner shrine above whose altar is the image of their ideal. They may give fidelity and affection to the steady, earthy clods to whom they are tied—but, ah, the man they did not get, and who possibly never was!

Amy had wrecked her early romance; she had irretrievably lost the only man she ever loved. How she devoured his letter, and kissed it, and wet it with her tears! Over and over again she read it, and each time her regrets grew more poignant.

On Maddox's return from a business trip she submitted to his embrace, but she shut her eyes, and when she opened them she regarded him so strangely that he wondered. For the matter of that, John Maddox often wondered. He had a trick of gazing wistfully at his wife, as though he did not understand her and wished desperately to do so. People said it was because of the difference in their ages, but I cannot share that view, because I have seen men much older than Maddox happily united to women as young as Amy.

She took to brooding, and sometimes he would catch her staring at him with a look almost of hate. At such times she would smile and try to act naturally, but the result was rather dismal. It distressed Maddox keenly, but his faith in her was as strong as his own loyalty, as strong as Gibraltar, and so he gave up the puzzle with a sigh and tried by increased consideration and tenderness to break through her melancholy. His efforts met with no success. As the weeks went by there grew in her a positive aversion to him, so that Amy frequently flew into outbursts of resentment against his very presence.

These cut him to the quick, but to divine their cause was far beyond his powers, and he kept silent. He left her alone to her thoughts, and played with the children; but always he watched her like a faithful dog that is momentarily out of favor and does not know why.

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see page 71

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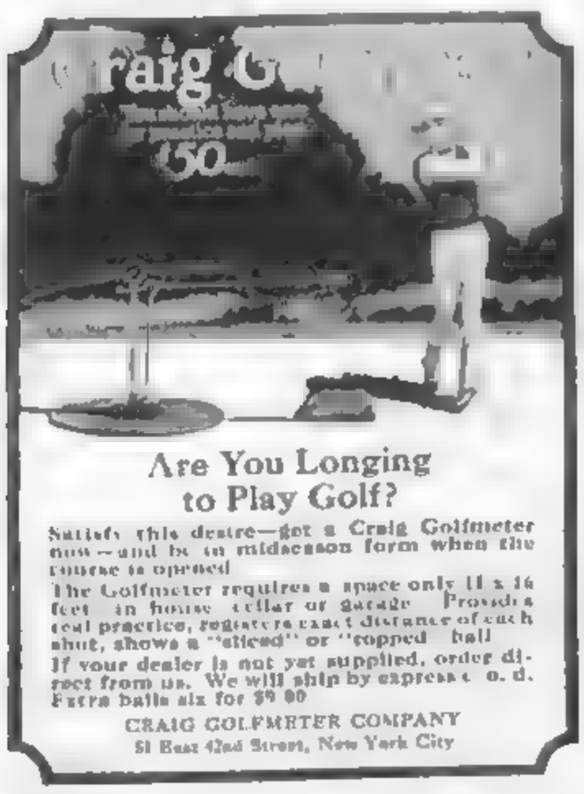

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His wife finally reached a state in which she was undecided whether to write to Lee to come that she might explain everything and the two of them go frankly to John and ask for her freedom, or simply say nothing, take the children and escape to her grandmother's home, where she was always sure of a welcome and sympathy. She could not rely on a welcome from her mother, especially since that lady had married again. Besides, her mother had been chiefly responsible for the match and would assuredly pooh-pooh Amy's notions and lecture her. But her grandmother—well, the old lady had always humored her every whim, and Amy could at least count on a refuge until she and Lee had opportunity to repair their shattered lives.

Lee saved her the misery of a decision, for he rolled into Two Forks one Saturday morning amid a cloud of dust raised by his high-powered machine. First to the Central State Bank, where he had been employed as a bookkeeper in early life, that he might strut his new prosperity and brag and slap the president on the back and call him Jim. That pillar of society could have choked him for the familiarity, but he was a man of fine restraint, and relieved his feelings by informing his wife that night how the impudent upstart had behaved.

"And eight years ago he used to act like he wanted to lick your shoes so he could get a raise!" exclaimed Jim's better half.

After a pleasant hour at the bank Lee drove to the Palace Drug Store, where a crowd of his former cronies quickly gathered, and held court there. After that he took the sunshine of his smile and expansive manner to the pool hall, and then made the rounds of the courthouse and city hall. By that time the entire town knew Lee Cross had come back a millionaire and had just stopped off on a motoring trip to California. Yes, he had made his pile in war contracts or something. The precise method by which Lee had acquired his fortune is not clear to me, but I do know that he never became a soldier.

"Well, so long, fellows," he said at last. "Got to move along. Guess I'll take a run up and see my old girl."

They laughed heartily at this, and winked at one another as they puffed on Lee's fifteen-cent cigars. They all agreed that it was great to be a millionaire, and Lee was certainly a prince, and they had always known he would make good.

Amy heard the roar of the car as it came up the driveway, for of course Lee had told his driver to throw her wide open. She wondered who the visitor might be, but could not identify the man in the dust coat when she peeped through the curtains as he was alighting. Then the maid brought up his card, and Amy's heart fluttered to her throat.

Going down the stairs she was trembling and breathless. She feared that her knees might give way. Then Lee saw her and came forward with outstretched hands and a fine condescension, exclaiming "Well, well, well! And how's the little girl?"

Amy stopped short and gaped at him. He thought she was overcome by emotion and eagerly shook her cold hands. She continued to stare, a sort of hurt, puzzled look creeping into her eyes. Surely this cheap, overdressed bounder, with his hair plastered in shining waves, and his diamond ring, and his loud strident voice, and his insufferable, patronizing manner; surely this common—but he was asking her a question.

"Why, I don't believe you're glad to see me at all!" he observed. "Are you?"

For just a moment she grew ill, and then she started to laugh. She laughed and laughed, and pumped his hands up and down and called him "Good old Lee! Dear old Lee!" until Cross was almost persuaded that Amy had "gone nuts." So this was the man to whom she had given her girlish heart, whose image she had cherished through all the years!

"Why, you darling!" she cried between laughter and tears. "It was so good of you to come."

"Then you are glad to see me?" demanded Lee.

Somehow he felt vaguely disappointed in the visit; it was not the triumph he had anticipated, and he sensed something he did not understand.

"Why, there's nobody on earth I would rather have seen!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get your perfume, Lee? It's lovely; so—so distinctive!"

When John Maddox came home that night, a trifle wearily, anticipating cold silence—John, with his anxious eyes and iron jaw and wistful smile—he found the hall in darkness, and wondered. Then he heard a strange, choking sound, and next instant his wife was in his arms, clinging to him. She sobbed and sobbed, and patted his broad back and kissed him fiercely and saltily, and sobbed again, until he was almost out of his wits with mystification and anxiety. Amy cried as though her heart would break, and John's was about ready to break, too, for at long last he had come into his own.

"A lot of 'em are sore," remarked Jim Stewart, president of the Central State Bank, "but I'll always remember Howard Bomar with gratitude to my dying day."

"Yeh?" grunted Ben Morse.

"Only for him I wouldn't be where I am now, and maybe I would be down and out," went on the banker confidentially.

"I don't guess you'd be down and out. You play 'em too close to your vest for that," retorted Ben, and Jim smiled complacently at the compliment.

Yet I think Stewart had reason to feel kindly toward the late postmaster's remissness, for in the undelivered packet was an invitation to Jim to join a fishing party at the Fin and Feather Club, and that party had developed a scandal. It rained two days, and instead of fishing they played stud poker in the clubhouse; young Floyd lost eleven hundred dollars and paid by shooting himself.

"If that had reached me when it was meant to," the banker told his wife, "I would have gone. I was cashier then, and my mere presence at the party would have ruined me. Those old hard-shell directors would have canned me quick as that!" And he snapped his fingers.

On the other hand, Cato Snider, the school-teacher, could never bring himself to forgive Mr. Bomar. There arrived for him an offer to enter the employ of a copper-mining company in Mexico as assistant to the chief engineer. Cato opened the letter listlessly, then his heart jumped and he raced through it. Dreamer though he was, he perceived the date, something at which he seldom paused to glance; but in his bounding joy, and all unknowing of the tragic mistake, Cato put that down as a stenographic error, the month being the same.

Off he dashed to the telegraph office. The letter instructed him to reply by wire, collect. Cato sent one that sang with gladness and confidence, and cost the copper company seven dollars and eighty cents. Now they had completely forgotten all about Snider and the ancient offer, and the plant being temporarily closed down owing to general depression in the copper industry the new resident manager was annoyed. He decided that somebody was trying a practical joke on him, or that Snider was a bug.

Back came a night letter for Cato, one of the bulkiest the local office had ever carried, and the telegrapher grinned as he handed it across the counter to the trembling school-teacher. The charges were nineteen dollars and fifty-three cents, and

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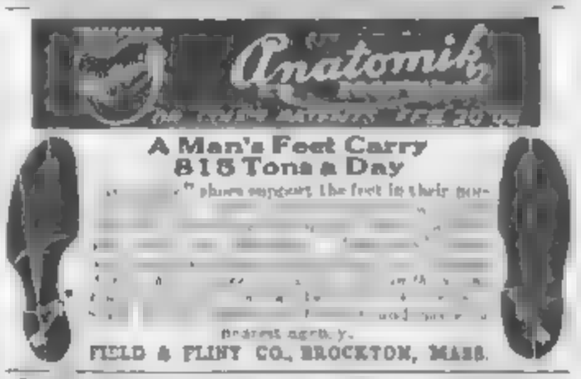

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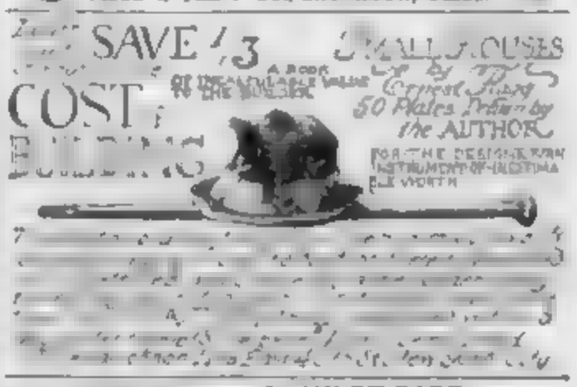

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the message consisted of nothing but ill-timed drool.

Cato and the Reverend Terry were firm friends, and their combined wronga so worked on the minister's mind that he preached another sermon designed to be a recantation of his earlier tribute to the postmaster's memory, for he was an exceedingly conscientious man and wanted the record to be straight. Although he did not point his remarks to local happenings, everybody knew, of course, whom he aimed at, and the sermon created a deal of talk and debate. The Reverend Terry took for his subject Sins of Omission. Never had he been more eloquent than when he pictured the evils and injury to others that might accrue from failure of an individual to perform his duty. He showed conclusively that a man might do more harm by sins of omission than by mistakes and misdirected energy, because energy at least reflected a desire to achieve—he could do even more injury than men of evil design. The sermon made a big sensation in Two Forks, and there was no little sympathy for Miss Agnes.

In my opinion, her own plight represented the real tragedy of the incident. Within three days after her father's death Miss Agnes learned that he had allowed his insurance to lapse; within a week she was notified that he had a note at the bank of which she had been kept in ignorance. Moreover, there were numerous unpaid bills. Why he had not paid them and what he did with his salary, she could not guess. Probably he just let it slip out of his fingers, piddled it away, as such men have the faculty of doing; no vices, no real extravagances, but a childish ignorance of values and an utter lack of thrift.

So Miss Agnes saw looming ahead long years of work for a living. Yet they were as nothing to the greater loss which the missing packet of mail revealed, for Gander's delivery brought her a letter also, and she woke to the fact that the sorrow she had hidden so long—yes, and tended with a pain akin to joy—that sorrow had been unnecessary. None of us ever suspected that Miss Agnes had had a romance; but we ought to have known better, for what woman has not?

It was too late now. He had gone completely out of her life, and she heard of him only indirectly as climbing to solid success. Perhaps he was married; perhaps he had children, and that other woman was enjoying the happiness which should have been hers.

Of all those whom Howard Bomar's carelessness touched, his daughter had most reason to feel bitterness. Ever since she had grown to womanhood she had been denied all those luxuries and comforts which ought to have been hers had her father merely held on to what he inherited. She had been obliged to leave school and keep house for him; she had slaved and saved. Even those trifles and amusements which girls in other families of no greater income than theirs enjoyed—even those had been denied her, owing to Mr. Bomar's wasteful habits. And now on top of it all came the hurt of her one, her blighted attachment.

Yet never a reproach against his memory survived in that gentle heart. It may be that in her first bitter grief her thoughts cried out against him for this last, this crowning wrong. Then she remembered his unfailing kindness to her, his tenderness, his helplessness, which had always stirred her protective, maternal instincts, and she blessed his name.

Going to the cemetery on the afternoon following receipt of the delayed letter, she placed a spray of home-grown roses on his grave—roses from the garden he loved—and as she knelt a wave of longing and pity swept over her, so that she suddenly burst into weeping and threw herself on the ground, pressing her face to the sod and whispering to him, the while she tenderly stroked the grass above his head, precisely as she had been wont to stroke his hair.

Ben Morse, driving past on his return from an unsuccessful effort to dun one of his farm tenants, perceived the prone figure and stopped. He strode into the cemetery under the belief that somebody had fainted or passed away. Then he heard Miss Agnes' racking sobs and recognized her, and he went out of there on tiptoe.

"The Reverent Terry don't know everything, I guess," he remarked argumentatively to his companion in the car. "Hell, no! A man's life has got to be judged by the sum total—what good he did against the bad, successes against failures. And as for Howard Bomar—well, when it comes to which side of the ledger Howard's life will show in, I wonder!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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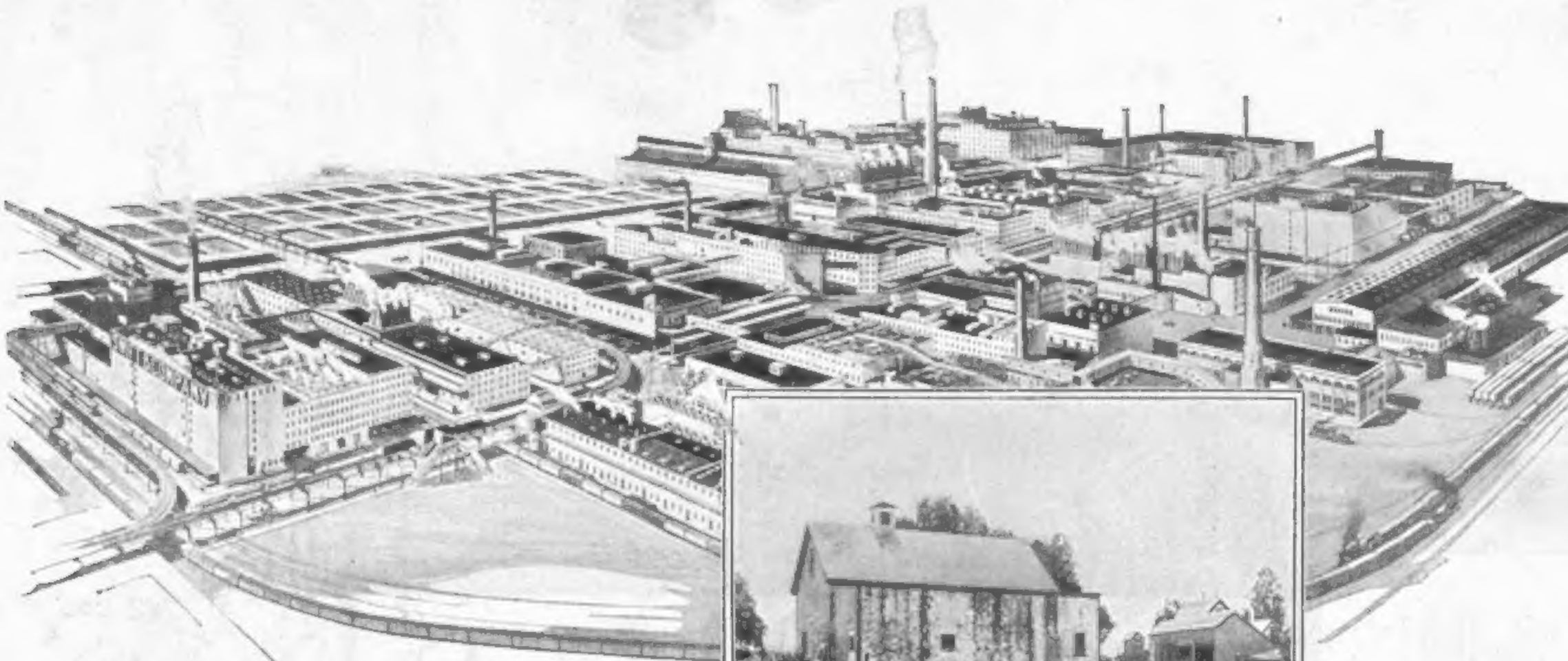

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